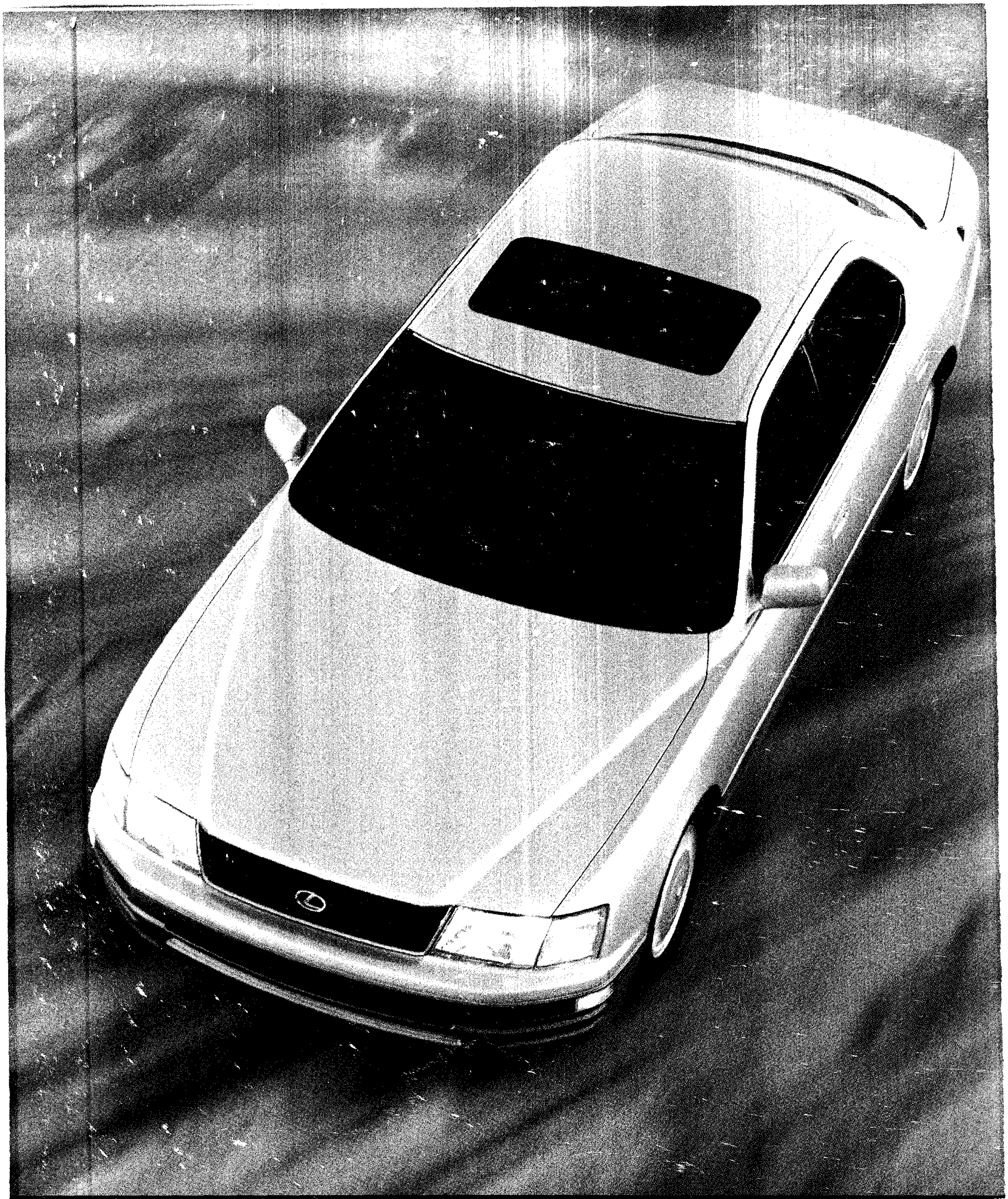
Dec. 26, 1994
Jan. 2, 1995

Price $2.95

THE NEW YORKER



The sleek shape of the new LS 400 has a thorough disregard for the elements. (As demonstrated by respect for its passengers. (As evidenced in an additional 5 cubic feet of cabin space.) An entirely

IT'S THE MOST

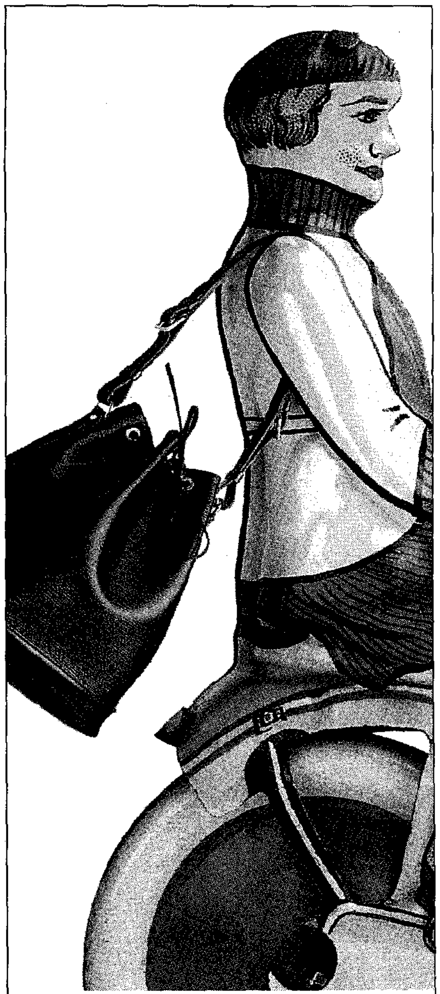
AERODYNAMIC CAR

SOLD IN AMERICA.

(Where did our engineers get their second wind?)

a coefficient of drag of 0.28.) Not to mention the utmost
new LS 400. A new journey. Inquiries, 800·872·5398.

LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.



LV The Noé city bag

from the Louis Vuitton

Epi leather collection.

Available only in Louis Vuitton shops

and select department stores.

For more information, please call

1-800-458-7933.

Louis Vuitton

The spirit of travel

★EURO RSCG Based on photography by Jean Larivière. LOUIS VUITTON ® Fabric design ®

THE NEW YORKER

DECEMBER 26, 1994 / JANUARY 2, 1995

COMMENT A Serbian Christmas . . . *Anna Husarska* 7
It's happy holidays for Pale, but not for Sarajevo.

IN THE MAIL . . . 10

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN . . . 14

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 49
Carroll Petrie's inheritance; Louisa May Alcott's racy thriller; focussing on cameras; L.A. road tricks; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

A Critic at Bay Discussing the Undiscussable . . . *Arlene Croce* 54
When dying people appear in a performance such as Bill T. Jones's "Still/Here," what role is left to the reviewer?

Our Far-Flung Correspondents This Side of Paradiso . . . *Jason Epstein* 62
Would Dante recognize Tuscany? Maybe not, but if he spent a week in a farmhouse kitchen he could still find its soul.

THE ART WORLD Eakins in the Wilderness . . . *Adam Gopnik* 78
Thomas Eakins' legendary expulsion from the Academy was a parable of American modern art, but his real story says something more contemporary about his art.

LETTER FROM HAITI Lives in the Balance . . . *Amy Wilentz* 92
Haiti has never seen a political process like the one initiated by President Aristide, but can he keep the country together?

EASEL Birth of the Comics . . . *Art Spiegelman* 106

FICTION "Shakti" . . . *Vikram Chandra* 108

THE CRITICS

On Television "The Capital Gang" . . . *James Wolcott* 131

Books "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson" . . . *William Maxwell* 134

The Current Cinema "I.Q.," "Ready to Wear" . . . *Anthony Lane* 142

Books Briefly Noted . . . 147

POEMS

"From the Index of First Lines" . . . *Nicholson Baker* 83
"Far Away" . . . *Seamus Heaney* 88
"Vixen" . . . *W. S. Merwin* 97
"Vacation" . . . *Rita Dove* 102

GREETINGS, FRIENDS! . . . *Roger Angell* 148

COVER *Happy New Year, by HA*

DRAWINGS *Lee Lorenz, Mick Stevens, Bernard Schoenbaum, Victoria Roberts, Mort Gerberg, Henry Martin, Robert Mankoff, Donald Reilly, William Hamilton, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Edward Koren, Michael Crawford, Steve Brodner, Boris Drucker, Arnie Levin, Robert Weber, Peter Steiner, J. B. Handelsman, Richard Cline*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for three combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXX, No. 43, December 26, 1994/January 2, 1995. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Frances Lear
Innovator

Living will
Videotape teleplay "Take Control of Your Money"
Lear's feature articles and editorials since 1988
Grandson's photo
'94 speeches
Stuart House research on child sexual abuse
Exercise schedule
Ex-husbands' attorneys
Permanent Portfolio
Ideas for future videotapes
Video marketing strategy
Video budget
Liz Smith's private line
Microsoft Excel
Fax/modem
Women's emerging needs/concerns
Microsoft Word
FileMaker Pro
Economic opportunities for women
Op-ed pieces
Speeches on marketing to women
Peter's beeper number

What's on your PowerBook?
CHINESE CRESTED

Tama Janowitz
Author

Historical research files
Husband's golf game
Formula for picking winning lottery numbers
Gingerbread recipes
Dogs' medical records
Draft of screenplay
Microsoft Word
Travel itinerary for Adelaide Arts Festival
Photos of Beep-Beep, Lily & Nike
Adobe Photoshop
Possible character names for future novels
First draft of novel (700 pages)
Second draft of novel (500 pages)
Final draft of novel (300 pages)
Exercise routine from High Voltage
Notes on Salvation Army stores all over the country
Research on camels
Articles about hairless dogs
Letter to Jeffrey T. Leeds, my financial advisor

©1994 Apple Computer, Inc. All rights reserved.

Premium Vodka
Imported from Russia
STOLICHNAYA®
Cristall

FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF CRISTALL VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787. CRISTALL VODKA, PRODUCT OF RUSSIA, 40% ALC./VOL., 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1994 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

Myth-

[all vodkas are

the same.]

This is but a myth *Perpetuated*

by those who do not understand

the actual *Art*

of making vodka. Vodka is a spirit

so distinguished that its production

was *Entrusted* by the Czars to the

nobility as an honor.

A spirit that was given by

Catherine II as a state gift

to *Kant* and *Voltaire*.

And there is no vodka

that can compare to the quality

of *Stolichnaya* C*RISTALL*.

Its

Filtration process rises above all others.

Every ounce passes over

a bed of pure *Quartz* crystals,

not once, but twice.

And in between these steps,

it is filtered through virgin granules of

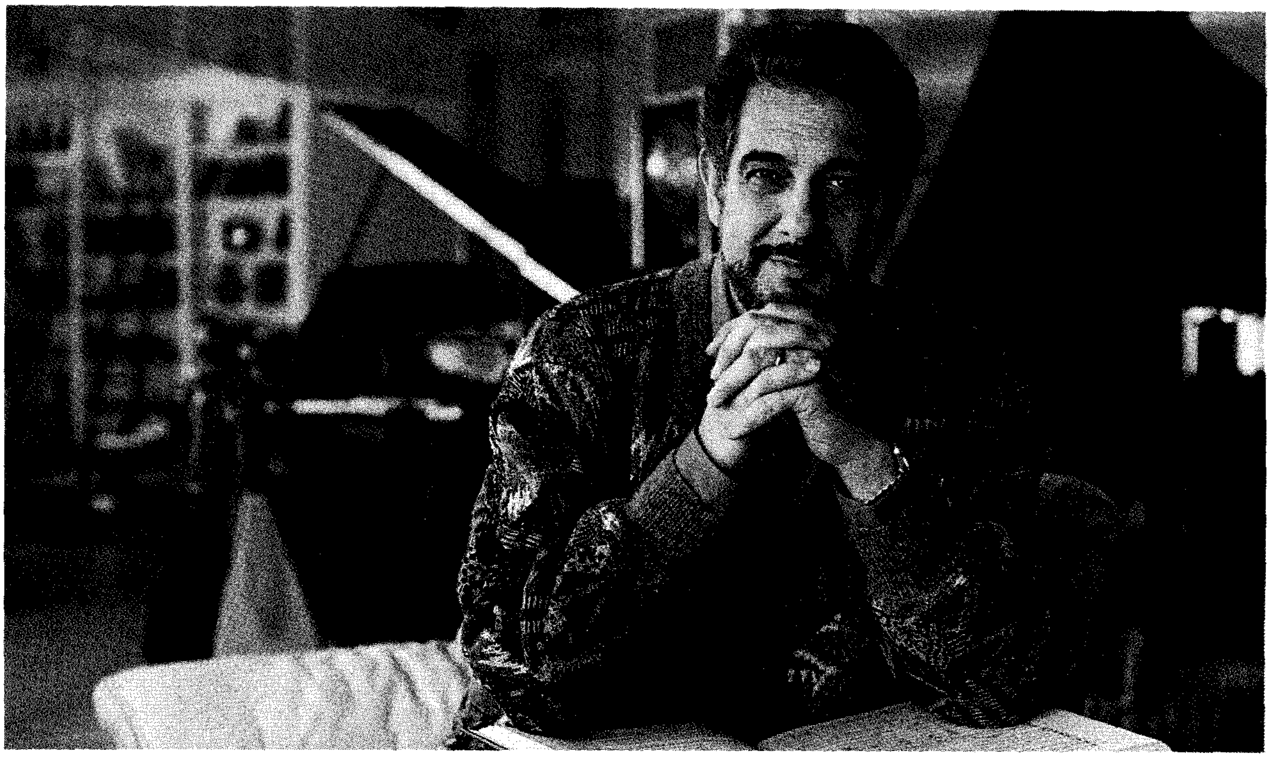
activated carbon made from the wood

of Russia's *Native Birch* tree.

Thus a spirit is born so *Refined*

that it has been called

flawless™.



"When you love what you're doing as much as I do, it doesn't feel like work." *Plácido Domingo*

Wherever he travels, Plácido Domingo carries a series of green bound books into which he writes his engagements up to three years in advance. Such are the demands the opera world makes on one of its most sought-after performers.

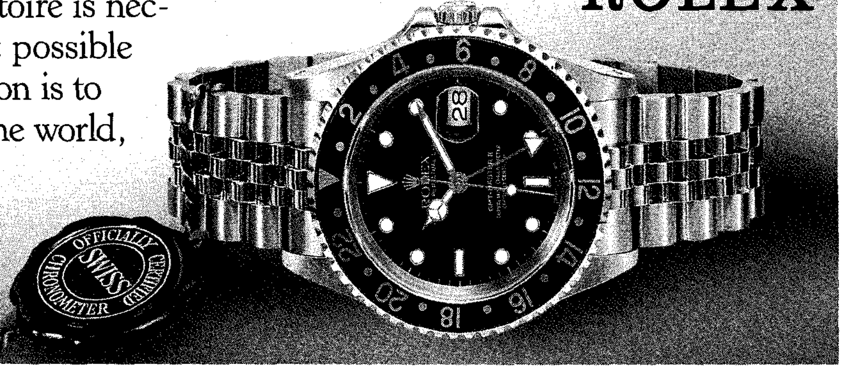
His ability to thrill an audience is such that a legendary curtain call in Vienna lasted over an hour. "It would have been easier," Plácido said, "to sing the opera all over again."

Domingo has committed nearly a hundred operatic roles to memory. He believes this daunting repertoire is necessary to attract the widest possible audience because his ambition is to help more people, all over the world, enjoy the music he loves.

More than a singer, Domingo is also a respected conductor. "The operatic conductor is like a Roman charioteer," he says. "He has a hundred horses on stage and a hundred horses in the pit. And he has to control them all."

Throughout his career, Domingo has held himself to the highest standards of performance. It's the same measure he uses when selecting a timepiece. "My Rolex is perfect for me," he states. "You could say it's one of my favorite instruments."

ROLEX



Rolex Oyster Perpetual GMT-Master II Date Chronometer in 18kt gold with matching Jubilee bracelet.
Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 488, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-5383.
Rolex, ♛, Oyster Perpetual, GMT-Master II and Jubilee are trademarks.

COMMENT

A SERBIAN CHRISTMAS

There's merriment in Pale, but for Sarajevo the frost is cruel.

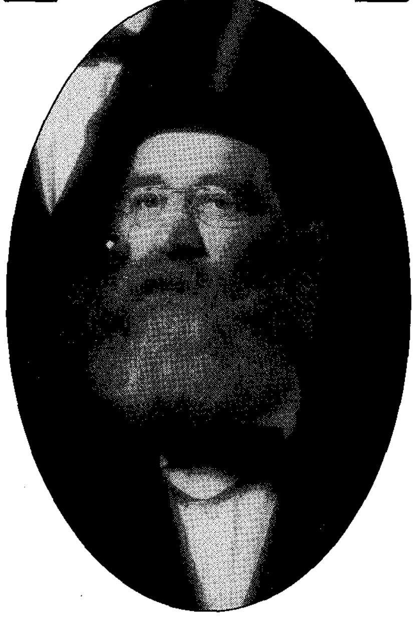
WHAT a happy holiday season this must be in Pale, the former ski resort where the Bosnian Serbs have their headquarters. Everything is going smoothly and according to plan: military victories, political victories, diplomatic victories—the whole world cowed and held at bay. Radovan Karadžić, the self-styled President of the self-styled Bosnian Serb Republic, must smile at himself in the mirror each morning as he shaves and combs his insubordinate hair. He has become, after all, an extremely important man. He even had the pleasure of blowing off Boutros Boutros-Ghali, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, at the Sarajevo airport recently. Meanwhile, his friends the Russians have vetoed a Security Council resolution that would have denied him fuel from Serbia, and the European Community is on the verge of accepting the notion of a Greater Serbia. It all just goes to show that terrorism pays.

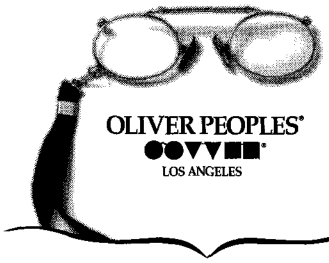
As does the policy of fait accompli. Take enough territory, cleanse it properly, suffer a little bad publicity, and the foreign ministries of the world soon begin to talk of "facts on the ground." After more than three years of nonstop Serbian success in the field, the outside world is now ready to do almost anything to appease Pale. The prospect of folding some of the so-called safe areas—the theoretically U.N.-secured enclaves of Goražde, Žepa, and Srebrenica—into Serb-controlled Bosnia no longer seems especially outrageous. In the new year, no doubt, international recognition of the Bosnian Serb Republic itself will be on the negotiating table. Did President Clinton say that he would never abandon the Sarajevo government? Not to worry. He has said many things.

Madeleine Albright, Clinton's Ambassador to the U.N., was right when she told the Sarajevans in April, "Your future and America's future are inseparable." But she was right only in that, instead of the United States helping Sarajevo to stand up, Sarajevo would soon be dragging the United States down, exposing its international leadership as a sham. And who has been calling the bluff of the world's only superpower? Dr. Karadžić, the man smiling at himself in the mirror in Pale. He is the Balkan David defying the American Goliath. He is enjoying himself now almost as much as while he was winning the war

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/managing editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Julie A. McGowan, advertising director; Cindy Schreibman, creative services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; MediaAmerica, Ltd., 10 Old Brewery Mews, London, England NW31PZ; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company: 3525 Piedmont Road, N.E., Building 5-Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR: 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; 585 Ingrid Street, Laval, Quebec H7P 3P7; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

© 1994 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.





"A Man's Style is his Mind's Voice."
– Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1842

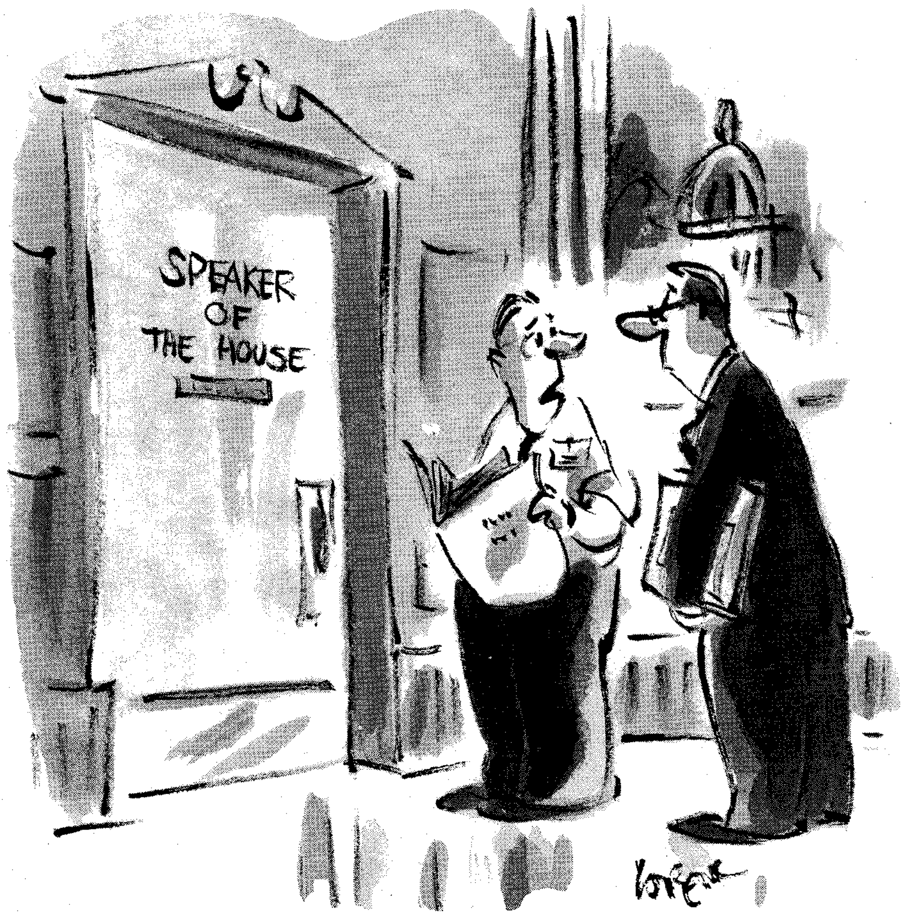
Available at:

Oliver Peoples Opticians
- Los Angeles -

Morgenthal-Frederics Opticians
- New York -

The Eyeman
- New York -

Purdy Opticians
- New York -



"Bad news, I'm afraid. Little Orphan Annie was a Democrat."

• •

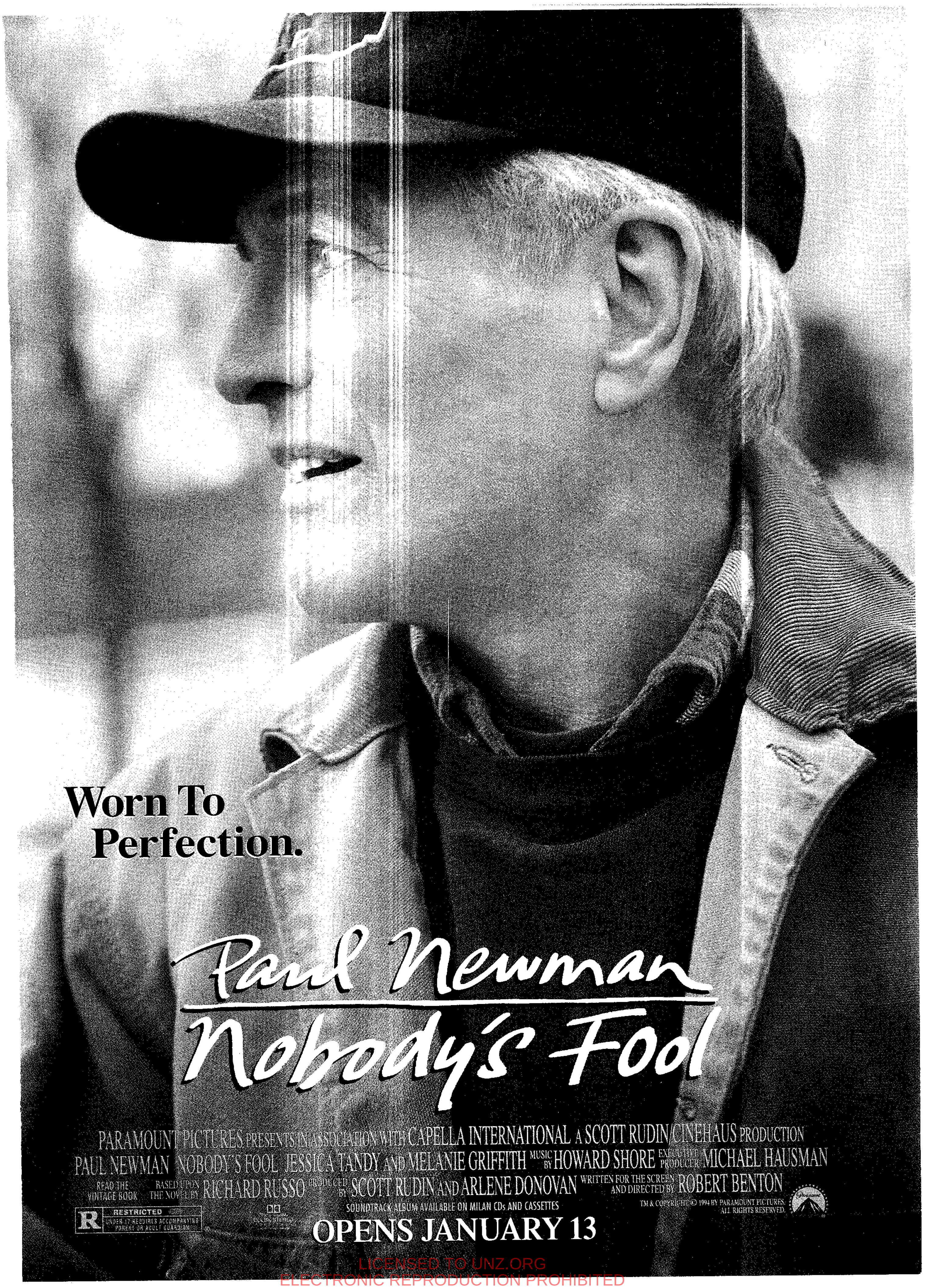
of nerves with the Pope, who naïvely believed that he could simply come to Sarajevo with his message of peace. There are so many reasons, really, for Bosnian Serbs to be merry this Orthodox Christmas.

And how about that little preholiday farce, the faked divorce of Karadžić from Slobodan Milošević, the Serbian President? It was a smash! Everyone believed it, because everyone wanted to believe it. U.N. sanctions against Serbia were partly lifted, but even before that the flow of fuel, weapons, and ammunition to the fighters had scarcely been interrupted. Yes, the shipments had to go by way of Krajina, the Serb-controlled region of Croatia, but then the Croatian Serbs are brothers-in-arms with the Bosnian Serbs, so it all worked out fine in the end. This latest flap, about surface-to-air missiles imported from Serbia despite the embargo? It will soon pass. What will NATO do about it, anyway? The U.N. commander in Bosnia, Lieutenant General Sir Michael Rose, has already been warned off by Jovan Zametica, a Karadžić political adviser, who told him over the phone in November, "Don't mess with us, Mike. Don't fuck with us." And General Rose, though he represents the U.N. Security Council, which is to say the five most powerful countries in the world, is definitely not messing with the Bosnian Serbs.

Needless to say, all the chest-thumping war talk by American politicians, such as Robert Dole and Newt Gingrich, does not trouble Karadžić. These jolly gentlemen mean no real harm—they're just trying to ruin Clinton's Christmas. The fact that the United States has not contributed a single soldier to the international peacekeeping force deployed in Bosnia makes their threats of massive air strikes look simply hilarious. In any event, France and Britain, out of concern for their own blue-helmeted people on the ground, can always be counted on to oppose, whether at the Security Council or in NATO, any serious use of air power in Bosnia. As for the Americans, Karadžić has learned that when they start to get bellicose it is enough to whisper "Vietnam." The word alone seems to scare them witless. As he channel-surfs along on his satellite-dish TV in beautiful Pale, Karadžić must marvel at the warp speed with which his murmurings of "Vietnam" get picked up and sternly repeated on American political talk shows.

General Ratko Mladić, the commander of the Bosnian Serb Army, also has reasons to sing in his morning shower. His people have cleansed some new territory in the Bihać enclave, in northwestern Bosnia. And lately they have come up with some truly creative uses of U.N. peacekeepers. Forcing three of them to spend eight hours out on the runway at the Banja Luka airport in order to prevent a threatened NATO air strike was a particularly nice touch. Hostage-taking has generally been good to Mladić. Operation Human Shield—it's like taking out an insurance policy that pays off after the first premium. All that's required is to hint at releasing a hostage or two, and pretty soon Jimmy Carter starts packing his bags for a holiday visit. And now that Mladić has stopped almost all the relief convoys and has forbidden armed escorts for the rest, his soldiers are free to loot valuable U.N. supplies at their leisure. But, really, stealing from the U.N. is a bit like stealing from the village idiot. A group of Mladić's men who couldn't resist a bit of fun recently offered to exchange a hostage who had fallen ill for a healthy one, and then, when the peacekeepers showed up to evacuate their comrade, the Serbs just gleefully caught two more in their trap. Slivovitz all around for that little prank!

The last cloud on the horizon for the otherwise happy Bosnian Serbs was the one put there by foreign journalists. They had been abusing Serbian hospitality for three years, poking their noses into matters that were none of their business: so-called death camps, wild stories of mass rape, highly abstract questions of human rights. All this, however, is blessedly over. Sonja Karadžić, Radovan's daughter, now deals with the press. Only journalists who have produced favorable reports on her father and his followers are allowed into the territory under Serb control; others are simply turned back at the border-control checkpoints. Thus the outside world has largely ceased to hear about all the atrocities committed in the course of the Bosnian Serbs' holy war of conquest. Now there is truly nothing left to spoil the holidays for Karadžić, Mladić, and their men. —ANNA HUSARSKA



PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH CAPELLA INTERNATIONAL A SCOTT RUDIN/CINEHAUS PRODUCTION
PAUL NEWMAN "NOBODY'S FOOL" JESSICA TANDY AND MELANIE GRIFFITH MUSIC BY HOWARD SHORE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MICHAEL HAUSMAN
READ THE VINTAGE BOOK BASED UPON THE NOVEL BY RICHARD RUSSO PRODUCED BY SCOTT RUDIN AND ARLENE DONOVAN WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT BENTON
R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
DOLBY STEREO
SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON MILAN CDs AND CASSETTES
TM & COPYRIGHT © 1994 BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

OPENS JANUARY 13

HEED THE CALL
of the
Hapuna Beach
Prince Hotel

With our special "SPLASH" Package, this is the perfect time to discover the serenity of the Hapuna Beach Prince Hotel at the revered Mauna Kea Resort, located along the Kohala Coast of the Big Island.
To experience this coveted destination, call your preferred travel consultant or 1-800-882-6060.

THE "SPLASH" PACKAGE
$100 DAILY CREDIT

Receive a $100 credit per room, per night to be utilized as a credit against any on-site food, beverage, golf, activity or shop charge that you sign to your room.

Partial Ocean	$300
Ocean View	$335
Ocean View Prime	$370
Deluxe Ocean View	$400
Oceanfront View	$425

Credits are accumulative over the guest's stay. All unused credit will not be refunded. All rates are per room, per night and are effective from Aug. 19 - Dec. 19, 1994. Three night minimum stay. Room rates are subject to a 10.17% State excise and accommodation tax.

HAPUNA BEACH PRINCE HOTEL
MAUNA KEA RESORT
62-100 KAUNA'OA DRIVE
KOHALA COAST, HAWAII 96743
1-800-882-6060

IN THE MAIL

POLL BEARERS

Michael Kelly, in his eagerness to blame President Clinton for the Republican landslide and to offer gratuitous advice (Letter from Washington, November 21st), overlooks many other contributing causes of the Democratic disaster: a multimillion-dollar campaign led by Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell to demonize Clinton and the Democrats and to mobilize the religious right; the activation of racists, bigots, homophobes, and the chronically dissatisfied by Rush Limbaugh and his radio-hate-show clones; and the merciless pounding of the President by the news media, which seemed to be more interested in getting Clinton than in covering the news. The Republicans and their supporters skillfully exploited this flood of hate and ugliness, which is now dividing the country, and whatever Clinton does, his enemies, having tasted blood and victory, will not stop until he is destroyed.

Jeanette B. Welch
Warrensburg, Mo.

Anyone trying to analyze the results of the last election without taking into account the fact that only thirty-eight per cent of eligible voters bothered to go to the polls is bound to arrive at a wrong conclusion. And that is exactly what Mr. Kelly does; his attribution of the Republican victory to President Clinton's leftist politics made me wonder if we were living in the same country.

Why did nearly two-thirds of the electorate feel that it was not worth their effort to go vote? Because the President, and the majority of the defeated Democratic candidates as well, had been behaving like Republicans. Why vote for a reconditioned Republican if you can have a real one? The lesson of the last election, for the President and the Democratic Party, is that the verdict of the majority of the voters—those who stayed home—was a resounding "none of the above." It is now up to the Democratic candidates in 1996 to find their way back to the progressive positions on fiscal and social issues which will get their constituency voting again.

Ada Bello
Philadelphia, Pa.

I found Mr. Kelly's Letter from Washington thoroughly demoralizing, because of his focus on who's up and who's down in the capital. He covers politics as sport, and no matter whom you're rooting for, it's depressing. What is more important is a sense of the crowd; the game is for their benefit. If the idea is to find the biggest loser in this game, there are plenty of Americans who are surely going to fare worse than the President over the coming years.

David Bornstein
New York City

In The Talk of the Town on November 21st Susan Orlean speculated that I would have had a good time at Cuomo headquarters on Election Night, because my theory of the five stages of grief was exemplified there. The fact is that I would not have been happy, as I am in a stage of grief myself over Cuomo's defeat!

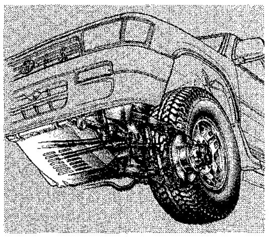
Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, M.D.
Scottsdale, Ariz.

BRAIN WAVES

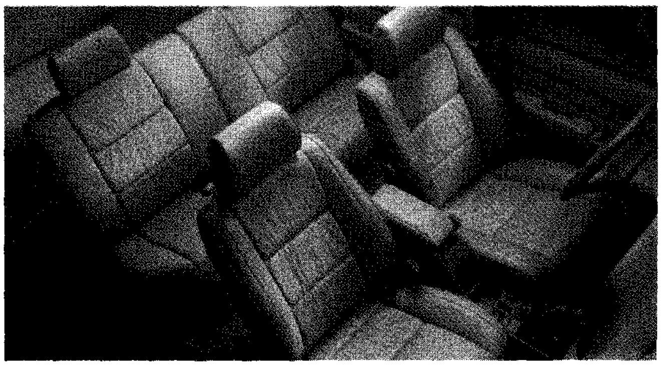
Since 1981, when Stephen Jay Gould's "The Mismeasure of Man" was published, the book has been the layman's chief source of information about the study of intelligence. Unfortunately, it is useful only as a history of the early study of intelligence, not as a guide to how the field has developed since the nineteen-thirties. My first reaction to Mr. Gould's review of "The Bell Curve" (Books, No-

Where CIVILIZATION is HEADED.

With all its available V6 POWER. With all its REFINEMENTS—available CD sound system, power moonroof and supple LEATHER-TRIM seating, to name a few. With a sense of STYLE that adapts to any ENVIRONMENT. And with its UNPARALLELED REPUTATION for dependability, imagine the places the 1995 Toyota 4Runner can take you.



4WDemand coupled with a Hi-Trac independent front and 4-link/coil-spring rear suspension can get you practically anywhere your mind takes you. Rugged body-on-frame construction and available 4-wheel Anti-lock Brake System will be there to help get you home again.



Enjoy the comfort of available leather-trim seating.

V6

Command the power of a V6.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a BROCHURE and the location of your NEAREST DEALER.

TOYOTA 4RUNNER
I Love What You Do For Me

Toyota reminds you to *Tread Lightly!*™ on public and private land. ©1994 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you.

vember 28th) was surprise that so many technical arguments made in "The Mismeasure of Man," which were subsequently shown to be defective, have resurfaced thirteen years later in his criticisms of "The Bell Curve."

An example is Mr. Gould's centerpiece argument—that the general factor of mental ability, *g*, is an artifact of the statistical method known as factor analysis. "The fact that Herrnstein and Murray barely mention the factor-analytic argument forms a central indictment of 'The Bell Curve' and is an illustration of its vacuousness," Mr. Gould writes. Why didn't Richard Herrnstein and I discuss the factor-analytic argument? Our stated reason was that other works already satisfactorily discuss the statistical basis of *g*. In "The Bell Curve" we referred our readers to them. The unstated reason was that Mr. Gould's factor-analysis argument was so irrelevant to the state of knowledge even when it was published that it provoked only perfunctory comment in the technical literature. Research on *g* went on without a ripple. As a result of that continuing research, we have learned not only that *g* survives statistical scrutiny and is related to many social and economic outcomes but also that it is associated with brain function at the neurological level. Not bad for a statistical artifact.

As for the rest of Mr. Gould's review, let me suggest that the best response is "The Bell Curve" itself. Search out the hidden-away appendix about methodology. Read the "biased brief" about racial differences. Try to find any insinuation of a right-wing agenda in the data analysis. After two months of reading commentaries such as Mr. Gould's, I still do not fully understand the rage that "The Bell Curve" has provoked, but I am convinced that such critics have made a tactical mistake. The book that exists is too obviously different from the book that they have attacked.

CHARLES MURRAY
Washington, D.C.

As a clinical psychologist, I am keenly aware of the limitations of Herrnstein and Murray's argument. It should be known that by and large the opinion of those of us who in one way or another have professional contact with the notion of intelligence rests in firm opposition to their views. Indeed, I was hard-pressed to come up with even one colleague who *might* seriously endorse the outdated belief in the existence of *g*. By dressing their book in a thinly veiled mask of faux science and by presenting lots of "data," Herrnstein and Murray seemed to have succeeded in selling their statistically inadequate and theoretically bankrupt argument as somehow beyond reproach by mere "lay" reviewers. Thank God for the agile-minded Mr. Gould and his uncanny ability to apply the strictest critical standards in a manner that is both accessible and enlightening. May "The Bell Curve" and the inherently misanthropic practices it espouses rest in peace!

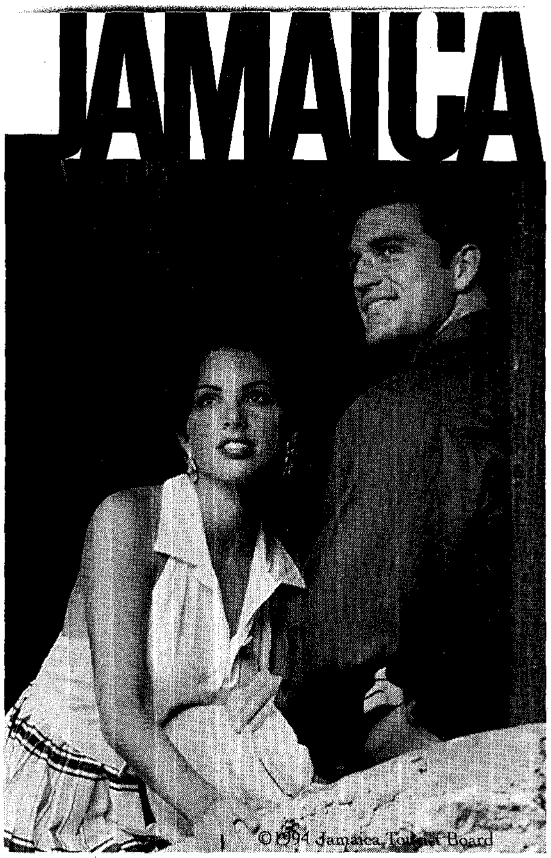
GEORGE A. BONANNO
The Catholic University of America
Washington, D.C.

Stephen Jay Gould replies:

Any full and adequate scientific refutation must include two components: exposure of fallacies in the logic of argument and identification of errors or weaknesses in empirical data. I presented such a refutation of "The Bell Curve," and am now astonished at the vacuity of Mr. Murray's defense. I reviewed the (to me) decisive argument, well developed over the past fifty years, that *g* in the form presented by him and Richard J. Herrnstein in the book is a statistical artifact. Mr. Murray devotes much of his letter to stating (without documentation) that all professionals regard my argument as outdated; but the response from Mr. Bonanno, a working professional, proves my point.

Mr. Murray entirely ignores my demonstration that "The Bell Curve" reports only half the data of its major analysis in its main text and buries the other half in an appendix. The buried half disproves Herrnstein and Murray's argument. Mr. Murray gives his own game away when he writes, "Search out the hidden-away appendix about methodology." Objective scholars do not perform a unitary analysis and then report half the results—the half that refutes their argument—out of most readers' sight. We should remember Darwin's practice of writing down and posting any observation contrary to his expectations because those are the arguments most easily forgotten. ◆

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.



Elegant Resorts

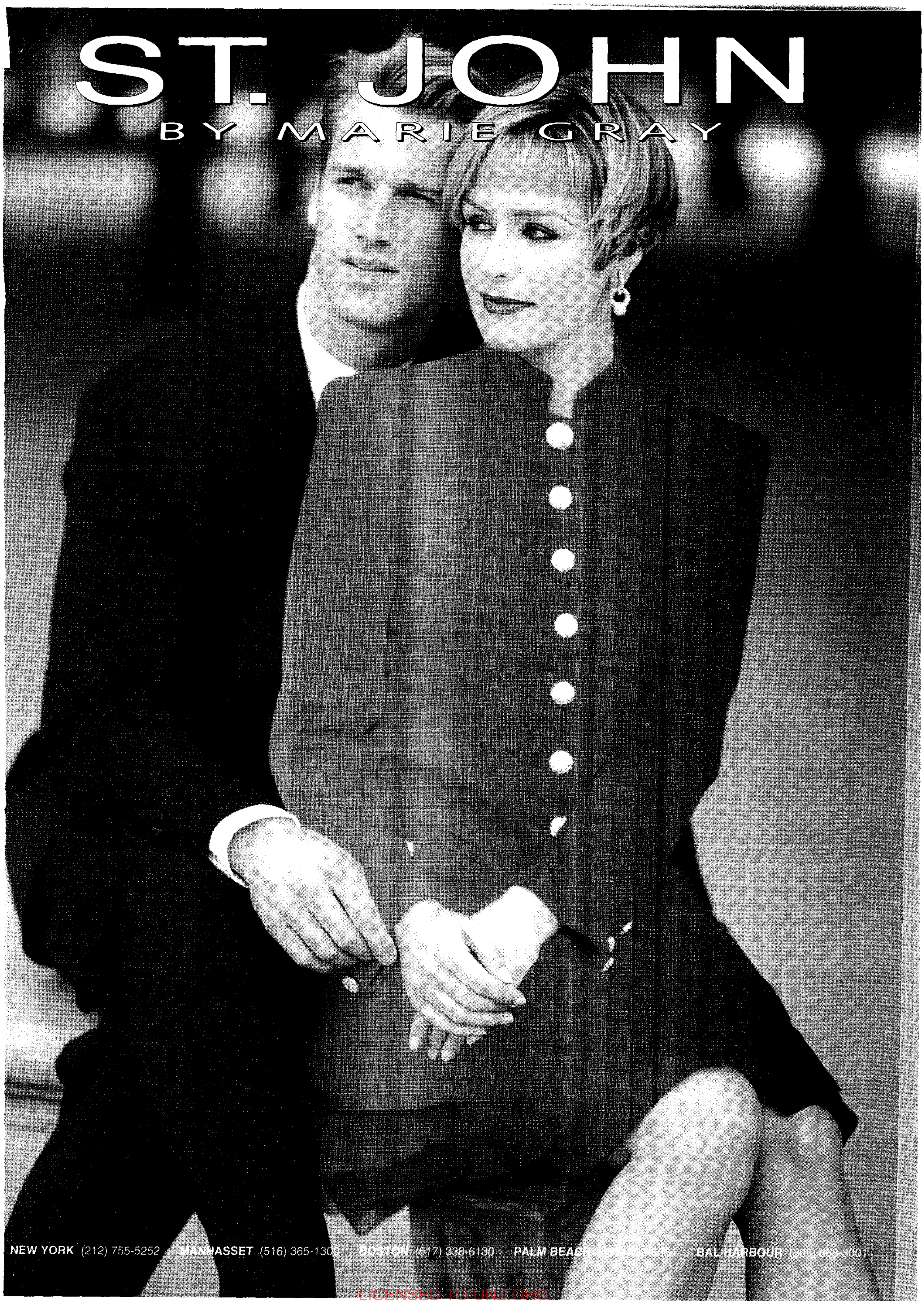
Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club

Plantation Inn
Hotel & Suites

Round Hill
Hotel & Villas

Trident
Villas & Hotel

Four very famous,
very exclusive
Jamaica resorts, where
the accommodations
are baronial,
the surroundings are lush,
and the couture is
decidedly haute.
Call 1-800-237-3237
for brochures.
See your Travel Agent.


ST. JOHN
BY MARIE GRAY
NEW YORK (212) 755-5252 MANHASSET (516) 365-1300 BOSTON (617) 338-6130 PALM BEACH (407) 655-5564 BAL HARBOUR (305) 868-3001

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
1	2	3				

THE THEATRE

Light Shows

It's the season of lights, and several new productions gleam with superb work from lighting designers. You would expect as much from the extravagant "Sunset Boulevard" and the Paramount Theatre's "A Christmas Carol," but the designers for those shows—Andrew Bridge, and Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer, respectively—have surpassed their usual high standards. In "Sunset," every setup, from the opening tableau of a body floating in a swimming pool to the closing crowd scene with its popping flashbulbs, attests to the most dazzlingly cinematic lighting since Paul Gallo's work on "City of Angels" five years ago. As for "A Christmas Carol," the black light that Fisher and Eisenhauer cast upon Marley and a group of levitating ghosts—a haunting yet funny effect—may be the most creative illumination in town.

Off Broadway is throwing off a few rays of its own. For Second Stage's revival of "Zooman and the Sign," Charles Fuller's well-made 1980 drama about a killing and its impact on a Philadelphia neighborhood, Michael Gilliam has provided a textbook example of how to light a box set; he enhances moods with sublime unobtrusiveness. In the Falstaff Presents "Macbeth," at CSC (through December 23), Adam Silverman pulls off something more complex, especially in his quick-cut effects for the Thane's soliloquies. (He has plenty of textual cues to work from—the tragedy may have more references to light and shadow than any other classic.) During Lady Macbeth's candlelit sleepwalking scene, which is performed in the nude, the observing Doctor asks, "How came she by that light?" And you may find yourself thinking, "Silverman."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company's version of the opera, with Everett Quinton in the title role. Opens Dec. 21 at 8. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

A Christmas Carol—Patrick Stewart reprises his one-man version of the Dickens classic. Two previews on Dec. 21. Opens Dec. 22 at 6:45 and runs through Jan. 8. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

A Doll's Life—The York Theatre Company presents a revised version of the 1982 musical inspired by Ibsen's "A Doll's House." The book and lyrics are by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; the music is by Larry Grossman. Opens Dec. 21 at 8. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

Him—Elvis is alive and well in a play written by and starring Christopher Walken. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—In "Princess Ida," which plays Dec. 29-Jan. 1. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

The Venetian Twins—An eighteenth-century Italian comedy by Carlo Goldoni, in a new translation by Michael Feingold. Previews continue through the Dec. 24 matinée; opens that evening at 8. (Pearl, 80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802.)

OPENED RECENTLY

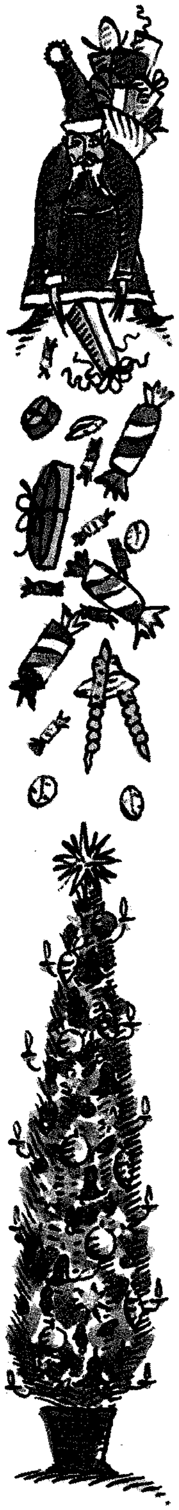
America Dreaming—A musical-theatre work about race, culture, and assimilation, by the poet Chiori Miyagawa and the composer Tan Dun. Presented by the Vineyard Theatre and the Music-Theatre Group. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Jan. 7.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

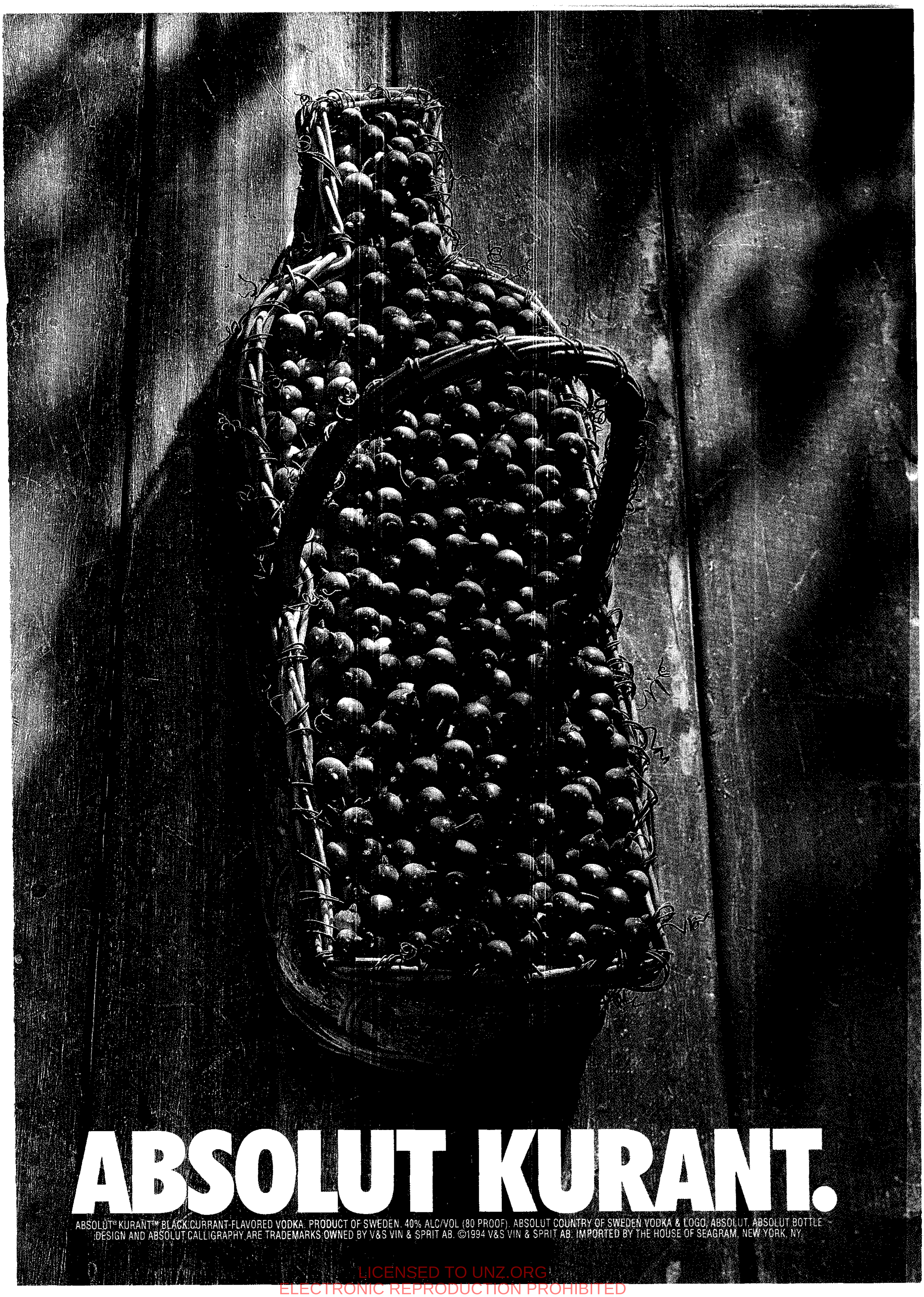
A Cheever Evening—A. R. Gurney's new play, based on eighteen stories by John Cheever, is Cheeveresque in name only, a skin-deep, almost sitcom-like gloss on the writer's disquieting work. The only authentic thing about the evening is the talent of the six delicious actors in the cast. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 2.)

The Cherry Orchard—The Cocteau Rep's production of Chekhov's play, directed by Eve Adamson. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

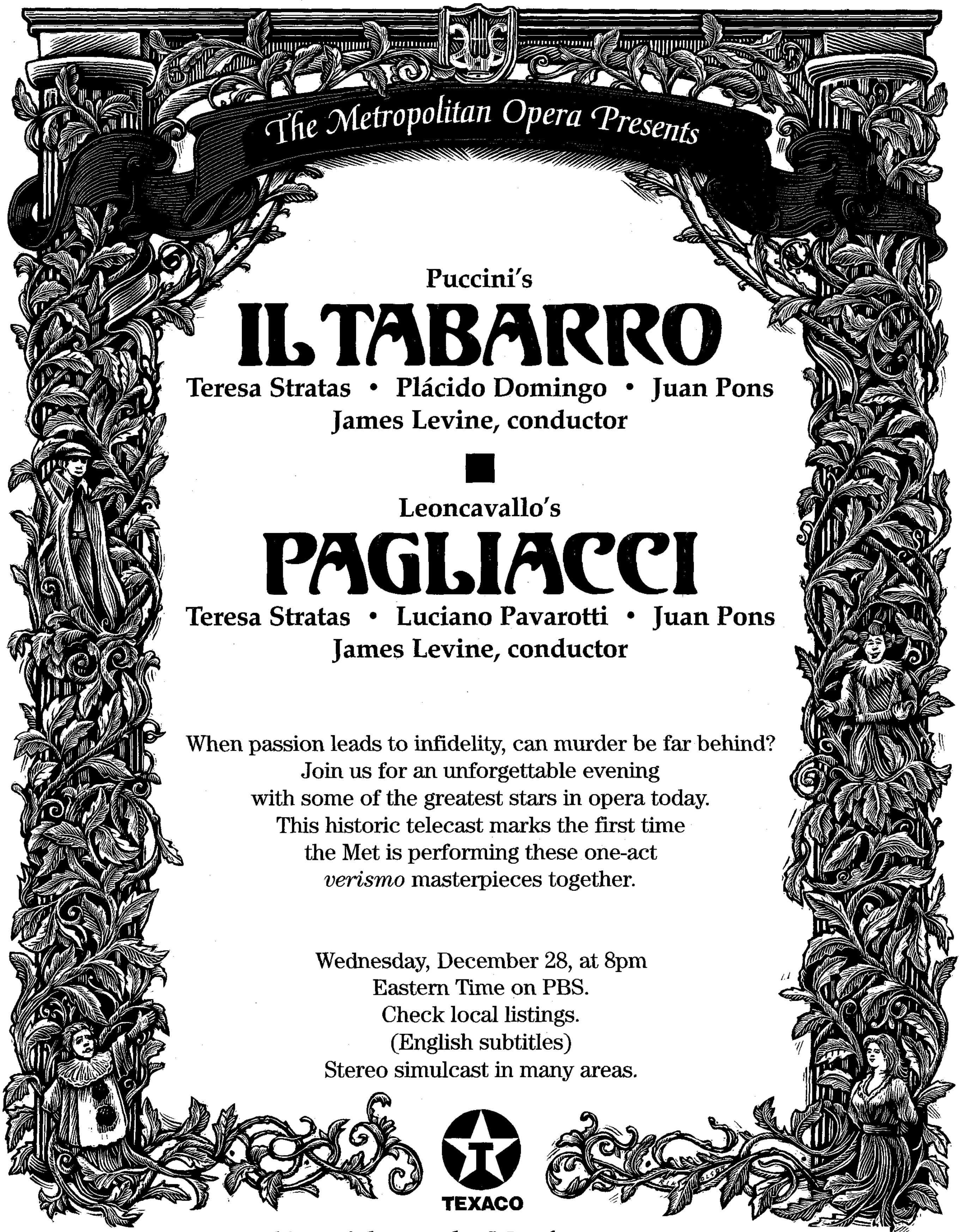
A Christmas Carol—A musical version of the venerable tale, with a score by Alan Menken. Walter Charles, as Scrooge, leads a ninety-



EMMANUEL PIERRE



ABSOLUT® KURANT™ BLACK CURRANT-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1994 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY.



Puccini's

IL TABARRO

Teresa Stratas • Plácido Domingo • Juan Pons
James Levine, conductor

■

Leoncavallo's

PAGLIACCI

Teresa Stratas • Luciano Pavarotti • Juan Pons
James Levine, conductor

When passion leads to infidelity, can murder be far behind?
Join us for an unforgettable evening
with some of the greatest stars in opera today.
This historic telecast marks the first time
the Met is performing these one-act
verismo masterpieces together.

Wednesday, December 28, at 8pm
Eastern Time on PBS.
Check local listings.
(English subtitles)
Stereo simulcast in many areas.

TEXACO

Your ticket to the Met for 55 years.

Special funding for this telecast provided by
Mrs. Donald D. Harrington.
Additional funding provided by the National Endowment for the Arts.

© 1994 Texaco Inc.

member cast. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. Closes Jan. 1.)

Comedy Tonight—A revue with Joy Behar, Michael Davis, Dorothy Loudon, and Mort Sahl. (Lunt Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

The Diva Is Dismissed—Jenifer Lewis has a good voice, good looks, and good comic timing in her one-woman show. Billed as "the queen of camp," she isn't quite as outrageous as the title suggests. Less humility would deliver more glee. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 31.)

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey and **The Truman Capote Talk Show**—Two one-man shows written by, and starring, the Welsh actor Bob Kingdom, and directed by Anthony Hopkins and Kevin Knight, respectively. The shows are performed in repertory, and they're both laced with alcohol-enhanced humor. "Dylan Thomas" has the poetry, but "Truman Capote" is the chattier, more enjoyable affair. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 307-4100.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers Do the Impossible!—Four jugglers whose astonishing skills suggest that they've been practicing together since dinosaurs walked the earth, and whose satirical humor suggests that they attended liberal colleges in the early seventies. Not for children only, but kids between about eight and twelve will flip over some of the pyrotechnics. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. Closes Jan. 1.)

The Glass Menagerie—Tennessee Williams' most transparently autobiographical play, in a fascinating production directed by Frank Galati. Julie Harris, as the rueful and desperate Amanda Wingfield, does a superb job of letting the play speak quietly through her character. (11/21/94) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Jan. 1.)

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—The audience is part of the group of mourners in this comedy by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack, set in a Jewish mortuary. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. With Brooke Shields as Rizzo. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hapgood—Set in London near the end of the Cold War, Tom Stoppard's 1988 play, which looks at the world of espionage through the lens of particle physics (or is it the other way around?), is a kind of dramatization of Heisenbergian uncertainty. The production is as mesmerizing as the play is bewildering, thanks to the black-and-white projections by Wendall K. Harrington, which evoke both the dreariness and the excitement of the shadow world of spies. Stockard Channing, Josef Sommer, and David Strathairn, under the direction of Jack O'Brien, give confident, watchable performances that nevertheless don't bring you closer to the heart of the matter. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Inside Out—A six-woman musical extolling the benefits of group therapy; the actors do more with their roles than you'd expect, and their voices are strong. Henry Fonte's direction is sometimes heavy-handed, but Gary Slavin's choreography enriches every song. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—The comedian's latest show. Performances resume on Dec. 26. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jelly Roll!—The snakily elegant Vernel Bagneris plays Jelly Roll Morton, in a wonderful show that traces the musician's transformation from New Orleans dandy into jazz legend. Morten Gunnar Larsen provides the thrilling piano accompaniment. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 265-1086.)

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The eight gay men in Terrence McNally's beautifully written new drama connect in ways that almost any nuclear family would envy. Under the nimble direction of Joe Mantello, seven actors (including Stephen Spinella, Stephen Bogardus, John Glover—doing double duty as identical twins—and the wonderful Nathan Lane) present humbling evidence of what love is and can be. (11/14/94) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. The play closes here on Jan. 1. It moves to Broadway's Walter Kerr Theatre on Jan. 20.)

Macbeth—Shakespeare's play, with Jack Stehlin in the title role. The Falstaff Presents production incorporates video and live music. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 279-4200.)

Me and Jezebel—What would it be like if Bette Davis came to stay with you for a couple of nights and ended up staying a month? That's what happened to Elizabeth Fuller in 1985. Now she has written a play about it, which is forgivable, and she plays herself, which is not. Louise DuArt does a scarily accurate Davis, but Fuller is so relentlessly geewhizzy that she neutralizes every laugh that DuArt provides. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—In the second coming of writer-director Dan Goggin's hit, five talented actresses take the veil and perform a revue to raise money for their convent. There's dancing, singing, boozing, and bingo, but none of it saves the show from the clutches of cliché. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, with Jere Shea, Marin Mazzie, and Donna Murphy, who gives a stunning performance as the predatory heroine. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 7.)

The Petrified Prince—A new musical, based on a screenplay by Ingmar Bergman and directed by Harold Prince. The score and lyrics are by Michael John LaChiusa, and the book is by Edward Gallardo. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Jan. 15.)

Tiffany & Co.
and The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation
Celebrate A Decade of Promise for the Twenty-First Century
with a commemorative gift set inspired by the courageous colors
of those racing for the cure. A limited-edition thirty-six-inch silk jacquard
scarf and TIFFANY™ 100 ml Eau de Parfum. The set, $100.
Available at Tiffany & Co. and select department stores.
To inquire: 800-526-0649.

10% of the proceeds to benefit The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation.

TIFFANY
TIFFANY
TIFFANY & CO
©T&CO. 1994

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHICAGO DALLAS HOUSTON OAK BROOK
PALM BEACH PHILADELPHIA SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA TORONTO TROY WASHINGTON DC

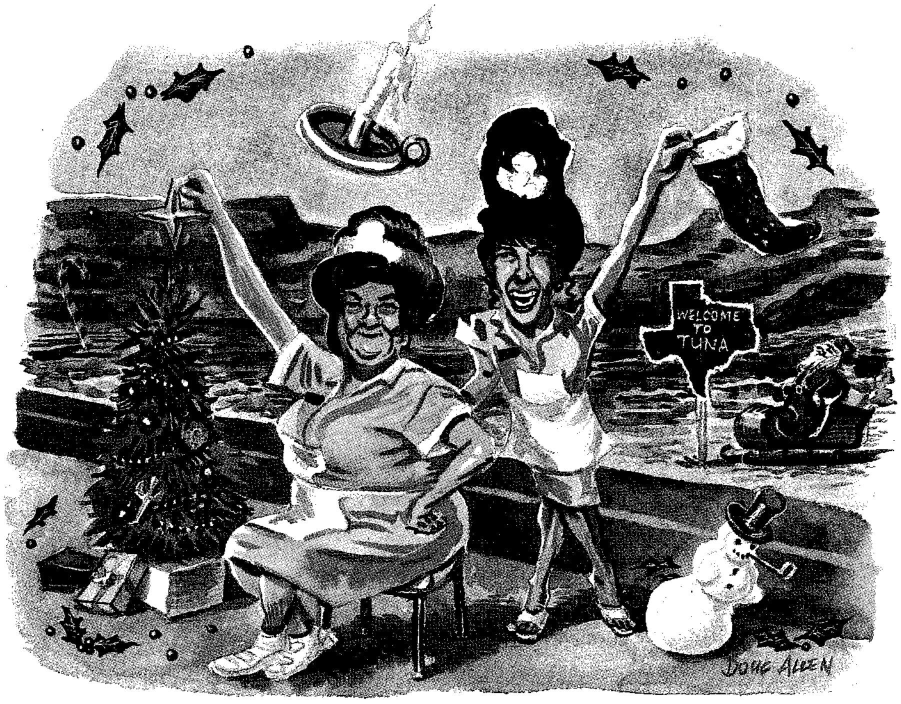
THE THEATRE–Cont'd

The Shadow Box—Michael Cristofer's 1977 play—about the different ways that three cancer patients, and their loved ones, face death. Jack Hofsiss has directed the cast with sensitivity, but the play is textbookishly pat. The actors include Mercedes Ruehl, Jamey Sheridan, and Estelle Parsons. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 1.)

Show Boat—Harold Prince's bighearted production of the 1927 Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II musical is epic-size, full of life and full of vision. With John McMartin and Elaine Stritch as the patriarch and the matriarch of the floating theatre, and Lonette McKee, whose moving rendition of "Bill" is the show's most intimate moment. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Slavs! Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtue and Happiness—A satirical new play by Tony Kushner. Mary Shultz, Marisa Tomei, and Joseph Wiseman are in the cast. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

Some People—Danny Hoch's one-man show features thirteen New York characters. Jo Bonney directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 31.)



Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, in "A Tuna Christmas."

DOUG ALLEN

Sunset Boulevard—Glenn Close takes the monumental role of Norma Desmond and makes it something all her own, in Andrew Lloyd Webber's homage to Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett's 1950 fable of Hollywood corruption and dementia. Also with George Hearn, Alan Campbell, and Alice Ripley; directed by Trevor Nunn. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

That's Life!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Trafficking in Broken Hearts—A play by Edwin Sanchez about a Times Square hustler (Giancarlo Esposito), an uptight attorney (Neil Pepe), and a young runaway (Anthony Rapp). (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Closes Jan. 7.)

A Tuna Christmas—In Broadway's sequel to the 1982 comedy "Greater Tuna," the original cast members, Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, portray all twenty-four citizens of Texas's third-smallest town on the day before Christmas. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 31.)

Uncommon Women and Others—Carole Rothman's production of Wendy Wasserstein's 1977 paean to Seven Sisterhood goes for maximum laughs and minimum emotional impact. The cast includes Mary McCann and Haviland Morris. (11/14/94) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 1.)

Vita & Virginia—Eileen Atkins' Virginia Woolf shares the stage with Vanessa Redgrave's Vita Sackville-West in a play that Atkins put together from the letters that the women exchanged during their eighteen-year friendship. Redgrave is imposing and glamorous, but the brilliance of Woolf's writing stacks the theatrical deck in Atkins' favor, and she gives a quietly sensational, riveting performance. Zoe Caldwell directed. (12/12/94) (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

You Should Be So Lucky—A long and largely unrewarding comedy in which Charles Busch appears, out of drag, as a shrinking-violet electrologist who comes into his own via an unlikely benefactor (Stephen Pearlman). Nell Campbell plays his sister, and Julie Halston is a veritable force of nature as a Scarsdale matron. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Zooman and the Sign—Larry Gilliard, Jr., has the title role in this revival of Charles Fuller's 1980 play. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

LONG RUNS

ALL IN THE TIMING: John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CAROUSEL:** Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. (Closes Jan. 15.) . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **DAMN YANKEES:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. (After the performances on Dec. 31, the musical goes on hiatus until Feb. 28, when it returns with Jerry Lewis in the cast.) . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. (Closes Jan. 1.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. (Closes Jan. 8.) . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Nativity—The Bread and Puppet Theatre's politically oriented Christmas play. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Dec. 21-23 at 7 and 9.)

Pass the Blutwurst, Bitte—John Kelly's performance piece about the life of the artist Egon Schiele. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Dec. 30-Jan. 1 at 7:30. Through Jan. 15.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—In performances of "The Nutcracker": Dec. 21, Dec. 26, and Dec. 28, all at 2 and 6; Dec. 22, Dec. 27, and Dec. 29 at 6; Dec. 23 at 2 and 8; Dec. 30 at 8; and Dec. 31 at 2 and 7. On Jan. 3 at 8, the company returns to the repertory, with "Interplay," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. The season continues through Feb. 26.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Dec. 21 at 2: "Night Creature," "Treading," "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 8: "Hymn," "Mnemonic Verses," and "The Winter in Lisbon." . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 8: "Hymn," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 8: "Jukebox for Alvin," "Vespers," and "The River." . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2: "The River," "Shelter," and "The Winter in Lisbon." . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 8: A selection of classic Ailey dances, including "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 25 at 7:30: "Scissors Paper Stone," "Mnemonic Verses," "Vespers," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: "Mnemonic Verses," "Scissors Paper Stone," "Shelter," and "Hymn." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 8: "Scissors Paper Stone," "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz," and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 8: A selection of classic Ailey dances, including "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2: "Dance at the Gym," "Mnemonic Verses," "Scissors Paper Stone," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 8: "Carmina Burana," "Treading," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 3: A selection of classic Ailey dances, including "Revelations." . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 7:30: "Hymn," "Vespers," and "Revelations." . . . **NOTE:** Anna Deavere Smith will narrate all performances of "Hymn," the company's tribute to Alvin Ailey. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

MOMIX—The company presents three programs. On Dec. 21 and Jan. 1 at 2, and Dec. 22-23 and Dec. 30 at 8: "Passion." On Dec. 21, Dec. 26-27, and Dec. 29, all at 8; Dec. 28 at 2; and Dec. 31 at 2 and 8: "Baseball." On Dec. 28 at 8: A selection of repertory works, including "White Widow" and "Circle Walker." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

"The Legacy of Doris Humphrey"—A performance—to mark what would have been the hundredth birthday of the influential modern dancer—featuring choreography by her partner Charles Weidman, her student José Limon, and a re-creation of the Humphrey solo "Two Ecstatic Themes," among other dances. (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. Dec. 21 at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 996-1100.)

Jane Comfort and Company—In the première of "S/He," which launches the three-week, seven-company "Altogether Different" festival. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Jan. 3 at 8.)

A new purity…a new chance for your most vulnerable skin.

EXPRESSIVE

EYE CONTOUR AGE TREATMENT FLUIDE
EXTREME PURENESS

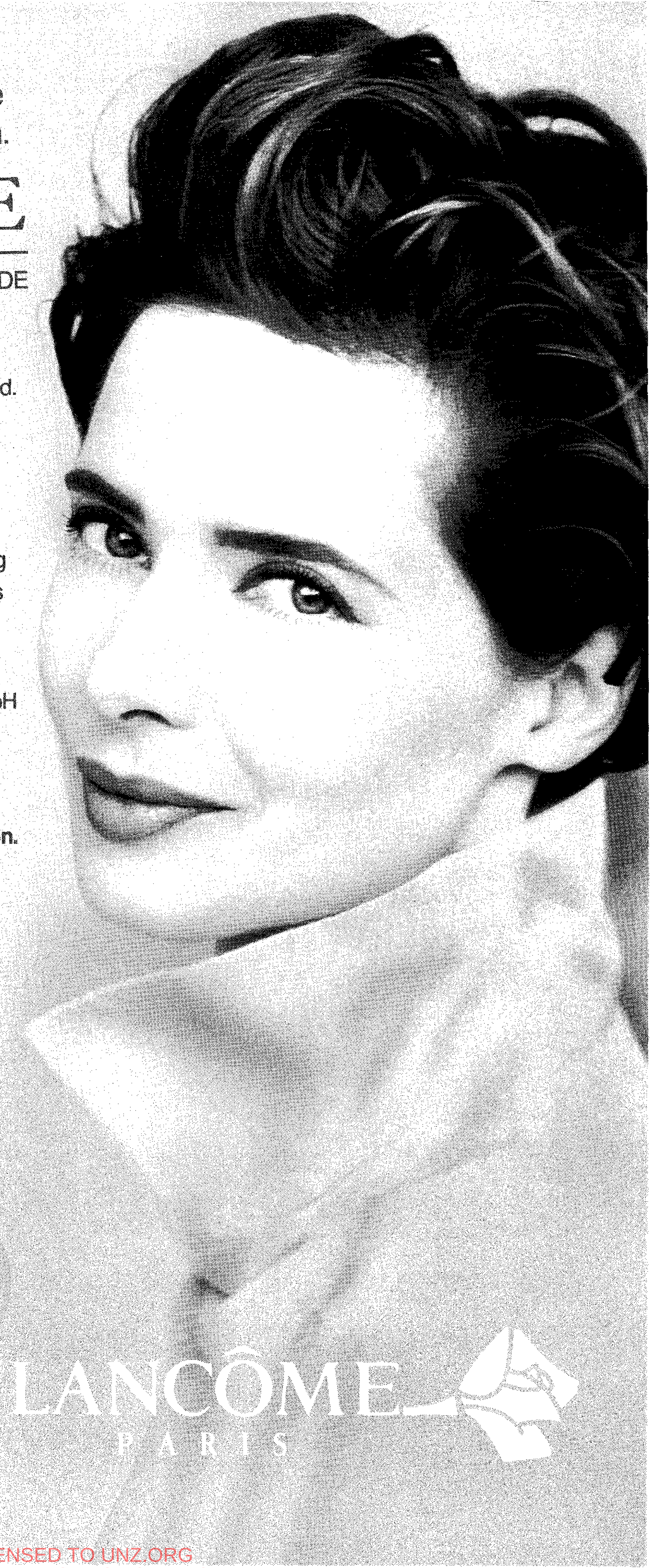
Effective action…visible results. The look of undereye puffiness is diminished. Lines and wrinkles appear softened and smoothed.

Preventive action…future results. Expressive's affinity with the skin helps defend against future ageing by reinforcing the fragile eye area. Protective sunscreens and anti-oxidants provide added support.

Extreme Pureness…ideal for sensitive eyes. A creme-gel formula* with the same pH as tears…in an air-tight pump container.

EXPRESSIVE:
Pure pleasure. Pure genius. Pure innovation.

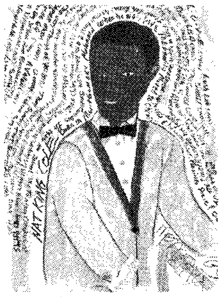
LANCÔME
EXPRESSIVE
SOIN JEUNESSE
CONTOUR DES YEUX
Pureté extrême
Eye Contour
Age Treatment Fluide
Extreme Pureness
LANCÔME
PARIS


LANCÔME
PARIS

---

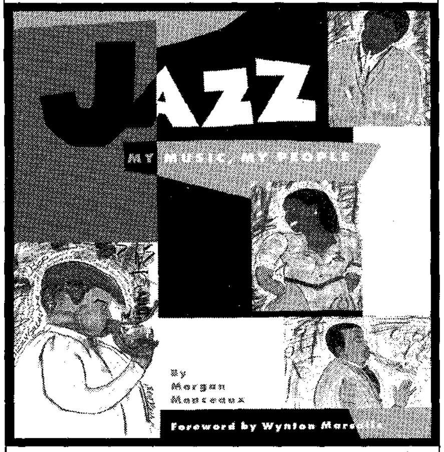
*Patent pending.

A dazzling jazz collectible for all ages!



JAZZ
MY MUSIC, MY PEOPLE

Written and Illustrated by
MORGAN MONCEAUX
Forward by
WYNTON MARSALIS



"Morgan Monceaux has done what one would have considered impossible. He has made jazz and painting one and the same!"
– Kurt Vonnegut

In brilliant full color — the genius of Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker and 37 creators of uniquely American music, brought to life by an acclaimed artist.

Collages • Portraits • Memories

$18.00 at your bookstore.

Alfred A. Knopf

NIGHT LIFE

Roche Motets

On a recent Sunday afternoon, at an hour when most rock musicians are still in bed, the Roche sisters—Maggie, Terre, and Suzzy—were warbling in front of a sellout crowd at the Bottom Line. The stage, decked with candy canes, tinsel, and twinkling lights, was set up for the taping of "Carolling with the Roches: Live at the Bottom Line," which airs December 23, on WNYC (at 9 P.M.) and other National Public Radio affiliates. The show captures everything that makes the group entrancing: their inventiveness, their awkward humor, and those sweeping, telepathic harmonies. "Carolling" is such a guileless manifesto of holiday cheer that, listening in, you might forget that the Roches also make achingly cynical pop records. But the girls can't help it. According to Suzzy, "We had one of those childhoods where you had to memorize *all* the Christmas songs."

This season, the sisters arrive bearing gifts. Rykodisk has re-released "We Three Kings," their holiday album from 1990; they've put out a new children's record, "Will You Be My Friend?"; and a new pop disk is in the works. On December 22-23, the Bottom Line will host the Roches' twelfth almost-consecutive Christmas show (they took a breather last year), and attendance is practically a New York rite of passage. You haven't truly arrived until you've heard their exquisite, otherworldly "Hallelujah" Chorus in person.

Mr. Fothering

EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM

CONCERTS

Phish—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 30 at 8.

Boyz II Men—With Babyface and Tevin Campbell. (Madison Square Garden. Dec. 31 at 8:30.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **WESLIA WHITFIELD,** one of the most assured and affecting jazz-cabaret voices to emerge in New York in years, is in the Oak Room through Dec. 31. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Dec. 20-25: How does one get the prodigious pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** to calm down a bit? How about a Nat King Cole tribute? Joined by Cole's brother Freddy, Alexander offers a loving and relaxed salute to the great crooner and—lest anyone forget—jazz pianist. Dec. 26: **FIVE STAR GUITARS** play the music of Charles Mingus. Dec. 27-Jan. 1: Saxophone poster boy **DAVID SANBORN.** Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, drummers compete for your ear. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Through Dec. 25: **ARTHUR BLYTHE, KIRK LIGHTSEY,** and **SANTI DEBRIANO.** Blythe may yet become the alto saxophone superstar he's threatened to become for the past twenty years. At this point a mid-life kick in the pants à la Joe Henderson wouldn't hurt—but he still sounds like no one else: nervy note choices, an unmistakable keening tone, and punctiliously ordered improvisations. He's a stately avant-gardist. With Lightsey on piano and Debriano on bass. Dec. 26-30: A trio featuring **JOHN HICKS** (piano), **VICTOR LEWIS** (bass), and the ubiquitous **SANTI DEBRIANO.** Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle through Dec. 31: **BOBBY SHORT.** Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tickling; nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-seventh year at the Carlyle, Short can still spin a lyric by Ira Gershwin or Cole Porter with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano. Carroll's timing is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato figures and double-time sprints. Through Dec. 31.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A comfortable lavender and stainless-steel paradise deep in the heart of the meat district. Dec. 23: **MEDESKI, MARTIN & WOOD.** This trio (two of whom are members of the Lounge Lizards) plays churning be-bop, driven by the tortured sounds of John Medeski's Hammond organ. With Lunar Crush.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Through Dec. 25: saxophonist **JERRY WELDON** leads a quartet, with pianist **BOBBY FORRESTER.** Dec. 27-Jan. 1: **JIMMY WITHERSPOON.** Ailing health may have dulled the lustre of his mighty blues shouting, but Witherspoon still has enough grit and gravel in him to rock the house. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A sleek piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Thursdays through Sundays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. Through Dec. 24: **JESSE DAVIS.** A fine young alto player, Davis can rumble with the best of the new boppers, but his emphasis on lyricism sets him apart from his more rambunctious peers. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass figurine lamps. Dec. 21-24: **STEVE KUHN** and **DAVID FINCK.** Dec. 28-31: **JUDY**

CARMICHAEL and **MIKE HASHIM.** Carmichael knows her way around the knuckle-busting repertoire of Fats Waller, James P. Johnston, and other Harlem piano wizards of the twenties and thirties; saxophonist Hashim is her perfect foil.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Armed with his aberrant homemade double-neck guitar, a small factory of digital effects, and a craving for sounds not heard above East Houston Street, **ELLIOT SHARP,** in on Dec. 22, is a sonic virtuoso. A mini-retrospective of sorts, this gig will showcase his art-noise band, Carbon, and a collaboration with the Solder String Quartet. Dec. 25: **JOHN ZORN'S COBRA.** Dec. 26: **PAUL MOTIAN'S ELECTRIC BEBOP BAND.** Plugged or unplugged, Motian is a drummer with a knack for assembling quirky and fascinating combos that explore the jazz tradition from a decidedly unexpected perspective. Dec. 28-30: For a long time, no one payed much attention to **CECIL TAYLOR.** He was a freak who played the way that Bartók, Stravinsky, Hindemith, and Debussy would have played had they been jazz musicians. But masters often need apostles to prepare their way, and that is what the pianists McCoy Tyner and Keith Jarrett have been doing—knowingly or not—for the past few decades. Once in a while Taylor opens up enough to reveal his roots, and you can hear traces of Ellington, Gershwin, and Monk. Dec. 31: Twitch in the New Year with **DEFUNKT** and guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER.**

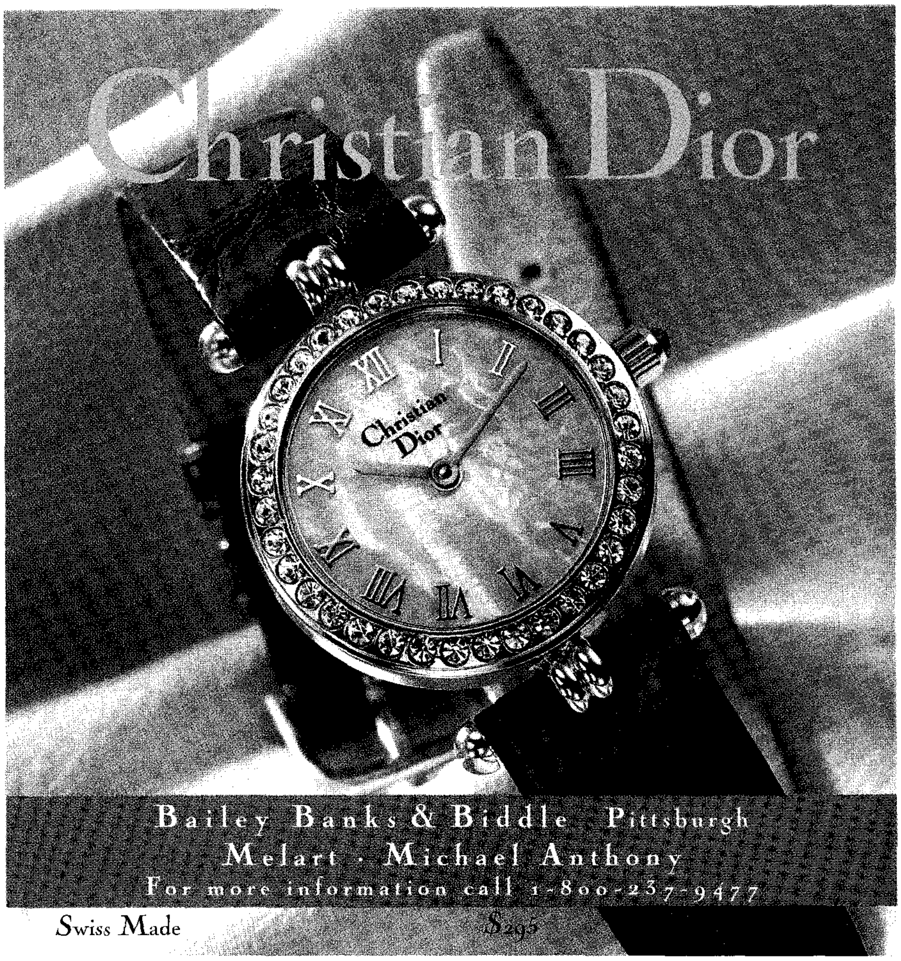
MADISON ROOM, 455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (888-7000)—A plush, gilt-and-marble piano room in the Palace Hotel. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **PETER MINTURN** plays Gershwin, Porter, and other greats.

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Sq. W. (675-2300)—Dec. 27 and Dec. 31: The **GEORGE GEE ORCHESTRA,** a seventeen-piece swing band, fronted by the polymorphously energetic Mr. Gee. Dancing is encouraged.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"The Capote Caper," a ten-character musical about the friendship between Capote and the society columnist Dorris Lilly, featuring Larry Storch. An open-ended run. On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—A lithe Irish beauty with red hair, **MARY CLEERE HARAN,** who appears Dec. 31-Jan. 1, uses her smile not to wow the room but to light her songs. She can sing at any tempo, but she prefers slower speeds and lower tones. Unlike many jazz-cabaret singers, she knows how to use dynamics, and sometimes she pulls her quick, ruffled vibrato up short, like Anita O'Day. She also loves to talk, and some of her monologues can become pocket essays, but she's witty and she has an appreciative sotto-voce giggle, and you know that the next song, like love, is just around the corner.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Dec. 22: **PHEEROAN AKLAFF.** What a wonder Aklaff is behind the drum kit, mixing rhythm and texture with galvanic subtlety. It's time the public started getting hip to what adventuresome leaders like Muhal Richard Abrams, Oliver Lake, and Marty Ehrlich have known for years. Dec. 23-25: The **ILHAN ERSAHIN** quintet. The pianist **HANK JONES,** in on Dec. 27-Jan. 1 (with a guest appearance by piano phenom **JACKY TERRASSON** on Dec. 31), combines a gorgeous touch, exquisite taste, and a relentless imagination, all of which continue to surprise after fifty years. Jones' recent release, "Upon Reflection"—a tribute to his composer brother Thad—is a cornerstone work, graceful and gripping. Here he's joined by some exceptional young players, who should be eager to learn at the feet of a master. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

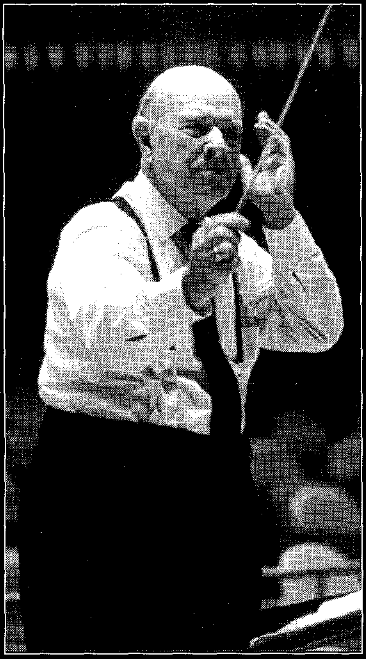

Christian Dior
Bailey Banks & Biddle Pittsburgh
Melart · Michael Anthony
For more information call 1-800-237-9477
Swiss Made
$295

NIGEL HAWTHORNE HELEN MIRREN IAN HOLM
His Majesty was all powerful and all knowing.
But he wasn't quite all there.
THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE
THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY And CHANNEL FOUR FILMS Present a CLOSE CALL FILMS PRODUCTION NIGEL HAWTHORNE HELEN MIRREN IAN HOLM "THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE" AMANDA DONOHOE RUPERT GRAVES and RUPERT EVERETT Music Adapted by GEORGE FENTON Costume Design MARK THOMPSON Editor TARIQ ANWAR Production Design KEN ADAM Director of Photography ANDREW DUNN, B.S.C. Screenplay by ALAN BENNETT based on his stage play Produced by STEPHEN EVANS and DAVID PARFITT Directed by NICHOLAS HYTNER
SDDS Sony Dynamic Digital Sound in selected theatres
Soundtrack available on Epic Soundtrax
© 1994 THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY
NOW PLAYING

A Major Musical Television Event

Watch the 38th Annual

PABLO CASALS FESTIVAL



Televised from San Juan, Puerto Rico

Thursday January 5, 1995 on A&E

A&E®
TIME WELL SPENT

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Dec. 25: **EASTERN REBELLION.** This quartet is built from its rhythm section up. The founding members, Cedar Walton (piano) and Billy Higgins (drums), along with bassist David Williams, lay down a velvet carpet on which the excellent tenor-sax player Ralph Moore rides. With Walton and Higgins at the helm, the interplay among the foursome can border on the profound. Dec. 27-Jan. 1: **DR. MICHAEL WHITE'S ORIGINAL LIBERTY JAZZ BAND.** Let purists debate this outfit's approach to the music of Armstrong, Morton, and Dodds. White's band positively revels in collective improvisation, counterpoint, and the two-beat stomp; their glee turns history into something vividly sensual. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—Dec. 22: Pianist **MICHAEL WEISS.** Nothing that Weiss challenges himself to here could possibly be as punishing as the brutal bop workouts that his part-time employer, tenor terror Johnny Griffin, puts him through. But breakneck tempos aside, Weiss can also mine the vein of blues and ballads. **GUST WILLIAM TSILIS,** who drops by Dec. 23-25, is an ambitious player who's pushing the vibraphone into the next century. Tsilis, who also takes on the marimba, has been perfecting a compelling style that moves beyond the terrain worked by Bobby Hutcherson and Gary Burton.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Dec. 26-31: An evening of piano and bass with **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE.** Dining.

ROCK, ETC.

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Dec. 28: **ARNIE LAWRENCE & THE FUNK CO-ELATION.** Dec. 31: **MILO Z.**

BLARNEY STAR, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. Dec. 30: **MAUREEN DOHERTY MACKEN** and **SIOBHAN EGAN,** of the band Cherish the Ladies, play flute, fiddle, button accordion, and pennywhistle.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Dec. 22-23: The **ROCHES'** Christmas show, with the Carolling Carollers. Dec. 24: **LAURA NYRO.** She may go down in history as an unrepentant folkie, but it should be noted that Nyro's résumé includes hits for the Fifth Dimension and Blood, Sweat and Tears. Live, she's a compelling, seasoned performer, and even her most introspective musings suggest there's a glimmer of funk in her folk. Speaking of funk, **TOWER OF POWER** takes over Dec. 27-28. Dec. 29-30: The **TURTLES,** who, apparently, are still happy together. Dec. 31: Spend New Year's Eve with **NRBQ.** Often hailed as the world's greatest bar band, the Q can live up to the hype. There just isn't another outfit with such a mastery of virtually every American popular-music idiom, from rockabilly and blues to jazz and swing.

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (429-8392)—Dec. 29 belongs to **SWEET LIZARD ILLTET** and **EL DOPA.** Dec. 31: Try a little "Auld Lang Syne" with **JACK ASS.**

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Dec. 28: An acoustic evening with **BIANCA BOB.**

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Dec. 21-23: **EDDIE BURKS AND DELTA BLUE.** Dec. 28-31: Blues goddess **BIG TIME SARAH** burns down the house.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. Live music nightly.

DON HILL'S, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little SoHo bar with an above-average P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket. Friday night is Squeeze Box, a vinyl and velvet glamfest hosted by Mistress Formika.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Dec. 26: The **HONEYSUCKLES.** The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

FLANNERY'S, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Dec. 31: The bluejeans-and-tie-dye sounds of **GOD STREET WINE,** the latest collection of youngsters devoted to the seventies, a decade they experienced through a filter of "Sesame Street," elementary school, and stewed apricots. The band's extensive computer networking and non-stop touring recently paid off in the shape of "$1.99 Romances," their major-label début. . . . ¶ Every Sunday night, the Swing Dance Society pays homage to the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

• •

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

Twenty-five favorites from our 1994 album-oriented playlist.

"SUPERUNKNOWN," Soundgarden (A&M).

"FROM THE CRADLE," Eric Clapton (Duck/Reprise).

"WHAT A CRYING SHAME," The Mavericks (MCA).

"SLEEPS WITH ANGELS," Neil Young & Crazy Horse (Reprise).

"TURBULENT INDIGO," Joni Mitchell (Reprise).

"G. LOVE AND SPECIAL SAUCE," G. Love and Special Sauce (Okeh/Epic).

"MIGHTY JOE MOON," Grant Lee Buffalo (Slash/Reprise).

"MONSTER," R.E.M. (Warner Bros.).

"UNPLUGGED IN NEW YORK," Nirvana (Geffen).

"VITALOGY," Pearl Jam (Epic).

"DOOKIE," Green Day (Reprise).

"DOG MAN STAR," The London Suede (Columbia).

"THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL," Nine Inch Nails (Interscope).

"PARKLIFE," Blur (SBK/EMI).

"RUBY VROOM," Soul Coughing (Slash/Warner Bros.).

"DEFINITELY MAYBE," Oasis (Epic).

"TWELVE SHADES OF BROWN," Junior Brown (Curb).

"SAN FRANCISCO," American Music Club (Reprise).

"BEDTIME STORIES," Madonna (Maverick).

"CURE FOR PAIN," Morphine (Rykodisk).

"CROOKED RAIN, CROOKED RAIN," Pavement (Matador).

"BAKESALE," Sebadoh (SubPop).

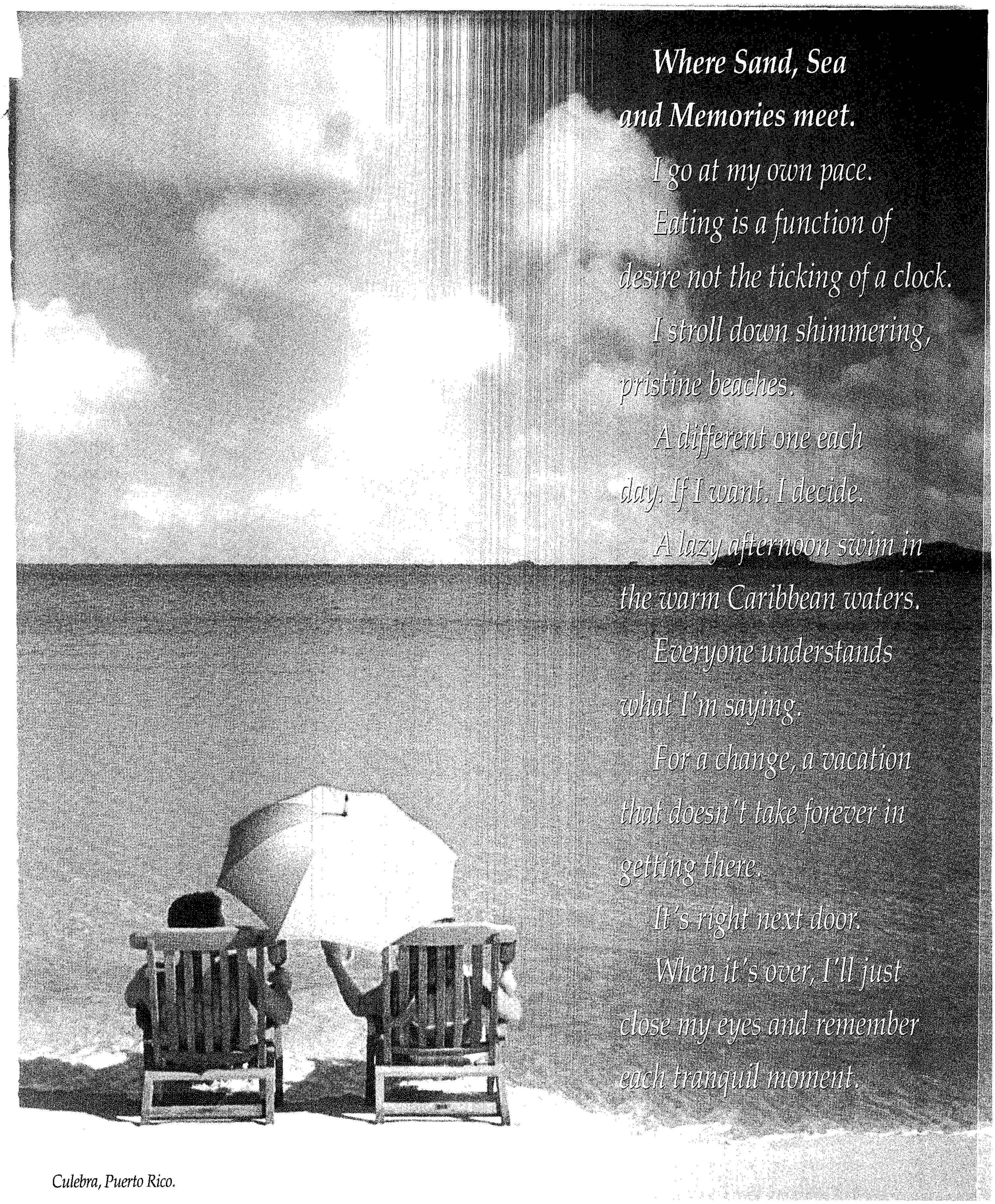
"ILL COMMUNICATION," Beastie Boys (Capitol).

"WILDFLOWERS," Tom Petty (Warner Bros.).

"MUSIC FROM THE MOTION PICTURE 'PULP FICTION' " (MCA).

KAPTAIN BANANA, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—French cabaret *en travesti* in SoHo. Three drag queens and eight dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's also a singing gorilla. Dining.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. Reggae heavies **BLACK UHURU** drop by on Dec. 22. Pompadoured rockabilly scoundrel **ROBERT GORDON** performs on Dec. 25. On Dec. 31: **CRYSTAL** ("She's Homeless") **WATERS,** with **LORDS OF ACID.** Jan. 1: Spend a tender evening with **PUNGENT STENCH** and **ACID BATH.** Wednesday night is Disco 2000.



Where Sand, Sea and Memories meet.

I go at my own pace.

Eating is a function of desire not the ticking of a clock.

I stroll down shimmering, pristine beaches.

A different one each day. If I want. I decide.

A lazy afternoon swim in the warm Caribbean waters.

Everyone understands what I'm saying.

For a change, a vacation that doesn't take forever in getting there.

It's right next door.

When it's over, I'll just close my eyes and remember each tranquil moment.

Culebra, Puerto Rico.

Discover what a vacation was always meant to be.

PUERTO RICO

For additional information, call your travel agent or: 1-800-866-7827

Discover the Continent of Puerto Rico.
Right here in the U.S.A.
Only Puerto Rico puts so many vacation
experiences within your reach.

BROOKS BROTHERS
THE STOREWIDE SALE
SAVE
25% TO 40% OFF
REGULAR PRICE,
ON A WIDE SELECTION OF
MEN'S & WOMEN'S
MERCHANDISE
THROUGHOUT THE STORE.

SAVE AN ADDITIONAL 10%
WHEN YOU USE YOUR
BROOKS BROTHERS CHARGE
FROM DECEMBER 22 TO
DECEMBER 26.

SAVINGS ARE OFF REGULAR PRICE, SELECTED MERCHANDISE ONLY. NOT ALL STYLES AND SIZES ARE AVAILABLE IN ALL STORES. OFFER APPLIES TO IN STOCK MERCHANDISE ONLY. SALE APPLIES TO RETAIL STORE LOCATIONS ONLY.

Brooks Brothers

VISIT ONE OF OUR 65 BROOKS BROTHERS LOCATIONS ACROSS THE U.S. PLEASE CALL 1-800-274-1816 FOR STORE NEAREST YOU.

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a spruced-up tenement apartment. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side Blues. Dec. 22: The **POPA CHUBBY** band.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Dec. 30-31: **ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT.**

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Dec. 22: **FIVE CHINESE BROTHERS.** The Brothers formed at Columbia University more than a decade ago (as the Special Guests) and have since become local heroes. Their music suggests Squeeze or Crowded House, only louder, looser, bluesier—more American. The band recently released "Santa Claustrophobia," a record of original Christmas songs. It isn't exactly in a league with the Roches' holiday music, but it is a major improvement on Tim Allen. **RICHARD BARONE,** best known for his work with the Bongos, appears on Dec. 23.

Nell's, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop. Monday night is Funky Buddha, with live bands and a celebrity d.j. "on the wheels."

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the cha-cha. Dec. 23: **TITO NIEVES.** Dec. 28: **JOSÉ ALBERTO.** Dining.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. Vocalist **MAUREEN MC GOVERN** is the star in residence. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, swinging big-band music, and, on Dec. 31, a song-and-dance extravaganza with your host, **TOMMY TUNE.** Closed Mondays.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Dec. 30-31: A double bill featuring **BLUES TRAVELER** and **G. LOVE AND SPECIAL SAUCE.** Blues Traveler, a four-piece outfit from Princeton, has been playing in New York since 1987, and, like God Street Wine, has become something of a phenomenon. The Beatles in Hamburg they're not, but they have amassed a rabidly devoted following. Like the Dead, to whom they're often compared, they write leisurely meandering tunes punctuated with extended solos. On record, they're intolerable; live, they're excellent. G. Love and Special Sauce, a dynamite new trio from Philadelphia, play amazingly loose and swinging rap songs—funky odes to John Lee Hooker, hoops, beer, and other low-down pleasures. Vocalist G. Love, with Jeffrey Clemons (on drums) and Jimmy Prescott (on stand-up bass), has molded a distinctive combination of chicken-shack hip-hop grooves and bluesy guitar riffs out of a rap market crowded with busy, overproduced gangsta records.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Dec. 30: The **MIGHTY SPARROW,** the self-proclaimed "calypso king of the world." Dec. 31: Salsa in the new year with **TITO PUENTE** and his All-Star Latin Orchestra. Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents **SOUL KITCHEN,** an evening of seventies funk and R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Dec. 22: **THE VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK.** Dec. 23: **URBAN BLIGHT,** those indefatigable funk missionaries. Dec. 31: The **BOGMEN.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Dec. 29: Hasidic hardcore with **YOSSI PIAMENTA.** Dec. 31: The **NIAGARAS.**

ART

The Artist's Sickbed

"I WAS promised an early death, but here I am still waiting," the Los Angeles poet and performance artist Bob Flanagan has declared. At forty-one, he is among the oldest living survivors of cystic fibrosis, a degenerative disease of the lungs and stomach that few survive through adolescence. He is also heavily into S & M. "Visiting Hours," the installation that he has constructed at the New Museum in collaboration with his companion and "mistress," Sheree Rose, is an extraordinary exploration of a life of pain and unorthodox pleasure. Though it's not for the squeamish, it cunningly dramatizes a theme that has been a constant in the art of this century: the dissolving boundaries between art and life.

Flanagan and Rose have designed the exhibition space to resemble a perverse children's hospital, with implements of domination and torture strewn casually among stuffed animals and board games. On video monitors, interspersed with snippets of old movies, commercials, and cartoons, Flanagan engages in various S & M rituals. Usually the artist himself reclines at the center of it all, receiving visitors from a hospital bed, where he lies hooked up to oxygen, and offering genial, often funny conversation—about sickness, sadomasochism, the weather, his visitors' problems, whatever comes up. The installation will remain on view through December 31, with the artist in residence December 28-31. The chance to really talk with Flanagan—about his art, and about life at the sexual edge—turns "Visiting Hours" into something far more troubling than just another binge of voyeurism.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Orientalism: Visions of the East in Western Dress." . . . ¶ The annual Christmas tree and Neapolitan Baroque crèche are on dis-

YUMI HEO

Music boxes, at the Equitable.

play for the holiday season. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "Greek Gold." Forget embarrassment—this is a *humiliation* of riches, as splendid an exhibition of Classical jewelry as we're ever likely to see. Choice items from the Met and the British Museum have been augmented with lovely pieces from the northern coast of the Black Sea—a rare loan from the Hermitage. One massive Crimean cuff bracelet terminates in a pair of exquisitely carved sphinxes, eye to eye. Button-size plaques in the form of golden cockerels, also from the Crimea, lend a note of whimsy. An oak-wreath crown, with a bee and two cicadas nestling in its branches, is as airy and fine as sunlight itself. The workmanship throughout is so delicate that you may want to bring a magnifying glass. . . . ¶ "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." . . . ¶ "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300-1450." Anyone who thinks that illuminators took a back seat to the panel painters of the age should see this show, which brings together a group of little masterpieces that are in perfect condition. Their burnished gold and primary colors sparkle with the same intensity they had on the day the paint dried, because they've spent most of their lives between the covers of books. . . . ¶ "Lucie Rie / Hans Coper: Masterworks by Two British Potters." (There's a concurrent exhibit of Rie's and Coper's work at Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ "Willem de Kooning: Paintings." This retrospective of the great Abstract Expressionist's masterworks includes "Marilyn Monroe" (1954), a powerful evocation of soft female sexuality. (A concurrent show of de Kooning's work is at Stone, 113 E. 90th St.) Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "The Photographs of Édouard Baldus: Landscapes and Monuments of France." Shots from the nineteenth century. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ "Ominous Hush: The Thunderstorm Paintings of Martin Johnson Heade." Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "Origins of Impressionism" begins with paintings seen at the historic and influential Salon of 1859 and includes nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through Jan. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday evenings until 8:45. Closes at 5 on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"An Eccentric Orbit: Video Art in Australia." . . . ¶ "Projects: Ann Hamilton." Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ "Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture" includes five architectural and three urban projects, in an exploration of the relationships between architecture and public space. . . . ¶ "New Photography 10" features work by Shimon Attie, Abelardo Morell, Jorge Ribalta, and Michal Rovner. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "A Century of Artists Books." . . . ¶ "American Politicians: Photographs from 1843 to 1993." Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ "Cy Twombly: A Retrospective." Nearly a hundred works, mostly paintings, by this heir to Abstract Expressionism. The show begins with Twombly's assemblage sculptures and ends with a new painting series, "The Four Seasons," done this year. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Prints of Louise Bourgeois" focusses on the artist's etchings and lithographs. Through Jan. 3. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943-68." Chairs, typewriters, a case of fabulous shoes, a car, a vacuum cleaner—even some painting and sculpture. Although this massive exhibition, which examines the way Italy reinvented itself after the Second World War, sprawls around the rotunda with no real logic, it's a potent reminder of the impact that Italian art and design have had in the past half century. And it's a fun crawl. Through Jan. 29. (Open Sundays, except Christmas, through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays, 10 to 8. Closes at 5 on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—"Japanese Art After 1945: Scream Against the Sky." Through Jan. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, except Christmas, 11 to 6. Closes at 5 on Dec. 31 and Jan. 1.)

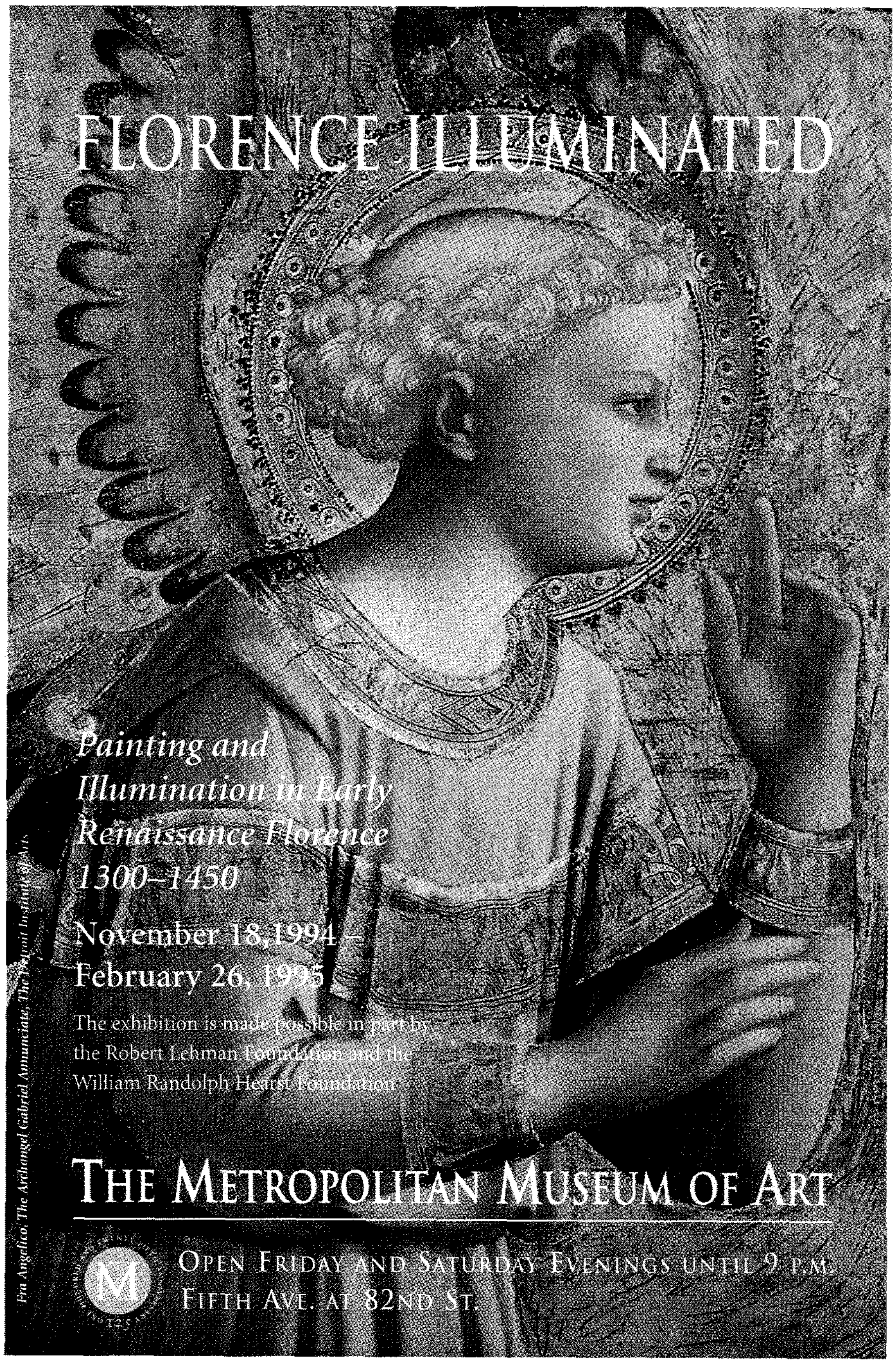
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Franz Kline: Black & White, 1950-61." . . . ¶ "Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." . . . ¶ "Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8. Also open Tuesday, Dec. 27, 11 to 6.)

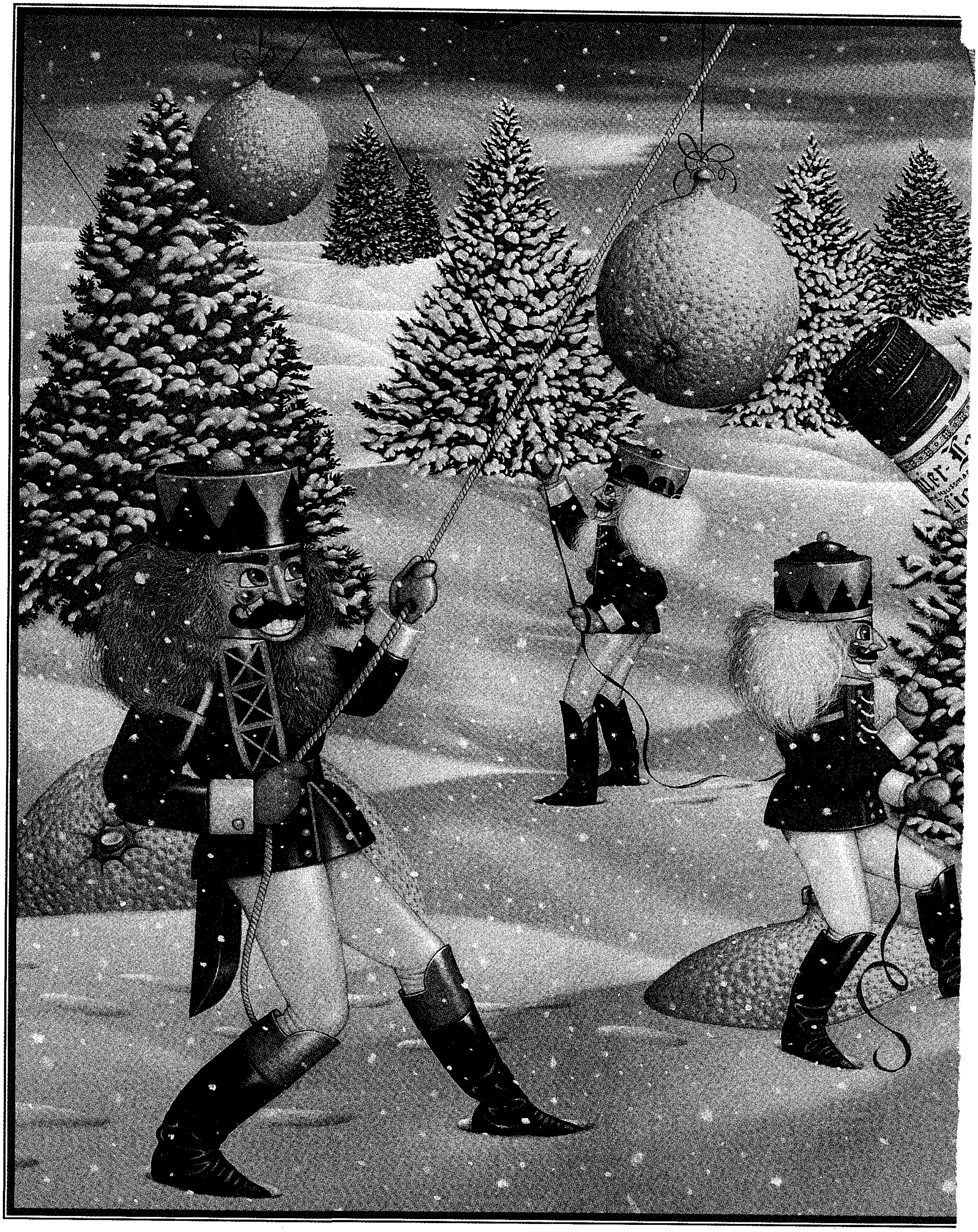
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru and one of the world's major ancient civilizations. The curators are probably right to identify Sipán as the richest burial site ever excavated in the New World. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, except Christmas, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Realms of Heroism: Indian Paintings at the Brooklyn Museum." Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Dale Chihuly's "The Brooklyn Wall," an installation of blown glass, is on view in the lobby. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"An Enduring Legacy: The Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection." Every piece in this exquisite collection of Asian art coolly proclaims quality: a Korean stoneware jar is indescribably elegant; a copper sculpture from India—Krishna dancing over a vanquished demon, its serpentine tail echoing the god's heavenly form—is a little ode to joy. Through Jan. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 5.)

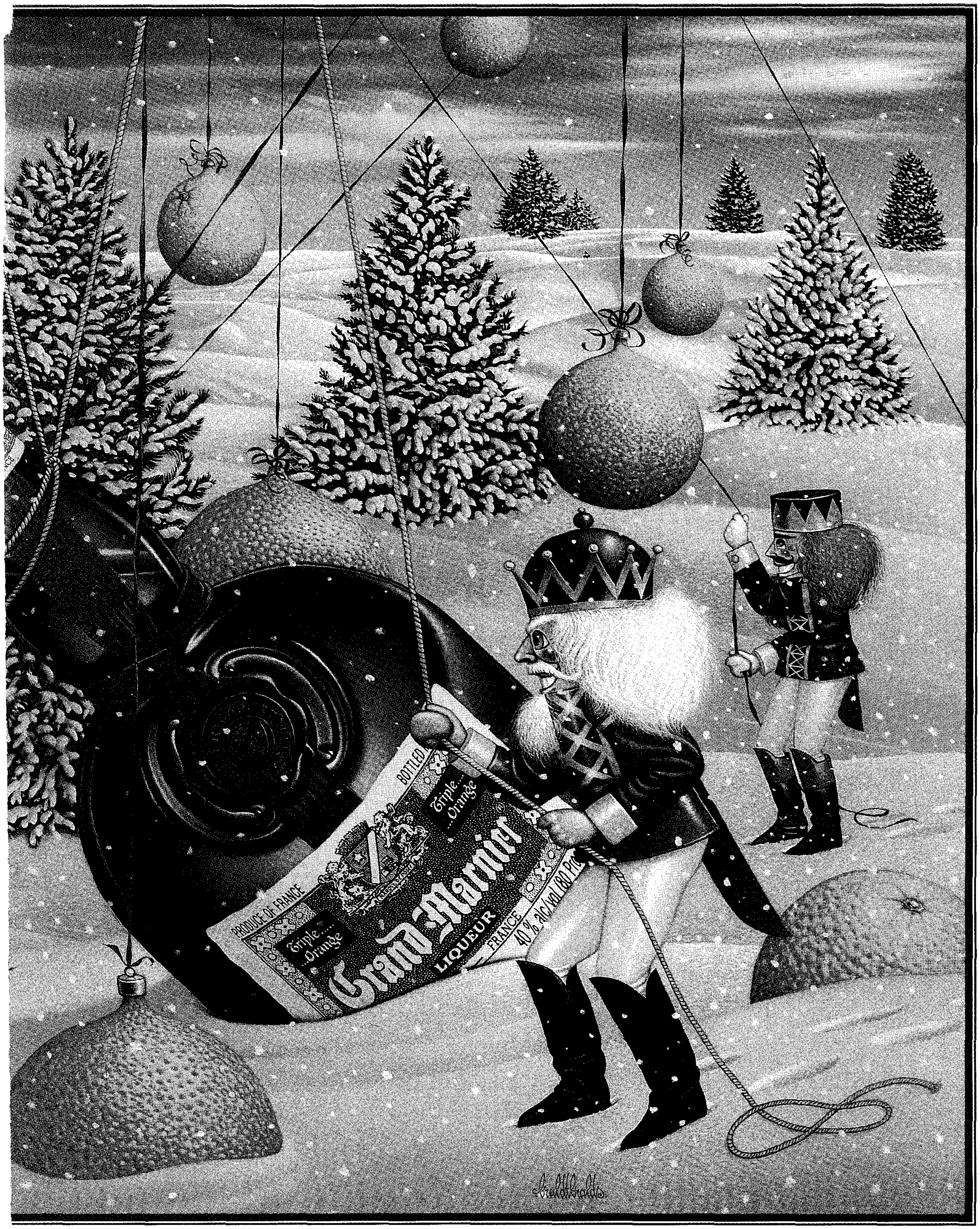
FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, Seventh Ave. at 27th St.—"Judith Leiber: The Artful Handbag." . . . ¶ "Hello Again! Recycling for the Real World." Products from dresses to furniture made from recycled and reused


FLORENCE ILLUMINATED
Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence 1300–1450
November 18, 1994 – February 26, 1995
The exhibition is made possible in part by the Robert Lehman Foundation and the William Randolph Hearst Foundation.
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
M
OPEN FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS UNTIL 9 P.M.
FIFTH AVE. AT 82ND ST.
Fra Angelico, The Archangel Gabriel Annunciate, The Detroit Institute of Arts



A GRAN

For gift delivery of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787. Produ

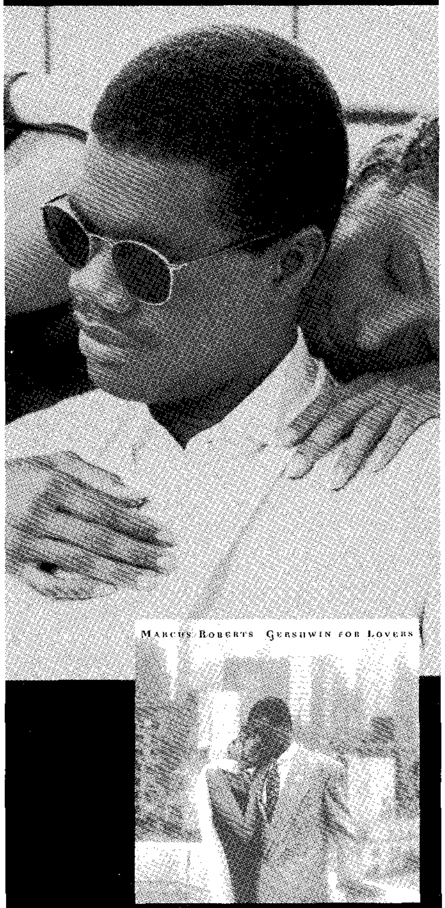

BOTTLED
Triple ... Orange
Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
Triple ... Orange
FRANCE
40% alc/vol (80 Pro

SUITE.

ce. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). © 1992 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

COMPLETE SEDUCTION.

Ten of George Gershwin's most romantic compositions, performed by pianist Marcus Roberts and his trio.


MARCUS ROBERTS GERSHWIN FOR LOVERS

MARCUS ROBERTS

"GERSHWIN FOR LOVERS"

Produced by Marcus Roberts.

Management: Sharon Wentzel and Eugene Roberts/MRE, Inc.

COLUMBIA

"Columbia" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada./© 1994 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

materials. Through Jan. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8, and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings from a Private Collection." (Open daily, except Mondays, Dec. 24, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10 to 6.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—"Ōtsu-e: Japanese Folk Paintings." Through Jan. 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, Dec. 24, Christmas, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." . . . ¶ "Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912-22" features thirty-six paintings, both interiors and portraits. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Charles Dickens: 'A Christmas Carol.'" Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." The word "great" is overused in the art world: it should be reserved for occasions like this one. The collection ranges freely from Mantegna to Jackson Pollock, with all the major schools represented; the French drawings are especially fine. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART, 593 Broadway—"Exhibition-*ism*: Museums and African Art." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." . . . ¶ "Ferdinand Hodler: Views and Visions." Through Jan. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, 1 Bowling Green—"Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief." . . . ¶ "All Roads Are Good: Native Voices on Life and Culture." . . . ¶ "This Path We Travel: Celebrations of Contemporary Native American Creativity." (Open daily, except Christmas, 10 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—"Visiting Hours: An Installation by Bob Flanagan in Collaboration with Sheree Rose." Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, except Dec. 23, Dec. 24, Christmas, and New Year's Day, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Garbage! The History and Politics of Trash in New York City." . . . ¶ "e.e. cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." . . . ¶ "The Raw and the Cooked: Images of Food from the Renaissance to the Present." On the menu are a Dürer engraving of Adam and Eve sharing an apple, and a Berenice Abbott photograph of potatoes. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ "Broken Rules and Double Crosses: Ken Campbell, an Artist's Books." Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays, except Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, except Dec. 24, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6. Closes at 5 on Dec. 31.)

SCHOMBURG CENTER, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"Invoking the Spirit: Worship Traditions in the African World." Photographs by Chester Higgins, Jr. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ "Art in the Service of the Lord: Sacred Art of the Black Church." Contemporary art with religious themes. Through Jan. 16. (Open Mondays, except Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, through Wednesdays, noon to 8, Thursdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 24, 10 to 6; Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1993-94" features work by Bright Bimpong, Russell Malcolm Hamilton, and Marilyn Nance. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Most will be closed on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31. As indicated below, some will be open or will close early on those days, and some will be closed on other days.)

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT (1960-88)—Paintings with a black-and-white palette. Through Jan. 7. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Closes at 2 on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

JAKE BERTHOT—A dozen new abstract oils and four works on paper, all in a looser, scumbled style that is a departure for the artist. Through Jan. 11. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Dec. 27.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Fifty-five paintings from the early thirties to the late sixties. Through Jan. 21. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St. Closed Dec. 22-23, Dec. 27-30, and Jan. 3-4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the artist's work is currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum.)

WERNER DREWES (1899-1985)—Abstract paintings in the Bauhaus tradition. Through Jan. 14. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. Open Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

JANE EGAN—Small boxes containing imaginary scenes. Through Jan. 10. (CDS, 76 E. 79th St.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966) / **KATSURA FUNAKOSHI**—An exhibit designed to show the monumentality of the artist's small works./Sculptures and drawings by the Japanese figurative sculptor. Through Jan. 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closes at 3 on Dec. 23 and Dec. 31.)

PER KIRKEBY—Paintings from the sixties by a Danish neo-expressionist. During this crucible period, Kirkeby studied geology at the University of Copenhagen, dabbled in poetry and performance, got to know Beuys and Picabia, and was extensively involved with the Fluxus movement. Through Jan. 14. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Dec. 27-30 and Jan. 3.)

KENNETH KOCH—The poet's collaborations with artists, including Nell Blaine, Joe Brainard, Red Grooms, and Fairfield Porter. Through Jan. 14. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Closed Dec. 27; closes at 2 on Dec. 23 and Dec. 30.)

RAYMOND MASON—Narrative sculptural reliefs and related drawings, from the past four decades. Through Jan. 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

G. DANIEL MASSAD—Pastels of constructed scenes, from 1990 to 1994. Through Dec. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL (1915-91)—Paintings from the series "Elegies to the Spanish Republic." Through Jan. 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CLAES OLDENBURG AND COOSJE VAN BRUGGEN—Drawings and small-scale models of early large-scale collaborative sculptures. Through Jan. 7. (Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St.)

LUCIE RIE / HANS COPER (1920-81)—A comprehensive show of more than eighty masterworks by two important and influential studio potters, who had a mentor-protégé relationship. Among the beautiful vessels and abstract forms are a rare black crescent-with-disk piece by Coper and a graceful white stoneware vase, more than seventeen inches tall, by Rie. Through Jan. 7. (Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Dec. 27-30. . . . ¶ There's a concurrent exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum.)

GRETCHEN DOW SIMPSON—Recent paintings of Morocco and New England. Through Jan. 7. (Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Dec. 23.)

DAVID SMITH (1906-65)—Fifteen bronze reliefs depicting wartime evils. Through Jan. 28. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LEONARD STOKES / JOE NICASTRI—New collages made out of bits of printed matter from the nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries./Sculptures by an artist who started out as a portrait painter. Each piece has a compartment that opens to reveal either a fresco of a nude or a flower, or an assemblage of quail eggs or dried flowers. The sculptures are covered with such materials as nails or finely crushed eggshells. Both shows through

"Marques De Villena" Parador, Alarcon. Cuenca.

We built them to keep you out. We've rebuilt them to keep you in.

When the first drawbridge was lowered on a Spanish parador, castles in Spain became more than a dream. Since then, these state-owned inns, many of which are ancient monuments, have opened up some of Spain's more remote and beautiful countryside. You could easily find yourself staying in a king's palace or a centuries-old convent. Of course, active diversions abound: many paradors have swimming pools, tennis courts, golf courses, water sports, fishing and even big-game hunting at their doorsteps. All boast some of Spain's finest regional cuisine – many of the recipes are as old as the buildings themselves. Traditionally, paradors are located a day's car ride apart. So you can relax even further, knowing that you won't have to fight your way into your hotel. And with today's strong dollar you may never want to say good-bye.

ESPAÑA

Spain. Passion for life.

Yes, I want to take advantage of today's strong dollar. Please rush me information on Spain.

Tourist Office of Spain • New York: 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. Tel: (212) 759-8822 • Chicago: 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Tel: (312) 642-1992 • Miami: 1221 Brickell Ave., Suite 1850, Miami, FL 33131. Tel: (305) 358-1992 • Los Angeles: 8383 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 960, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Tel: (213) 658-7188

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

AMNKL26C

ART–Cont'd

Jan. 21. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays, except Dec. 26.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947)—Thirty-one works by this self-taught artist, a former slave who did not start drawing until he was in his eighties. Through Jan. 14. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. Closes at 2 on Dec. 23 and Dec. 30.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—More than forty watercolors and works on paper by the Paris School painter known for his impressionistic views of New York City and of the dancer Isadora Duncan. Through Jan. 7. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Dec. 31.)

"ROSTA: Bolshevik Placards 1919-21"—A collection of handmade political posters from the Russian Telegraph Agency. Through Jan. 7. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St. Closed Dec. 23 and Dec. 27.)

"The Music Box Project"—Music boxes designed by a wide range of contemporary artists, among them Jennifer Bolande, Kiki Smith, John Cale and Joseph Kosuth, and John Cage. Through Jan. 7. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. Open Mondays.)

"Drawn to Text: Comix Artists as Book Illustrators"—An international survey of the history of alternative comics that also shows how Robert Crumb, Javier Mariscal, Lorenzo Mattotti, Jacques Tardi, and Art Spiegelman approach book illustrations. Through Jan. 17. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Collier Schorr—A two-part exhibition by a young artist preoccupied with sexuality, gender, and autobiography. In the front gallery she has installed a group of photographs of a pretty, pubescent boy, shirtless and in full makeup. In the rear, she has curated a small show of personal favorites, including works by Mark Morrisroe and Vito Acconci; a kind of self-invented art history, it alters a viewer's perceptions of Schorr's own photographs. Through Jan. 7. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

"Nature Morte"—At an interesting new gallery, the French expression for the still-life ("dead nature") is being taken literally in a macabre exhibition of works by some well-known British artists on the slicing edge. Damien Hirst's glass case of forbidding medical equipment (and a cow's brain in a jar of formaldehyde) leaves you with the queasy feeling that you're the one about to be dissected. Mat Collishaw has re-created his "Bullet Hole," a huge (7 x 10 feet), glowing photomontage of a gaping wound. It's not a pretty sight. Through Jan. 7. (Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. Closed Dec. 27-30.)

Group Show—Paintings to make you think. Best of all is Joyce Pensato's expressionistic Donald Duck (Walt Disney meets Franz Kline). Glenn Ligon's painting, "White #18"—a monolithic text obliterated by remorseless overlays of thick black paint—makes an eloquent metaphor for the intractable diffculties in the debate on race relations. Through Dec. 24. (Protetch, 560 Broadway. Open Dec. 24.)

Charles Arnoldi—Abstract paintings reflecting the environment in California, where the artist lives. Through Dec. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Lex Braes—Abstract paintings in the hues of the Scottish highlands, by an artist who knows the landscape. Through Dec. 30. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Closes at 2 on Dec. 24.)

Stan Brodsky—"Landscape as Memory," an exhibition of abstract paintings by a Brooklyn native. Through Jan. 3. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Brian Clarke—Paintings, architectural projects in stained glass, and mosaic works. Through Feb. 4. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. Closed Dec. 27-30.)

Mike Cockrill—This painter's satire can be heavy-handed—images of girls from the world of lingerie ads juxtaposed with crude cartoons of pipe-smoking, lawn-mowing dads—but it's amusing just the same. Through Dec. 24. (Foster, 62 Crosby St. Open Dec. 24.)

Chuck Connelly—There is a fine sense of mystery in this show, a strongly unified series of paintings of animals engaged in various forms of human behavior. The tone is complex, ranging from the macabre (a reindeer hangs itself; a lion sits desolately in a prison cell) to the idyllic (a pig, a rabbit, and a donkey dance rapturously in a glimmering green landscape). Connelly's raw inventive power and sensuous paint handling invoke the Hudson River school and the ecstatic visions of Albert Pinkham Ryder—the great tradition of American painting before abstraction. Not to be missed. Through Dec. 23. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Jean-Philippe Delhomme—A selection of colorful, impressionistic gouaches in the young Frenchman's New York-gallery début. Through Jan. 14. (Danziger, 130 Prince St. Open Dec. 24; closes at 4 on Dec. 31.)

Viola Frey—A survey of the artist's ceramic plates, from the early sixties to the present. Through Jan. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closes at 2 on Dec. 31.)

Daniel Greene—A show of recent pastels and paintings, the second in the artist's subway series. Through Dec. 27. (Henoch, 80 Wooster St. Closes at 2 on Dec. 24.)

Federico Guzmán—"Blackboard Jungle Dub," a series of chalkboard paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Most of these recent paintings are two-part reliefs in which each panel has been painted a different (often strikingly vibrant) color. The interaction of the simple, painted shapes produces a dazzling array of forms. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Dec. 24, Christmas, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day.)

Thom Merrick—Large-scale sculptures, including a kinetic piece and one made from a car body and suspended from the ceiling. Through Dec. 31. (Gibson, 568 Broadway. Closes at 2 on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

Isamu Noguchi (1904-88)—Includes two pieces from 1985: "Beginnings," five large stones reminiscent of a Japanese garden, and "Ends," a Swedish-granite sculpture. Through Jan. 21. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—A show of new works that puts this veteran Conceptualist in the vertigo vanguard. Most of these mechanical installations—whether light-based, video-based, or large-transport-vehicle-based—spin. The eight works in the back room are timed to operate in a fifteen-minute sequence. Through Dec. 30. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. Closed Dec. 24; closes at 2 on Dec. 23.)

Kerri Scharlin—In a funny send-up of art-world hype, Scharlin has had writers, photographers, and art directors create a series of magazine-article parodies about her. The *Vanity Fair* piece includes an Annie Leibovitz portrait and a prying account of her personal life. Through Dec. 23. (Freire, 130 Prince St.)

Donald Sultan—A new hundred-drawing series titled "Wall Flowers." Through Jan. 28. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

Allan Wexler—Wexler's mind is in the gutter: in a series of eccentric, elegantly wrought maquettes, he has come up with strange inventions for gathering rain. Buckets on pulleys attached to the edge of a roof descend, one by one, when water from the gutters fills them. A wide-brimmed hat collects rainwater that drains through tubes into bottles on the wearer's belt. A plastic backpack has been transformed into a reservoir with a tap. Wexler is ingenious, and a master model builder, but you may come away wondering, Why? Through Dec. 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

"Still Life"—A gathering of works by Charles Ray, Jeff Koons, and Fischli/Weiss, among others, that explores the current resurgence of sculptural realism. Through Jan. 14. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St. Closed Dec. 27-30.)

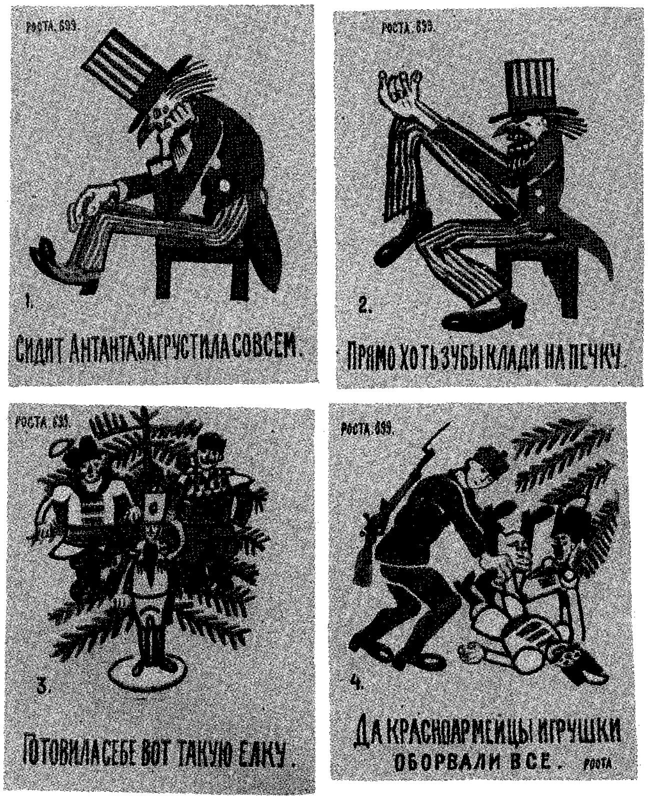
"Another Dimension: Paintings by Sculptors"—A sculpture park of the mind. Featuring early work by Chamberlain, Di Suvero, Heizer, Hesse, Judd, LeWitt, two Smiths (David and Tony), and Smithson. Through Jan. 7. (Weber, 142 Greene St. Closed Dec. 27-30.)

"10 Years Parkett—63 Artists' Editions"—Works created for the quarterly art publication *Parkett* by an art-world A-list: Baselitz, Bourgeois, Clemente, Fischl, Holzer, Marden, Sherman, Turrell, and more. Through Jan. 28. (Blum, 99 Wooster St. Closes at 3 on Dec. 24.)

"Chance"—An exhibit of found objects, ranging from the industrial to the domestic, including molds for making rubber dolls and print plates for bull's-eye targets. Through Jan. 19. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

"Joe's Garage"—Installations by sculptors, among them Donald Lipski and Jessica Stockholder, who work with discarded materials. Through Dec. 23. (Tz'Art, 28 Wooster St.)

Group Show—Including works by Daniel Lee, whose computer-generated black-and-white photographs of half-human, half-animal beings illustrate the Chinese cycle of reincarnation. Also, paintings by Paul Chiang and Glen Hansen, photographs and prints by Luke Powell, and "conceptual documentation" by Don Celender. Through Jan. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closed Dec. 27-30.)


1.
СИДИТ АНТАНТАЗАГРУСТИЛАСОВСЕМ.
2.
ПРЯМО ХОТЬЗУБЫКЛАДИ НА ПЕЧКУ.
3.
ГОТОВИЛАСЕБЕ ВОТ ТАКУЮ ЕЛКУ.
4.
ДА КРАСНОАРМЕЙЦЫ ИГРУШКИ
ОБОРВАЛИ ВСЕ.
РОСТА

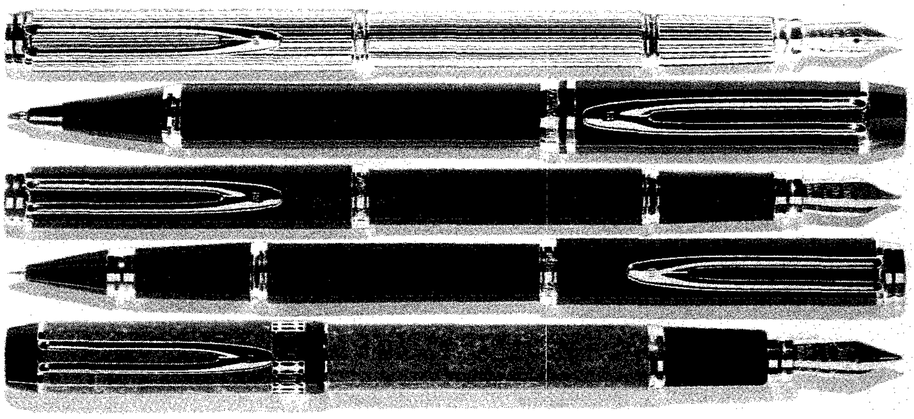
"ROSTA: Bolshevik Placards 1919-21," at Sander.

COURTESY OF SANDER GALLERY

The McCooeys

©1994 Waterman Pen Company

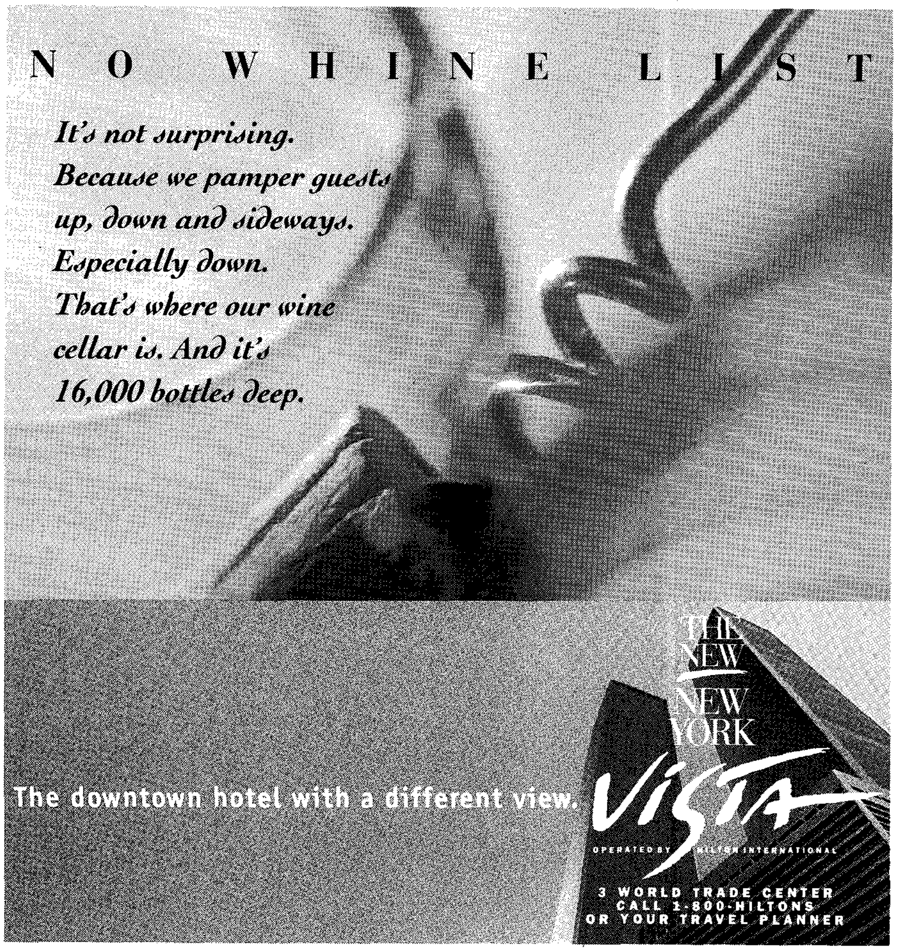
Although the McCooey brothers and their sister
have always been reminded of their striking similarities,
it is their differences they have always insisted on.
It is no wonder then, that each owns
a different Waterman pen. For while style is key,
individuality is still everything.



WATERMAN PARIS

There are over 100 styles and finishes to choose from, each with a lifetime guarantee.

Nordstrom



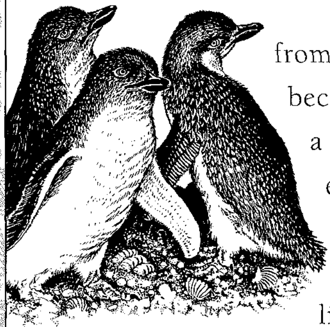
® 1992 Australian Tourist Commission

It wasn't our Fairy Penguins who migrated 2,500 miles from Antarctica. It was the continent of Australia.

When our continent broke away from Antarctica, countless eons ago, it became an ark adrift on the seas, bearing a living cargo of exotic animals. They evolved into creatures who are absolutely unique in the world today. So if you want to see a land like no other, come to Australia. Our miniature penguins are only the tip of the iceberg.

For your free, 130-page travel planner call
1-800-444-0834 ext. 12

AUSTRALIA
FEEL THE WONDER®



ART–Cont'd

GROUP SHOW—An exhibit designed to show the links between Asian and American painting, much of it landscape-based abstraction; featuring work by Don Ahn, Jil Evans, John Greene, Meung-Eui Lee, and Joan Giordano. Through Jan. 5. (Wickiser, 568 Broadway. Closes at 2 on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

ANTIQUES

NEW YEAR'S NEW YORK COLISEUM ANTIQUES SHOW—Some two hundred exhibitors enable collectors to part company with the old year—or greet the new one—with an acquisition. (Columbus Circle, 59th St. at Broadway. Dec. 31 from 10 to 5 and Jan. 1 from noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANDREW BUSH—New work in which the artist pushes the not so proverbial envelope: all of the images *are* of envelopes, from stamp-size to life-size. The photographs have a shallow perspective, producing a subtle trompe-l'oeil effect, and they are displayed in either antique negative holders or printing frames. Through Jan. 7. (Saul, 560 Broadway. Closed Dec. 27-30.)

BARON ADOLF DE MEYER (1869-1946)—A hundred and twenty vintage magazine and travel prints from throughout his career. Through Feb. 12. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8. Open Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

ROBERT FRANK / JUN MORINAGA—A show of recent work and selected images from Frank's classic "The Americans." / Twenty-five still-life studies of water. Both shows through Jan. 14. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Seventy-five color photographs, taken over a twenty-year period, of the Campidoglio, in Rome. The artist visited the plaza (redesigned by Michelangelo) at nearly every time of day and shot from nearly every imaginable angle. Through Jan. 6. (The New York branch of the American Academy in Rome, at the Metropolitan Club, 1 E. 60th St. Open Mondays through Saturdays, noon to 4.)

HERB RITTS—"Africa" is the fruit of the photographer's recent journey to a continent he had never visited. Before his two trips last year, though, he had clearly inherited an idea of Africa from the pictures he had seen, and you can detect their influence in the images that he created when he got there. A stately couple, posed like a Masai version of "American Gothic"; a black-maned lion; a single giraffe on the Serengeti Plain: these are photographs that set out to communicate majesty. Through Jan. 7. (Staley-Wise, 578 Broadway—a temporary space, up the street from the gallery's usual address. Open Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

PAUL STRAND (1890-1976)—Vintage prints spanning his career. Through Feb. 4. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St.)

"MASTERPIECES OF FASHION PHOTOGRAPHY"—A group show featuring work by Avedon, Beaton, Penn, Steichen, and others. Through Jan. 14. (Danziger, 130 Prince St. Open Dec. 24; closes at 4 on Dec. 31.)

"OUTSIDE FASHION: STYLE & SUBVERSION"—Mostly out-of-doors dynamic shots by Munkacsi, Elgort, Klein, Sarah Moon, Newton, Turbeville, and others. Through Jan. 14. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Closes at 2 on Dec. 23; closes at 3 on Dec. 31.)

"LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW, LET IT. . ."—The loveliest of precipitations, in city and country compositions, by a clutch of masters, including Werner Bischoff, Jessie Tarbox Beals, Harry Callahan, Weegee, and, of course, Kertész and Stieglitz. Through Jan. 14. (292 Gallery, 120 Wooster St. Closes at 2 on Dec. 23; closes at 3 on Dec. 31.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Schomburg Center.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Bach, Ahoy!

BACH assembled his six "Brandenburg" Concertos in 1721 as a gift (or perhaps a job application) to Christian Ludwig, Margrave of Brandenburg. Apparently the Margrave didn't even acknowledge receiving the concertos that have made his name endure. That his court orchestra never played them is more forgivable: it couldn't come up with the unusual instrumentation that several of the works require. But if the kaleidoscopic timbres (a different ensemble takes center stage in each piece) limited initial exposure, they may account more than anything else for the collection's popularity today.

Though individual "Brandenburgs" pop up in every season, complete sets have gravitated increasingly toward the year's end. Of the several "Brandenburg" blowouts in town this December, Bargemusic's can claim seniority. In each of the seventeen years since it was founded, Brooklyn's floating concert hall has offered Bach's concertos in the same formula: the First, Second, and Fourth around Christmas; the Third, Fifth, and Sixth on New Year's Eve. Squeezing as many as fifteen players onto the twelve-by-eighteen-foot stage adds to the party atmosphere. Fred Sherry's cello occupies more space than most of the instruments, but the cellist's spirit is anything but cramped during Bargemusic's "Brandenburgs." "Sitting through all six can be tough on an audience," he admits. "So I think splitting them between two evenings insures the most fun for both players and listeners." And the performances ought to be fun, because "the concertos," as Sherry observes, "are miracles."

A Bach Bash at Bargemusic.

VICTORIA ROBERTS

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

HOLIDAY MUSIC

Handel's "Messiah"—The National Choral Council's twenty-seventh annual "Messiah" *sing-along, with twenty-four conductors taking turns on the podium, and a chorus of three thousand, including you.* (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 21 at 8. Bring your own score or buy one at the door.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directs a seasonal program that features sister soloists Liz Callaway and Ann Hampton Callaway and includes Conrad Susa's "Carols and Lullabies" (based on traditional Spanish songs). (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 21 at 8.)

Moscow Boys Choir—Sacred and secular Christmas music, under the direction of Victor Popov. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 21 at 8.)

BachWorks—Performing choral settings of familiar carols and seasonal popular songs, including several audience sing-along numbers. Richard Erickson and Alice Parker take turns on the podium. (St. Paul's German Evangelical Lutheran Church, 315 W. 22nd St. Dec. 21 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Aulos Ensemble—Soprano Julianne Baird and countertenor Drew Minter assist the chamber group in music by Purcell and Bach. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 22 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

ARTEK—Gwendolyn Toth directs the period-instrument ensemble, in a program of Italian Baroque music, theatre, and dance; including instrumental works by Corelli and Tartini, a staged presentation of Alessandro Stradella's Christmas Cantata, and choreographed numbers featuring members of the Zaravanda historical dance troupe. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Dec. 29 at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—MADAMA BUTTERFLY, with Catherine Malfitano, Wendy White, Richard Leech, and Dwayne Croft; conducted by Daniele Gatti. (Dec. 21, Dec. 27, and Dec. 30, all at 8.) . . . DIE FLEDERMAUS, with Pamela Coburn, Tracy Dahl, Jochen Kowalski (as Orlofsky, providing a rare opportunity for Met audiences to hear a man singing this pants role), Neil Rosenshein, Anthony Laciura, Hermann Prey, and Wolfgang Brendel; Hermann Michael. (Dec. 22, Dec. 26, and Dec. 29, all at 8.) . . . With guests augmenting the cast for the Act II party scene. (Dec. 31 at 7:30.) . . . PETER GRIMES, with Renée Fleming and Anthony Rolfe Johnson; James Conlon. (Dec. 23 and Dec. 28 at 8 and Dec. 31 at 1:30.) . . . With Carolyn James and Neil Rosenshein; Mr. Conlon. (Jan. 3 at 8.) . . . DON GIOVANNI, with Sharon Sweet, Patricia Schuman, Hei-Kyung Hong, Jerry Hadley, James Morris, and Herbert Perry; Leopold Hager. (Dec. 24 at 1:30.) . . . L'ELISIR D'AMORE, with Ruth Ann Swenson, Jerry Hadley, Lucio Gallo, and Paul Plishka; Edoardo Müller. (Jan. 2 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting Seymour Barab's one-act opera "Father of the Child." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Dec. 26 at 7. For information about tickets, call 477-6212.)

Amato Opera Company—Performing "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 31 at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting. Dec. 28-30 at 8 and Jan. 3 at 7:30: Borodin's "Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor," Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Andrei Gavrilov), and Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin" and "Boléro." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 8: Light concert favorites by Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Saint-Saëns, Rossini, and three Strausses (Johann, Sr.; Johann, Jr.; and Richard). A benefit concert.

Bargemusic—Presenting its annual "Brandenburg" Concerto festival. Dec. 22 and Dec. 24 at 7:30: No. 1, No. 2, and No. 4. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 and Dec. 31 at 7:30: No. 3, No. 5, and No. 6. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. The Dec. 31 performance is a benefit.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Jaime Laredo conducting the twenty-sixth annual convocation of young musicians. Dec.

Did You Know. . .

...That Julie Andrews is returning to Broadway to star in *Victor/Victoria*?

...That Tuesdays are the easiest nights to get Broadway theatre tickets?

...That you can get all the latest theatre news sent directly from industry insiders to your home, absolutely free?

CELEBRATE BROADWAY

Now, Broadway invites you to receive exclusive bulletins highlighting special opportunities on the Great White Way.

You'll enjoy:

☆ **Advance information on Broadway** touring productions.

☆ **VIP access to special** discount offers, packages, events, and the best seats in the house.

☆ **Behind-the-scenes insights** on the latest productions.

Be among the first to know what's running and how to catch it.

Simply call
1-800-447-6553,
from any touch tone phone
and follow the instructions for code:
30252.

CLASSICAL MUSIC—Cont'd

24 at 7: Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 3 and "Brandenburg" Concertos No. 4 and No. 2. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 8: Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro," Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, and Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante (K. 364, with violinist Cho-Liang Lin and with Mr. Laredo doubling as violist.)

P. D. Q. Bach—Just when you thought you might reach the end of the year with your sensibilities intact, "Professor" Peter Schickele shows up to wreak his annual aesthetic havoc. The program includes two P. D. Q. classics—the Capriccio "La Pucelle de New Orleans" and the "Howdy" Symphony—as well as two previously unheard works, one new (Mr. Schickele's own "Uptown Hoedown"), the other regrettably rediscovered (P. D. Q. Bach's "Short-Tempered Clavier," a collection of preludes and fugues performed by pianist Christopher O'Riley). The Virtuosi di Hoople and New York Pick-Up Ensemble assist. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 26, Dec. 28, and Dec. 30, all at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorus and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directs Bach's motet "Fürchte dich nicht," his Cantatas No. 11 and No. 196, and the Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto. (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. Dec. 31 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4513.)

RECITALS

Tadamitsu Saito—Pianist, playing his own compositions, which he identifies as New Age. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 23 at 8.)

"Baroque on the Island"—Chamber music with a water view. Dec. 25 at noon: Oboist Marie Park and harpsichordist Benjamin Loeb perform works by Scarlatti, Bach, and Cimarosa. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at noon: Violinist Ya'akov Rubinstein and harpsichordist Barbara Mort play sonatas by Corelli, Telemann, and Handel. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478.)

Salon Soirées—Chamber music in the comfort of a second-story music room. Dec. 25 at 6 and 8: A program of French works for flute and classical guitar. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 6 and 8: Pianist Samuel Bartos performs Schubert's G-Flat-Major Impromptu, Mozart's B-Flat-Major Sonata (K. 570), the E-Minor Prelude and Fugue from Book Two of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," and works by Scarlatti, Karl Weigl, and Chopin (including his F-Minor Ballade). (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Angelina Réaux—Soprano, singing music by Poulenc, Gershwin, Sondheim, and others (including her pianist for the evening, Ricky Ian Gordon). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 31 at 9, preceded by a reception at 8. A benefit concert.)

LISTENING BOOTH

Beethoven's Nine Symphonies; Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique, conducted by John Eliot Gardiner (Deutsche Grammophon Archiv; five disks). Of the standard orchestral instruments, only the trombone and the triangle remain largely unchanged since Beethoven's day. Music lovers who think timbre is as important to a composer as pigment is to a painter should plunge into Gardiner's set to sample the hallowed nine as they sound with the palette of the instruments for which they were composed. Textual inaccuracies that plague the standard performing editions are here corrected, and state-of-the-art musicology informs the interpretations—all of which would count for little if the performances weren't so consistently interesting and well executed. Of the set's many high points, the recording of the Ninth is the apex—the only traversal in memory in which all the soloists actually emit beautifully modulated tones instead of desperate shrieks.

Rossini's "Armida"; conducted by Daniele Gatti and recorded at the 1993 Rossini Opera Festival, Pesaro (Sony; three disks). The first recording in many years of Rossini's 1817 opera combines dazzling vocalism with recent scholarship about the composer's texts and style. An experiment in integrating arias and other set pieces into a seamless dramatic flow, the work raised eyebrows in its day for being dangerously Germanic. Today, casting quandaries keep "Armida" off the stage; yet the Pesaro festival managed to locate the six necessary tenors, four of whom—Donald Kaasch, Gregory Kunde, Jorio Zennaro, and Bruce Fowler—are fine enough to assure worried opera lovers that successors to the reigning superstars are waiting in the wings. (In the meantime, the Act III trio for three tenors, apparently unique in the annals of opera, could give three other noted tenors something worthwhile to do.) Soprano Renée Fleming is spectacular in the title role, offering gorgeous sound, dramatic flair, impressive coloratura, and a low register of surprising potency.

Bach's B-Minor Mass; René Jacobs directing the RIAS-Kammerchor and Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin (Berlin Classics; two disks). Lurking beneath a dull gray cover is an unusually colorful reading of Bach's Latin masterpiece. Jacobs' interpretation—minutely nuanced, but never precious—bursts forth with conceptual and sonic clarity. Some tempos depart from accepted norms, but the unorthodox results make sense in the over-all pacing. Of the soloists, mezzo-soprano Bernarda Finck and bass-baritone Matthias Görne are standouts, but the others aren't far behind. The choir is extraordinary; its "Et in terra pax" suggests a timeless equilibrium, and the ensemble virtuosity of its "Et resurrexit" is enough to make jaws drop.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Who's Got the Button?—What began on New Year's Eve 1991 as a sort of sober alternative to Times Square's countdown is turning into a daylong pilgrimage for dance-party nomads. With a "First Night New York" button, admission to any of the teetotalling venues is free. The dance styles you find will vary: there's country at the Public Library, salsa and waltz at Grand Central Terminal's main concourse, and rock and R. & B. under tents at Bryant Park. On New Year's Eve day, button holders can take hourly ballroom-dance lessons at the Fifth Avenue Ballroom, figure skate at the Sky Rink, or just rest their weary dogs at one of the numerous dance concerts. (For more information about First Night New York activities, or to find out where to buy entry buttons, call 922-9393.)

Big Bangs—Professional fireworks light the midnight skies over Central Park and the East River this New Year's Eve. Neighborhood displays are less predictable but equally inevitable. In Central Park, the first firework of '95 will coincide with the starting gun for a midnight run organized by the New York Road Runners Club. The five-mile event—half race, half masquerade—features champagne at the wayside water stops and prizes for the best costume. (For more information about the run, call 860-4455.)

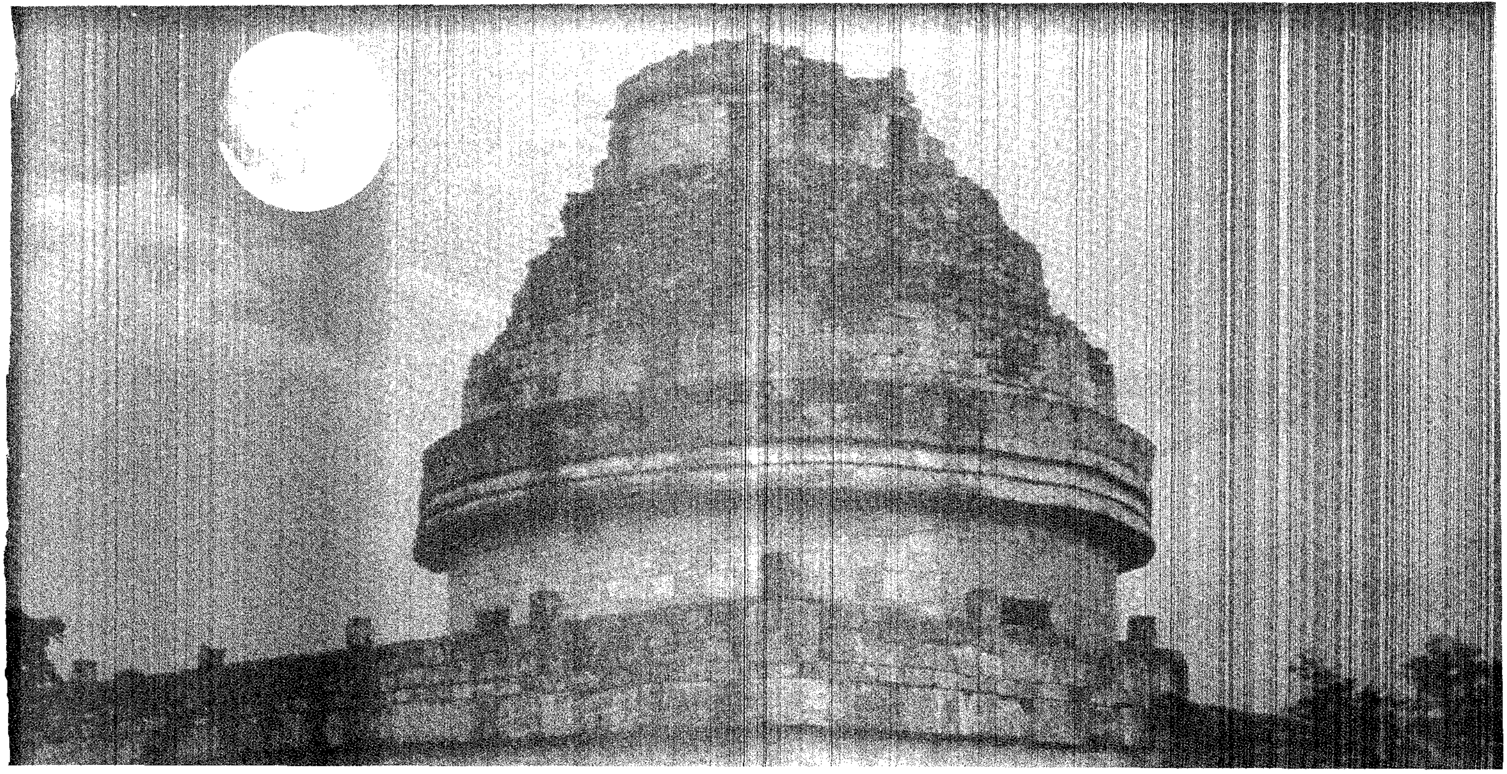
Travelling Music—In the week before Christmas, the main concourse of Grand Central Terminal will resound with live music, from Gregorian chant (by Lionheart, at noon on Dec. 21) and gospel (by the Singers of Zion, at 7 the same evening) to union tunes (by the New York City Labor Chorus, at 7 on Dec. 23) and arias (from Basia Reisner-Szabo, at 10 A.M. on Dec. 24). Performances are from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. on Dec. 21-23, with an intermission from 3 to 7 for the evening rush hour. On Dec. 24, the music is uninterrupted from 10 to 6. No tickets necessary.

Hardy and Laurel—Holiday wreaths, from the traditional evergreen version to more fanciful interpretations—beaded, hammered, photocopied, flowered, sculpted, recycled—are on display in the third-floor gallery of the Arsenal Building, at Fifth Ave. and 64th St., in Central Park. The exhibition is open weekdays from 9:30 to 4:30. Through Jan. 20.

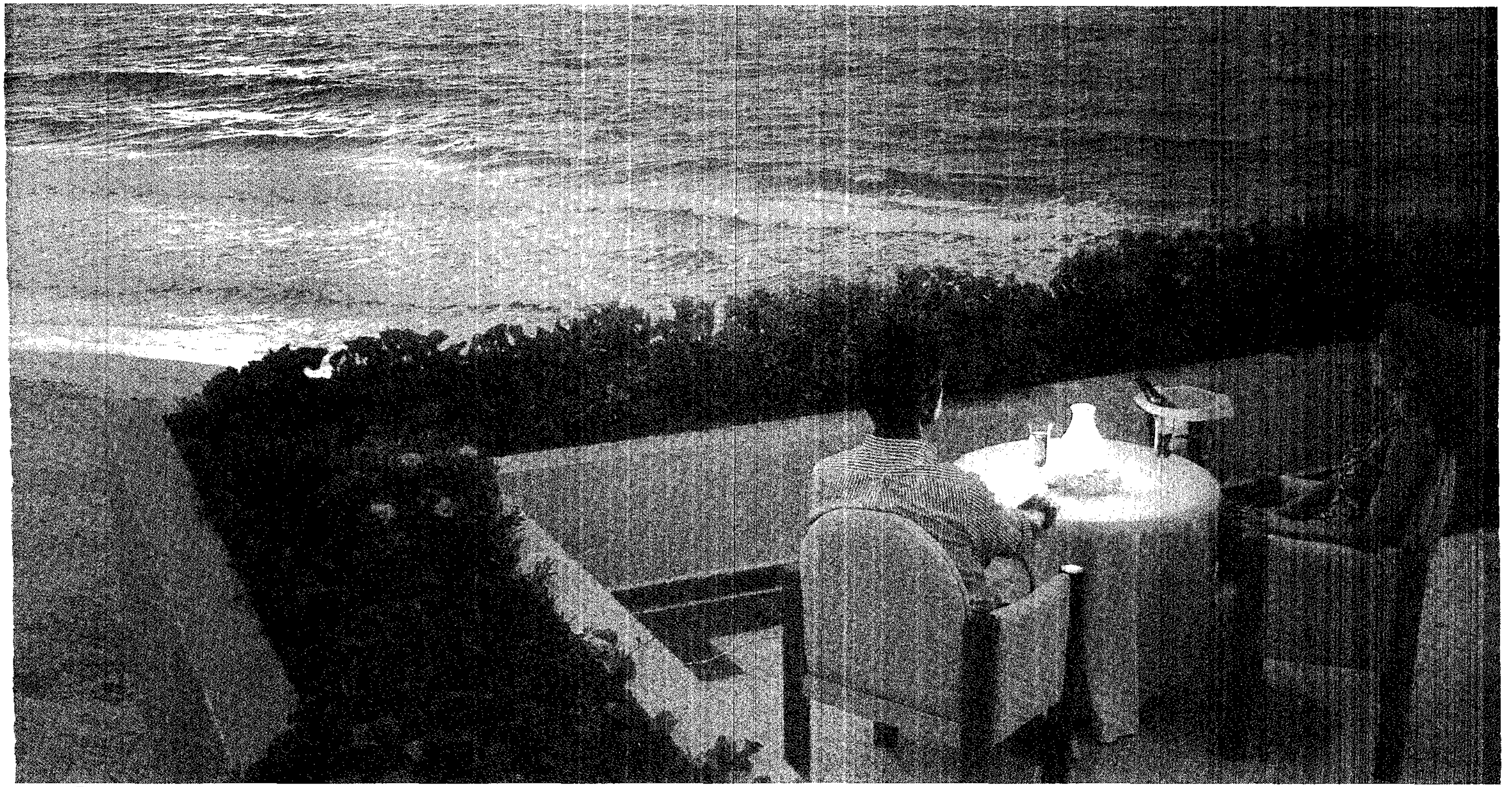
Readings—Dec. 23 at 10: Competitive poetry continues, with Merilene M. Murphy, inventor of "Telepoetics," lacing up against Catherine Arnoldi, a self-described "single-parent prose stylist," in a holiday slam. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 674-3778.) . . . ¶ Dec. 31, beginning at noon: A reading of "Finnegans Wake," the oneiric final work of James Joyce. The undertaking, which will continue around the clock until

A "First Night" New Year's Eve at Grand Central Terminal.

NELSON BAKERMAN



We've beguiled stargazers for 1,000 years.

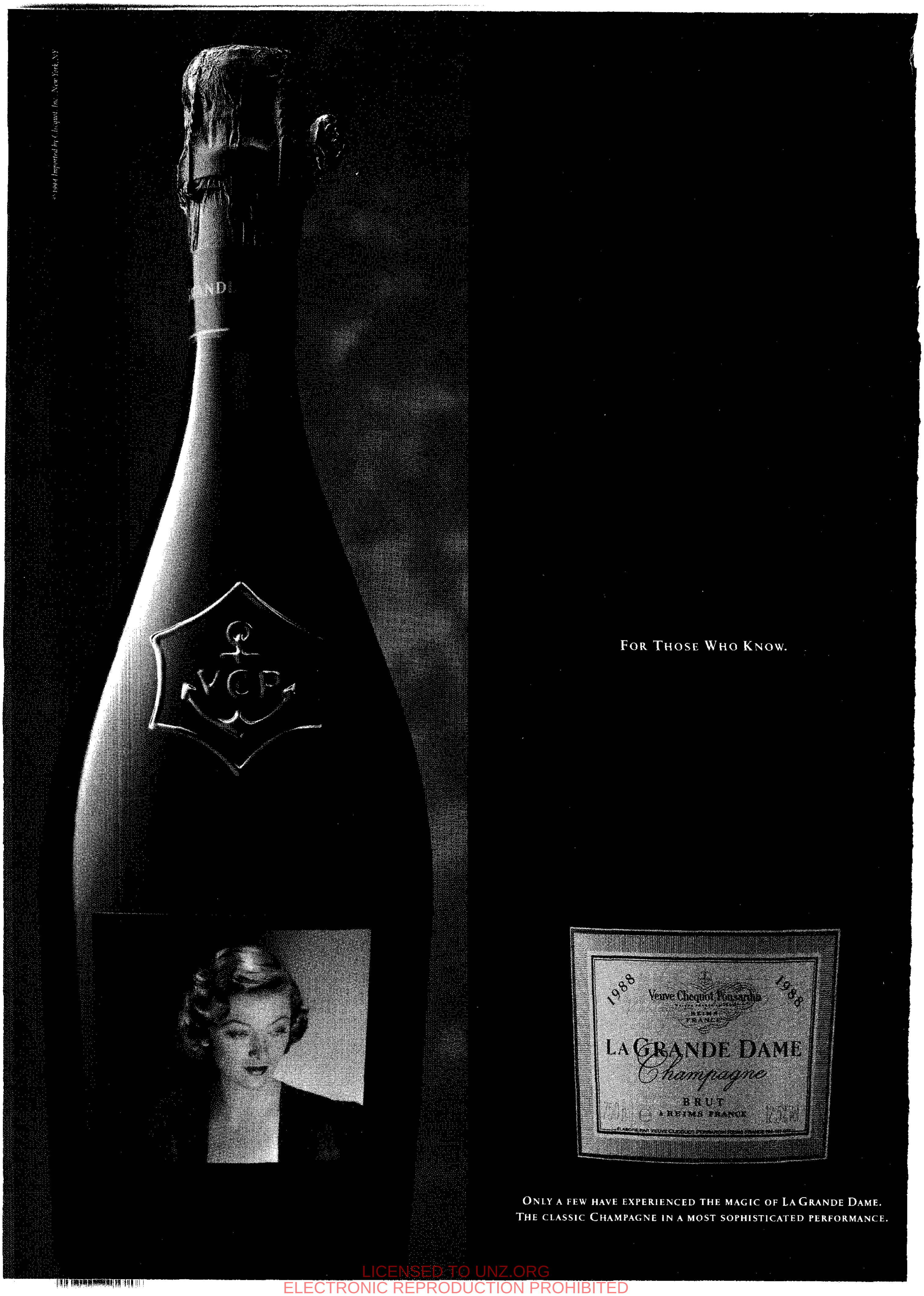


Cancún. The gateway to the Mayan world. Since the days the Mayans built observatories to chart the stars, Cancún nights have held legendary delights. From moonlit dinners at the edge of the sea to the glitter of a midnight disco, romantic Cancún nights make honeymoons glow. Write P.O. Box 9018, East Setauket, NY 11733-3453 for a free 12-page brochure.

© 1994 The Cancún Trust

CANCÚN

The Caribbean island of legendary pleasures


GRANDE
VCP
1988
Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin
REIMS
FRANCE
1988
LA GRANDE DAME
Champagne
BRUT
A REIMS FRANCE
For Those Who Know.
Only a few have experienced the magic of La Grande Dame.
The classic Champagne in a most sophisticated performance.

© 1994 Imported by Clicquot Inc. New York, NY

ABOVE AND BEYOND—Cont'd

the final word ("the") is reached, should take approximately thirty hours, giving listeners a chance to make it back home for the prime-time bowl games. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jan. 1, from 2 to midnight: At the twenty-first annual New Year's Day marathon reading, more than a hundred and twenty poets, musicians, dancers, and performers test the time barrier in individual two-minute slots. For this year's Poetry Project benefit, performers will include Jeff Buckley, Maggie Estep, Brad Gooch, Ron Padgett, and Nick Zedd. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the day of the reading.)

"Star of Christmas"—A sky show about the views of historians, theologians, linguists, and astronomers on a thousand-year-old story, the journey of the Three Wise Men. (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 79th St. 769-5100. Through Jan. 2.)

Kitchen Sink Realism—Producers Mary-Ellis Bunim and Jonathan Murray will screen portions of their MTV-vérité series "The Real World" and answer audience questions. Cast members Kevin Powell, Tami Akbar-Anderson, and Judd Winick will also be on hand. (Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Dec. 28 at 6.)

Walks—Dec. 25 at 1: A Christmas Day tour of the Jewish East Side. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 3: Adventure on a Shoestring will tour "Millionaires' Mile," Fifth Avenue between 59th and 79th Streets. For more information, call 265-2663.

Memorandum—Winter in New York begins at 9:23 P.M. on Dec. 21. Set your biological clock.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

Knicks—Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Pistons, Dec. 28. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Detroit Pistons, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Vs. the Knicks, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Vs. the Indiana Pacers, Jan. 3. (Game time, 7:30.)

FOOTBALL

Giants—Vs. the Dallas Cowboys, Dec. 24 at 1.

Jets—Away for the remainder of the season.

(The Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; and the Giants at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111.)

FOR KIDS

(Accompanied by parents or other adults.)

"Appelemando's Dreams"—An opera about a young citizen of Drabtown who sets magic in motion one rainy day, when pictures from his dreams blow down onto the wet walls and roofs of the town. Directed and choreographed by Lisa Brailoff, with a libretto by Barbara Zinn Krieger and music by James L. Kurtz. Based on the story by Patricia Polacco. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 353-3874. Dec. 26-31 at 1 and 3.)

"The Crystal and the Sphere"—A dance performance choreographed in 1990 by Alwin Nikolais, restaged by his partner, Murray Louis. Besides a twelve-foot crystal and a twenty-foot sphere, the piece calls for toy soldiers with Clorox-bottle hats and Tide-box bracelets, a covetous shark chasing a blond mermaid, and, of course, dancing chickens. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Dec. 27-28 and Dec. 30 at 1 and 3, and Dec. 31 at 1.)

"Nutcracker on Ice"—Tchaikovsky's classic ballet, adapted for the rink, with Oksana Baiul as Clara, Brian Boitano as the Cavalier Prince, Viktor Petrenko as Herr Drosselmeyer, and Rory Flack Burghart as the Sugarplum Fairy. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Dec. 28 at 7:30.)

"Toyland Express"—Toys spring to life—a teddy bear juggles, a toy train dances the cha-cha—in Bob Brown's marionette presentation. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. 769-5606. Dec. 29 at 1 and 3.)

Noisemaker Workshop—Create your own New Year's Eve hats and noisemakers, in family workshops on holiday traditions. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Dec. 28-29 at 11. No charge beyond museum admission.)

"The Prop Shop"—When the members of the TADA! ensemble start rummaging around in their costume closet for old hats, they wind up singing favorite old songs instead. With selections from the TADA! musicals "Maggie and the Pirate," "Robyn & Roadie's Super Holiday World," and "Wide-Awake Jake," among others. (TADA! Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 627-1732. Dec. 23 at 7:30; Dec. 28-29 and Dec. 31-Jan. 1 at 1 and 3; and Dec. 30 at 1, 3, and 7:30. Through Jan. 29.)

Preschool Film Fest—Morning and afternoon sessions of short films—including "Owl Moon" and "The Fox Went Out on a Chilly Night"—for three-to-six-year-old cinephiles. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Dec. 27 at 10:30 and 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Tip Top Tommy Care-A-Lot"—The Dutch Children's Theatre troupe—whose actors range in age from ten to eighteen—makes its American début with the story of Mickey and Malou, two children of the streets. Mickey uses his fists to survive, but the imaginative Malou creates larger-than-life worry dolls (including Tip Top Tommy), who come to life to guide her through her difficulties. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 26-27 at 7, and Dec. 28-31 at 2 and 7.)

"A Charlie Brown Christmas"—Lauren Bacall will read the story of the scrawny Christmas tree that Linus revives with a little attention ("Well, it's not such a bad little tree after all"), and the Harbor School Choir will follow with song. (One World Trade Center, on the Mezzanine. Dec. 22 at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

Toys and Tunes—Learn to make Kwanza dolls in a workshop, and then unwind at a Three Kings' Day concert, featuring the bomba music of Los Pleneros de la 21. (Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th St. 1-718 681-6000, ext. 41. Dec. 28 at 1.)

Let It Snow—Create crêpe-and-tissue-paper snowflakes, and then decorate them with glitter, at Central Park's Dana Discovery Center, 110th St. and Fifth Ave. (Dec. 31 at 1. No tickets necessary. For information, call 860-1370.)

Wishes Circle—Make a round to-it, the perfect gift for New Year's. For—as anyone who has ever put off a New Year's resolution knows—it's nice to get a round to-it. For children four years old and up. (Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. Workshops at 11, 1, and 3, on Jan. 2. No charge beyond museum admission.)

Kwanza Hop—African drummer Kimati Dinizulu and the Kotoko Society introduce children to the harvest holiday of Kwanza through storytelling, dance, drumming, and song. Night owlets who like to dance past bedtime can stick around for the concert that follows. (S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. 243-4940. Dec. 28-29 at 6. Concerts follow at 9 and 11.)

The Great Moscow Circus—The Flying Cranes trapeze artists, the Cossack Horsemen, Kalinin the equilibrist, and the rest are coming to Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, for performances on Dec. 21-22 and Dec. 24-25. For tickets, call 1-516 888-9000.

And Don't Forget About—The Radio City Christmas Spectacular, with Teddy bears, Santa's elves, dancing Christmas trees, and, of course, the Rockettes, who appear variously as toy soldiers, rag dolls, and precision-dancing Santas. Through Jan. 8 (307-1000). . . . ¶ The Big Apple Circus fits its whole program—trapeze acrobats, plate-spinning jugglers, picnicking elephants, clowns, aerialists, equestrians, and more—into a single ring, at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park, through Jan. 8 (268-0055).

HERMÈS IN THE GARDEN.
HERMÈS
PARIS

Bushels of tomatoes, lettuce, pumpkins and escargots abound on the many ties in the new Hermès collection.

For further information or the Hermès store nearest you, please call 1-800-441-4488, ext. 4294.

Special Winter Savings Cruising the Mighty Amazon

With elegant, all-suite, award winning Seabourn Cruise Line. Here's your chance to experience Amazonia up close. Join an alligator hunt (with your camera). Meet the villagers along the shore. Pass through the greatest tropical rain forest in the world. Save up to $1,500 per person with Seabourn's "SHARE" Program.* Bring family or friends and everybody saves.

SUN FILLED CRUISES

THE AMAZON
(14 & 16 Days) Nov.-Mar.
Shore Excursions Included on Amazon Sailings
From $10,275
per person double occupancy

Call your travel agent for details.
For our free brochure call
(415)391-7444

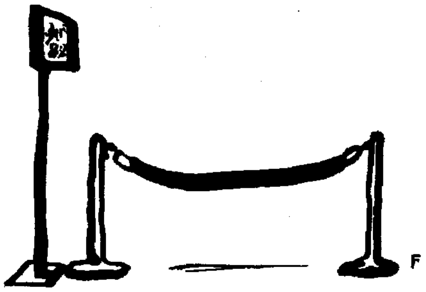
(Tell our operator you saw this advertisement in the New Yorker. The publisher will appreciate that.)

THE FINE PRINT
Included in the price of your cruise are free economy roundtrip air travel, one night pre-cruise deluxe hotel accommodations and transfers. Port charges and handling fees are extra and range between $175 and $185 per person. *Seabourn "SHARE" Program—Experience Seabourn with friends or family. Book two or more suites on the same eligible sailing and receive the designated per person savings for each suite occupied. Subject to availability; some conditions apply.

"AN ANOMALY IN AN ERA OF MARKETING HYPE"
Seabourn Cruise Line provides exactly what it promises: a matchless cruise experience that focuses on pampering, poshness and privacy."
Jane Levere, THE BOSTON GLOBE
MARCH 20, 1994

SEABOURN
CRUISE LINE

Ships of Norwegian Registry



THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING

Colonel Chabert—A veteran of the Napoleonic Wars (Gérard Depardieu) discovers that his avaricious wife (Fanny Ardant), who thought he was dead, has remarried and claimed his inheritance. Based on Balzac's 1832 novel and written by Jean Cosmos, Veronique Lagrange, and the director, Yves Angelo. In French. Opening December 23. (Lincoln Square.)

Death and the Maiden—In an unnamed Latin-American country, a human-rights activist (Stuart Wilson) and his wife (Sigourney Weaver) encounter the doctor (Ben Kingsley) who she believes was responsible for her torture under a previous regime. Adapted from the 1992 drama by the Chilean playwright Ariel Dorfman, who co-wrote the screenplay with Rafael Yglesias. Directed by Roman Polanski. Opening December 23. (Village Theatre VII and Paris.)

I.Q.—A comedy directed by Fred Schepisi, in which Walter Matthau plays Albert Einstein. With Tim Robbins and Meg Ryan; written by Michael Leeson and Andrew Breckman. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening December 25. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Tower East, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Embassy.)

Legends of the Fall—A film set near the begging of this century, about the relationships between a former cavalry officer (Anthony Hopkins) who has retreated to Montana, his three sons (Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas), and one son's fiancée (Julia Ormond). Edward Zwick directed, from a script that Susan Shilliday and Bill Wittliff based on Jim Harrison's 1980 novella. Opening December 25. (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Little Women—Gillian Armstrong's adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's novel, with Winona Ryder, Samantha Mathis, Trini Alvarado, Claire Danes, and Kirsten Dunst as the four girls (at various ages), and Susan Sarandon as their mother. Also with Gabriel Byrne and Eric Stolz. The screenplay is by Robin Swicord. Opening December 21. (Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square. . . . ¶ Orpheum VII; starting December 25.)

The Madness of King George—Nigel Hawthorne re-creates his celebrated turn as George III, the British monarch who lost the American colonies forever and his mind for a while. Helen Mirren, Rupert Everett, Amanda Donahoe, Rupert Graves, and Ian Holm are among those in his orbit. Alan Bennett adapted his 1991 play. Nicholas Hytner directed both versions. Opening December 28. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

A Man of No Importance—In early-sixties Dublin, a bus conductor (Albert Finney) smitten with a handsome young bus driver (Rufus Sewell) and devoted to Oscar Wilde mounts a production of "Salome." With Brenda Fricker, Michael Gambon, and Tara Fitzgerald. Directed by Suri Krishnamma. Written by Barry Devlin. Opening December 22. (Eastside Playhouse and Lincoln Plaza.)

Mixed Nuts—A comedy in which Steve Martin, as the head of a Venice Beach suicide-prevention hotline, spends Christmas Eve saving Californians from themselves. With Rita Wilson, Madeline Kahn, Robert Klein, and Juliette Lewis. Directed by Nora Ephron, who co-wrote the script with her sister Delia Ephron. Opening December 21. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Nobody's Fool—Robert Benton directs Paul Newman in a film about life in a rural New York town. With Bruce Willis, Melanie Griffith, and Jessica Tandy. Written by Benton, based on Richard Russo's 1993 novel. Opening December 25. (Lincoln Square.)

Ready to Wear (Prêt-à-Porter)—Robert Altman's long-awaited movie about the Paris fashion show of the same name. Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni, Julia Roberts, and Tim Robbins lead an all-star cast. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening December 25. (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Richie Rich—Macaulay Culkin plays the wealthy kid from the comics. With John Larroquette, Edward Herrmann, and Christine Ebersole. Directed by Donald Petrie. Screenplay by Tom S. Parker and Jim Jennewein. Opening December 21. (Village East Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book—A second Disney version of Kipling's tales, this one with live actors. Jason Scott Lee is Mowgli, the young man raised by animals in the jungle, and Lena Headey, Sam Neill, and Cary Elwes are the people he meets on his return to civilization. Directed by Stephen Sommers, who wrote the script with Ronald Yanover and Mark D. Geldman. Opening December 25. (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Street Fighter—Jean-Claude Van Damme (as the leader of a unit of underground commandos) versus Raul Julia (as the megalomaniac warlord they're up against). The screenplay is by Steven E. de Souza, who also wrote "Die Hard" and "Die Hard 2," and who here makes his début as a director. Opening December 23. (Village East Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and National Twin.)

Tigrero—A Film That Was Never Made—A documentary that follows the filmmakers Sam Fuller and Jim Jarmusch through the rain forests of Brazil, as they return to places Fuller visited in 1954, when he was scouting locations for a planned adventure picture in the Amazon. Written and directed by Mika Kaurismäki. December 21-January 3. (Film Forum.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 43.)

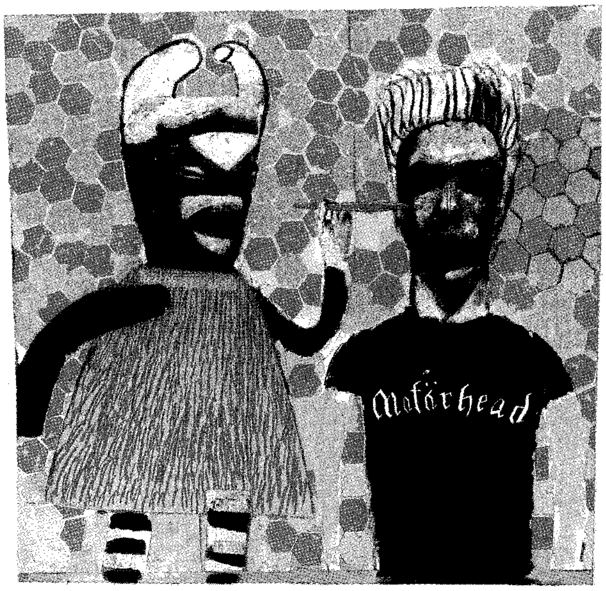
Boys Life—Three short films by New York directors, on the subject of gay life: "Pool Days," by Brian Sloan; "A Friend of Dorothy," by Raoul O'Connell; and "The Disco Years," by Robert Lee King. (Quad Cinema.)

The Buddha of Suburbia—A four-episode BBC television adaptation of Hanif Kureishi's 1990 novel, about a Muslim civil servant's exploits as a Buddhist guru in seventies England. With Narveen Andres, Roshan Seth, and Susan Fleetwood; directed by Roger Michell, who co-wrote the screenplay with Kureishi. Shown daily in two parts. (Little Theatre.)

Camilla—The late Jessica Tandy has the title role in a movie about an elderly woman searching for a lost love (Hume Cronyn). Bridget Fonda plays Camilla's new friend and inspiration. Directed by Deepa Mehta. Written by Paul Quarrington. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cobb—The subject of Ron Shelton's brilliant new movie is Ty Cobb (played by Tommy Lee Jones), who was, by consensus, not only the greatest all-around baseball player who ever lived but also the meanest, the dirtiest, the most arrogant, and the most unscrupulous. Shelton's screenplay focusses on Cobb in 1960 and 1961—seventy-three years old, dying of cancer, and writing his memoirs. There isn't a trace of sentimentality in the picture. Cobb never goes soft on us, even as he nears death; he's a monster of mythic proportions, bellowing and thrashing and belching fire right to the end. Jones, in the spirit of the man he's playing, attacks the role with breathtaking ferocity. Together, he and Shelton create a grimly comic portrait of the artist as an old coot. Also with Robert Wuhl (as Cobb's unfortunate literary collaborator, Al Stump) and Lolita Davidovich.—T.R. (12/5/94) (Gemini and Lincoln Square.)

DISCLOSURE—In Barry Levinson's movie version of the Michael Crichton best-seller, Michael Douglas plays an executive whose livelihood is threatened by his sexually predatory new boss (Demi Moore). The presence of Douglas, who has made a career of being pursued by beautiful, dangerous women, turns this sexual-harassment thriller into instant camp. Once again, he's the poster boy for men's fear of aggressive women—the Clarissa Harlowe of male-backlash cinema. In the picture's floridly silly centerpiece scene, Moore jumps his bones in her new office and he struggles manfully, showing us the hairy chest beneath the hero's ripped bodice. Once that hilarious encounter is over, the movie gets ordinary in a hurry; it's tasteful, bland, and only mildly entertaining. With Donald Sutherland, Caroline Goodall, Roma Maffia, and Dennis Miller. Screenplay by Paul Attanasio.—T.R. (12/19/94) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)



At the Film Forum, Mika Kaurismäki's "Tigrero—A Film That Was Never Made."

CARL DUNN

DROP ZONE—Skydiving is still a novel action-movie ploy, and this Wesley Snipes take-the-money-and-jump vehicle boasts huge, elaborate helpings of it. But there's a sorry excuse for a story line: U.S. Marshal Snipes's revenge for the murder of his marshal brother (Malcolm-Jamal Warner). Violence, spectacle, and high-tech gadgetry go by in a slick blur. The better-than-usual supporting cast (including Gary Busey, Michael Jeter, and the disarmingly funny Kyle Secor) serves the same function as Snipes's red Mustang convertible and a pink rattletrap plane: it provides a dash of color. With Yancy Butler as the female lead; at her worst she both whines and glares. John Badham directed. Peter Barsocchini and John Bishop wrote the script.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

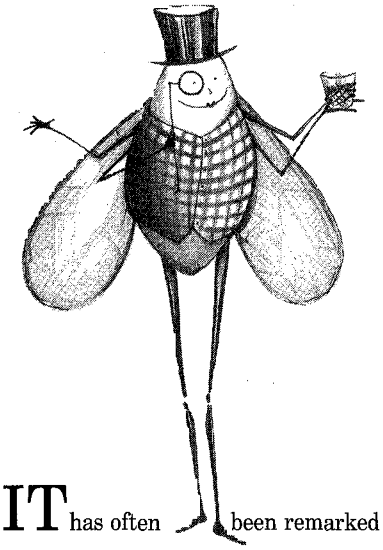
DUMB AND DUMBER—Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels as nitwits on a cross-country trip. With Lauren Holly, Karen Duffy, and Teri Garr. Directed by Peter Farrelly. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

FEDERAL HILL—Two best friends and small-time thugs (Anthony De Sando and Nicholas Turturro) clash when one of them falls in love with a university student (Libby Langdon). Written and directed by Michael Corrente. (Village Theatre VII and Lincoln Square.)

HEAVENLY CREATURES—Peter Jackson's film tells the true story of a pair of New Zealand teenagers, Pauline Parker (Melanie Lynskey) and Juliet Hulme (Kate Winslet), who murdered Pauline's mother, Honora (Sarah Peirse), in 1954. The girls have the sort of passionate friendship that unhappy adolescents are prone to: a union that begins with mutual infatuation and shared artistic interests but develops into an embattled us-against-the-world alliance. Although this is a fascinating story, the movie's style is so frenzied and hyperbolic that it tends to validate the heroines' warped perspective—to glamorize their art-fuelled contempt for ordinary people and everyday life. With the director tagging along faithfully behind Pauline and Juliet as if he were hoping to be invited into their sect, this folie à deux turns into a disastrous folie à trois.—T.R. (11/21/94) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

IMMORTAL BELOVED—What inspired Ludwig van Beethoven to write the "Ode to Joy" in his Ninth Symphony? That's just one of many questions posed by Bernard Rose's new biography of the composer. (The answer appears to be the memory of running away from child abuse. Of course.) The movie presumes, as movies will, that all creative outbursts are sparked by a crazy personal life, a supposition that allows Beethoven (Gary Oldman) to behave like a rock star; the film is only minutes old when he trashes a hotel room. Rose, taking his lead from "Amadeus," filters our view of the composer through a secondary figure—in this case Anton Schindler, Beethoven's secretary (Jeroen Krabbé, who looks more like Beethoven than Oldman does). But Schindler is a lump next to "Amadeus" 's Salieri, and with no tang of jealousy to sharpen its sense of genius, the film is flat. Sadly, Rose's approach has grown more stolid since his last film, "Candyman." Only once does he aim high, in a great kitsch-cosmic shot of the infant genius lost in a sea of stars. Valeria Golino, Isabella Rossellini, and the admirable Johanna Ter Steege play the three main women in Beethoven's life—the nominations for Best Supporting Muse. There's no surprise in the winner, nor in the choice of music—a roster of greatest hits.—A.L. (Lincoln Square.)

INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE—The film version of Anne Rice's immensely popular 1976 novel is less a horror movie than a luxurious reverie on horror-movie themes. The director, Neil Jordan, and his cinematographer, the great Philippe Rousselot, have given the movie an extraordinary seductive look, but Rice (who wrote the screenplay) doesn't provide enough narrative to keep the audience satisfied.



HAMISH
NOT
SQUEAMISH

IT has often been remarked that devotees of The Macallan Malt Whisky nurture an almost mystical belief in the 'water of life' qualities of their favourite dram. But seldom has it found such expression as in the following true anecdote kindly related to us by Mr C. Wemyss of Ravenhead, Notts.

'My friend Hamish, at a pre-Christmas party in my garden, found a fly had landed in his glass, and drowned. "Don't worry, Hamish," said I. "Have another Macallan in a clean glass." "I shall do nothing of the sort," he replied, removing the tiny creature from his glass and sipping the sherry-gold elixir.

"The Macallan never hurt a fly, and nor does a fly hurt The Macallan!" Ten minutes later indeed the insect stirred and flew off.

"There you are," said Hamish triumphantly. "And now you can give me a *gnat's more*." '

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE
MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol. © 1994

PROJECTIONS

Literary Values

Although Hollywood isn't about to finance any pictures based on the work of William Gaddis, literature does seem to be seeping back into independent cinema. A bellwether: for the second year in a row the Sundance Film Festival is opening with a picture that spotlights Auden's verse. Last January, "Four Weddings and a Funeral" set off a run on editions of his poems; this January, in Richard Linklater's "Before Sunrise," Ethan Hawke mimics Dylan Thomas intoning Auden's "As I Walked Out One Evening."

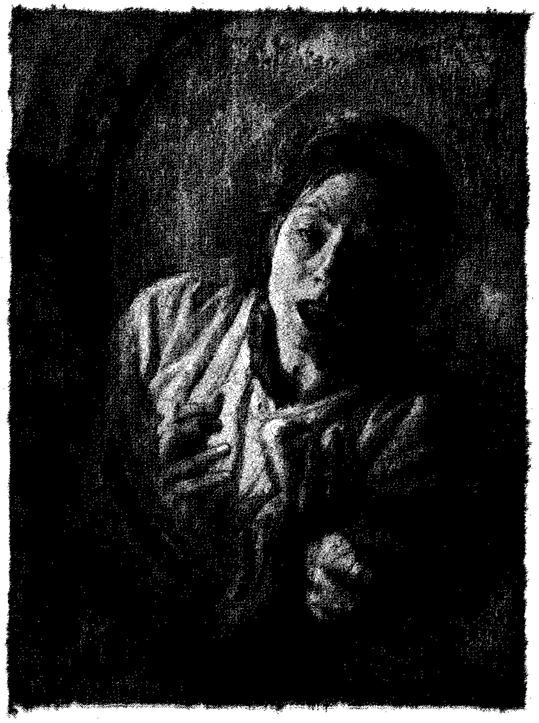
Another kind of literary development is the career of Rufus Sewell. Though this handsome, chameleonic British actor has already played a variety of types, a tinge of classicism has been consistent. "Victory," which he had just finished shooting when I lunched with him recently in New York, is based on the 1915 novel by Conrad. ("My character is all warts and moles and carbuncles," the actor reported.) He'll be on Broadway in March in Brian Friel's "Translations." In the upcoming "Carrington," he plays Mark Gertler, a Bloomsbury artist whose lover, the painter Dora Carrington (Emma Thompson), leaves him for the improbable Lytton Strachey (Jonathan Pryce). And in "A Man of No Importance," which opens this week in New York, Sewell is a Dublin bus driver who unwittingly infatuates his conductor colleague (Albert Finney). Oscar Wilde is the conductor's other passion. "I resist his advances but eventually succumb to his taste," Sewell explained, referring to the snatch of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" that he recites at the movie's end. "I liked this character," he added, "because nobody could call him Byronic."

The "Byronic" tag got pasted on last year after his performances as a Romantic intellectual in Tom Stoppard's "Arcadia," at the Royal National Theatre, and as Will Ladislaw in the BBC's "Middlemarch." "It's rather insidious," Sewell complained, "to have adulation always framed in exactly the same manner. I hope people will drop the label now. In the end, all 'Byronic' seemed to mean anyway was dark curly hair and good cheekbones."

—Brendan Lemon

Her vampires are so isolated from the world that there really isn't much for them to do except go on their nightly rounds and squabble—suck and bicker, suck and bicker, in scene after scene. Gorgeous as the picture is, the endless elaborations on the vampire story's obvious eroticism become very tiresome. This movie is convincing evidence that in popular genres subtext should stay where it belongs—underground. If it's brought into the light, it shrivels and dies. With Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, Kirsten Dunst, Antonio Banderas, Stephen Rea, and Christian Slater.—T.R. (11/21/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Orpheum VII, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Tower East; through Dec. 24.)

Junior—Arnold Schwarzenegger plays a scientist who impregnates himself (with technical help from Danny DeVito, as his associate) in Hollywood's latest attempt to wring softhearted comedy out of yuppie parenthood. This gimmick is less a new wrinkle than a stretch mark. Pregnancy humanizes the big guy—although before his belly swells, his sweet rapport with lab chimps suggests that he'd make a great Tarzan. The snappy, undertaxed cast includes Pamela Reed, Frank Langella, and Emma Thompson, who, as an abstracted researcher, translates obliviousness into precision slapstick. Ivan Reitman directed.—M.S. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)



Jodie Foster in "Nell," at the Coronet.

KELYNN Z. ALDER

Ladybird, Ladybird—In the latest film from Ken Loach, an English single mother (Crissy Rock) in love with a Paraguayan refugee (Vladimir Vega) fights to win her children back from foster care. (Film Forum.)

A Low Down Dirty Shame—An incompetent urban-action comedy in the guise of a satire, by the writer-director-star Keenen Ivory Wayans. Some viewers respond to Wayans' private eye, Andre Shame, as their parents did to Shaft and Slaughter: hooting at his absurd derring-do, cheering his Afrocentric trash talk. (The main targets of his putdowns are Hispanics; the villain is a Mexican drug lord.) But the stolid-hero mold doesn't fit Wayans as it did Richard Roundtree and Jim Brown; he doesn't even have Eddie Murphy's knack for blending sarcasm and sadism. He's just a big, bald, low-key fellow who breaks into goofy routines. At least Jada Pinkett, as Shame's right-hand gal, Peaches, approaches a parodistic style—she gestures and moves as if she were dancing the Cleopatra. With Salli Richardson and Charles S. Dutton.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

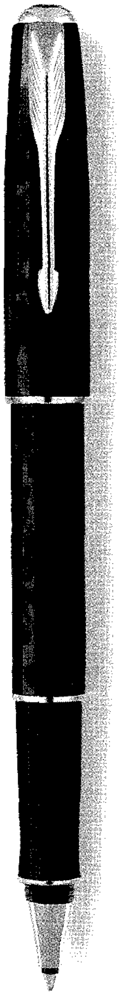
Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle—A bad-mood movie: Dorothy Parker (Jennifer Jason Leigh), Robert Benchley (Campbell Scott), Alexander Woollcott (Tom McGowan), and the rest of the gang sit around getting sozzled at the Algonquin, barely managing to spit out the jokes. Technically, it's a sly and seamless piece of work; the director, Alan Rudolph, lulls you with his mirror shots, smoky closeups, and honeyed lighting, while Leigh goes deep into Mrs. Parker (which may not be all that deep) and pulls off one of those creepy, where-did-she-go routines to match her turn in "The Hudsucker Proxy." The movie, which Rudolph wrote with Randy Sue Coburn, is as smooth and deadening as a quart of old whiskey, and every bit as depressing as it was meant to be. But why do it at all? A film that set out to make the Round Table glitter again would have been ridiculous, but a film that chops the Round Table into little bits is hardly worth the bother. —A.L. (12/12/94) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Nell—The title character of Michael Apted's film is a young woman (played by Jodie Foster) who has been brought up in a remote cabin in the North Carolina woods, and who speaks a private language. The filmmakers set up an irresistible human mystery, but the closer they get to Nell the less interesting she becomes; by the time it's over, the picture is speaking a language no one could understand. The heroine, bathed in romantic moonlight, turns into a one-woman pagan idyll, while remaining stubbornly asexual. Foster's performance, full of trick vocal effects and stylized gestures, is abstract and ultimately baffling. As you watch her swaying and gyrating sensuously to the rhythms of nature, you can't help wondering how this backwoods hermit managed to pick up all that classy Martha Graham technique. With Liam Neeson, Natasha Richardson, and Richard Libertini. Screenplay by William Nicholson and Mark Handley, from a play by Handley.—T.R. (12/19/94) (Coronet.)

The Professional—The first American movie from Luc Besson, and it's even more absurd than his French ones. Léon (Jean Reno), a mob hit man living alone in Manhattan, befriends a precocious young girl (Natalie Portman), whose family has been wiped out by a twisted D.E.A. official (Gary Oldman) eager to finish what he started. The least objectionable thing about the movie is the violence—it's quick and funny. The most objectionable thing is Oldman's performance, baroque in its awfulness. Almost as bad is the director's attempt to construct a visual style—and, for that matter, characters—by piling one mannerism on top of another. For all his yearning to be hip, Besson is wedded to good taste; the love story between man and girl, which could have propelled the film toward outrage, stays mawkish and prim.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Pulp Fiction—In Quentin Tarantino's new picture, John Travolta, Samuel L. Jackson, Uma Thurman, Tim Roth, Harvey Keitel, Christopher Walken, and Bruce Willis parade through two and a half hours of complicated, cross-weaving Los Angeles plots, some of which are more gripping than others; the talk is dirty and funny, the violence

NEVER SETTLES FOR SECOND BEST



JUST LIKE A PARKER

PARKER
SONNET

The PARKER SONNET Laque Firedance has an uncompromising quality. A soft, dappled exterior in hues of red enriched by 23kt. gold-plated trim. Inside the Roller Ball is a special wet ink system which combines the style and flow of a Fountain Pen with the convenience of a Ball Pen. Like all PARKER writing instruments it has a lifetime guarantee.

Roller Ball shown, $80. PARKER SONNET collection includes a wide range of other finishes.* Fountain Pens, Roller Balls, Ball Pens and Pencils available from $60 to $250.* *Suggested retail price. For the store nearest you, call 1-800-BEST PEN. ©1994 Parker Pen USA Limited

Macy's

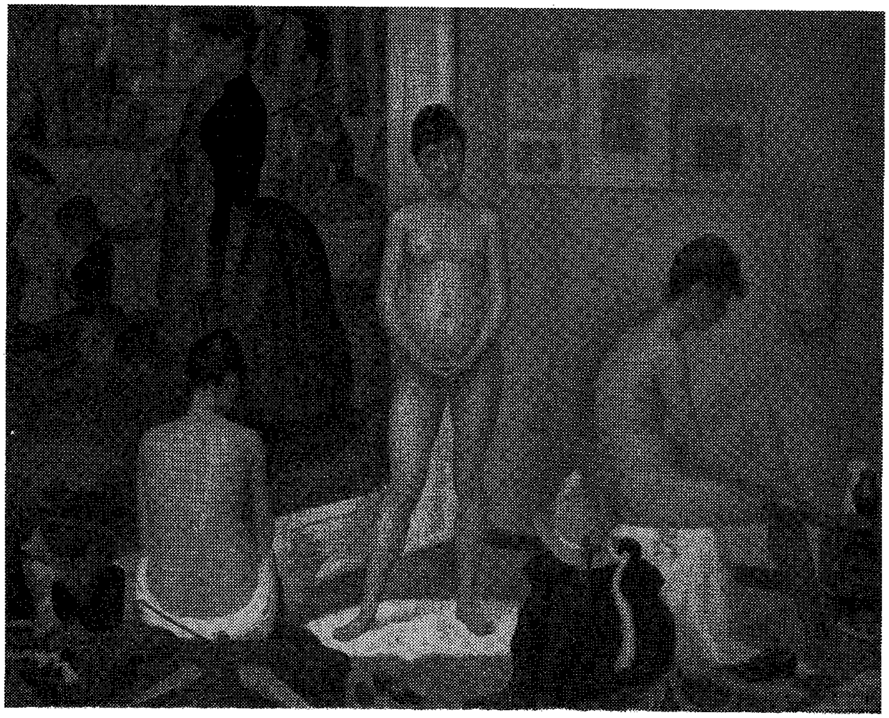
PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

From Cézanne to Matisse

GREAT FRENCH PAINTINGS FROM THE BARNES FOUNDATION

•

January 31 – April 9, 1995



CALL (215) 235-SHOW TO RESERVE TICKETS NOW!

BOX OFFICE OPEN 9:00-5:00 DAILY

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART
Benjamin Franklin Parkway at 26th Street, Philadelphia, PA

Directions and information (215) 684-7500
Philadelphia information (800) 537-7676

MODELS, 1886–88, BY GEORGES SEURAT. PHOTOGRAPH © 1994 THE BARNES FOUNDATION

This exhibition is made possible by Elf Atochem North America, Inc., and First Fidelity Bank. WCAU-TV 10 is the media sponsor.

Additional funding has been provided by The Pew Charitable Trusts.

CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

always waiting just around the corner. It's a bright and startling picture, but the next day, it seems like a dream: the film attacks your senses and gives you almost nothing to remember it by, let alone to nourish you.—A.L. (10/10/94) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Beekman, and East 85th Street; through Dec. 24.)

Queen Margot—A historical drama, set in sixteenth-century France, about the marriage of Marguerite of Valois (Isabelle Adjani), the Catholic sister of Charles IX (Jean-Hugues Anglade), to the Protestant Henri of Navarre (Daniel Auteuil)—a wedding that preceded, by only a few days, the deaths of thousands of Protestants in the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre. Virna Lisi plays Catherine de Medici. Directed by Patrice Chereau. In French. (Cinema II.)

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

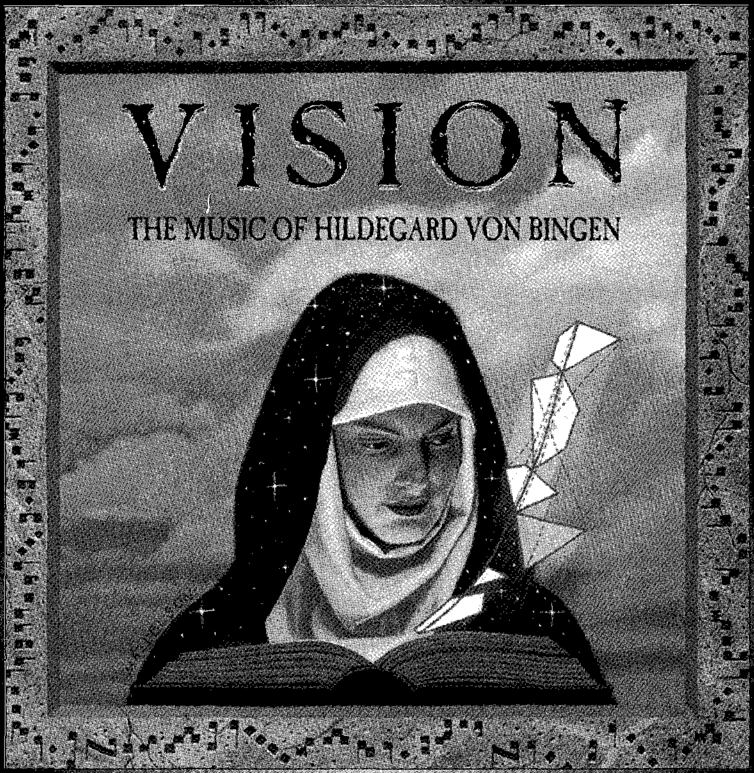
Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st (247-5070).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
Lincoln Square, B'way at 68th (336-5000).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Thalia, B'way at 95th (316-4962).
Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy I, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

HEAR THE VISION

"Vision is a very different work; a hybrid melding of old and new into something of pure and timeless beauty."
— Billboard


VISION
THE MUSIC OF HILDEGARD VON BINGEN

FROM THE Angel® WHO BROUGHT YOU
CHANT

TO HEAR THE VISION
1 (800) 5 ANGEL 5 114
TOUCHTUNES

TO ORDER THE VISION
1 (800) ASK TOWER
TOWER RECORDS

TO EXPERIENCE THE VISION
GO ANGEL ON COMPUSERVE®
OR CALL 1 (800) 621 1253 ANGEL

Angel®

THE THAW COLLECTION
Master Drawings & New Acquisitions
September 21— January 22

More than 100 drawings by Mantegna, Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude, Watteau, Degas, Turner, Cézanne, Picasso, and other masters from the Renaissance through the early 20th century.

Hilaire-Germain-Edgar Degas's Seated Dancer, Collection of Eugene and Clare Thaw

Now serving light luncheon and afternoon tea in the Garden Court

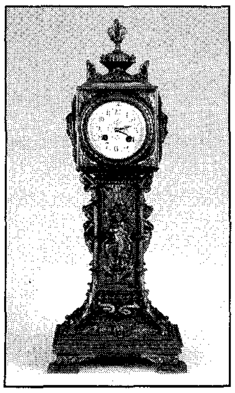
The Morgan Library
29 East 36th Street, New York 212-685-0610

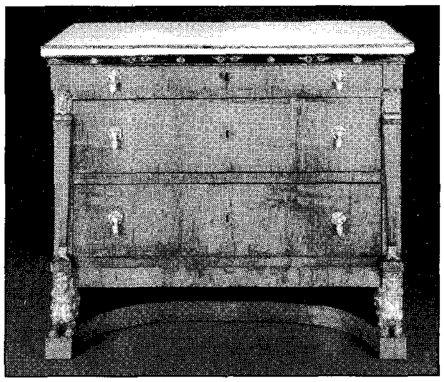
William Doyle GALLERIES®
AUCTIONEERS & APPRAISERS

UPCOMING AUCTIONS

Wednesday, January 11th at 10 am
BELLE EPOQUE
19TH & 20TH CENTURY DECORATIVE ARTS
Including Victorian, Art Nouveau & Art Deco Furniture, Decorations & Paintings

Wednesday, January 25th at 10 am
IMPORTANT 17TH & 18TH CENTURY
ENGLISH & CONTINENTAL
FURNITURE & DECORATIONS
Including Old Master Paintings, Georgian Silver, Tapestries & Rugs





EXHIBITIONS ARE HELD FROM SATURDAY TO TUESDAY PRIOR TO THE AUCTION
SATURDAY: 10 AM - 5 PM · SUNDAY: NOON - 5 PM
MONDAY: 9 AM - 7 PM · TUESDAY: 9 AM - 5 PM

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO ORDER A CATALOGUE, CONTACT DEANNA F. HARGRAVES OR BRENDAN H. CAHILL.

Louis XV Style Gilt Bronze Clock
(Jan. 11th Auction)

South German Neo-Classical Walnut and Gilt Commode, Early 19th Century
(Jan. 25th Auction)

DCA # 0777006

175 EAST 87TH SREET, NEW YORK, NY 10128 · TEL (212) 427-2730 · FAX (212) 369-0892

CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

RED—The last and best film in the trilogy that began with the baffling "Blue" and continued with the more acrid "White"; here all the skills of the director, Krzysztof Kieślowski, are brought into melancholy play. Blind chance or benign fate (according to your point of view) brings Valentine (Irène Jacob), a young model living alone in Geneva, into contact with a retired judge (Jean-Louis Trintignant) with a predilection for eavesdropping on telephone conversations. In time Valentine's repulsion shades into curiosity, and from there into affection. And the movie itself shades from coldness and contrivance into a story as touching and mysterious as anything Kieślowski has ever made. At the end, Kieślowski assumes the mantle of Prospero, magically (and rather absurdly) assembling the trilogy's main players, and it's hard to begrudge the master his final flourish. In French.—A.L. (11/28/94) (Quad Cinema and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE SANTA CLAUSE—Tim Allen's talent for dry regular-guyness fails to kindle Disney's sappy big-screen Yule log. Allen plays a toy-company sales whiz who startles Santa—fatally—on Christmas Eve and becomes the new Kris Kringle. The handling of Santa myths is both sassy and sanctimonious, just as the subplot about Allen's son (Eric Lloyd) and ex-wife (Wendy Crewson) and his ex-wife's shrink husband (Judge Reinhold) both mocks and respects "inner child" psychodrivel. John Pasquin directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

SPEECHLESS—Tracy-Hepburn meets Carville-Matalin. It should have made a great movie, but the director, Ron Underwood, and his writer, Robert King, have softened the blows that are needed for a battle of wits. Michael Keaton is a speechwriter working on a Republican senate campaign in New Mexico, Geena Davis his opposite number in the Democratic camp. They fall in love and then start hating each other—or so the movie would like us to believe. In fact, after one round of bitchery the tension dies, and they go back to helping each other out like best buddies. Davis dresses like a bossy schoolgirl, and, to some extent, behaves like one; she gives us a smart, winning portrait of principles under siege, but she needs something smoother to play off than Keaton's nervous stop-and-go style. (Christopher Reeve is much funnier as a hunk hack—basically, a huge grin and a pair of shorts—named Baghdad Bob). The film loses its way long before the end, and the climactic declaration of love is embarrassing and pretty unlikely. These are *journalists*, for heaven's sake.—A.L. (19th Street East 6, 34th St. East, Baronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

STAR TREK GENERATIONS—The old crew's campiness, epitomized by William Shatner, and the next generation's earnest thespianism, epitomized by Patrick Stewart; a plot about "a conflux of temporal energy"; laugh lines like "The emotion chip has overloaded my positronic relay"; sermons about emotion and escapism; busty, snaggletoothed Klingon babes; repeated jolts that hurl crew members out of their seats and imply that even in the future you'll need air bags. This seventh big-screen "Star Trek" is clumsy and bloated, but viewed as a cosmic variety show, it has a certain grapeshot charm. David Carson directed.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Columbus Circle, and Criterion Center.)

TEMPTATION OF A MONK—In seventh-century China, a general hounded by the minions of a dishonorable rival flees to a monastery for refuge. With Joan Chen, Zhang Fengyi, and Wu Hsin-kuo. Directed by Clara Law. In Mandarin. (Cinema Village.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Blast of Silence (1961)—Allen Baron's diary of a hit man, rediscovered in 1992, is a fancy *film noir*: it mixes a tense, stark photographic style and eerie location footage of New York City at Christmastime with a non-stop voice-over that reeks of alienation. The smattering of genuine art in Baron's movie comes from Larry Tucker's creepy, incongruously soft-spoken performance as a small-time illegal gun dealer who babies his pet rodents. (Tucker went on to become Paul Mazursky's writing partner.)—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 28.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has got a great Raskolnikov: Peter Lorre. He had only three roles that tapped his full talent—the child-murderer in "M," the hero in "The Face Behind the Mask," and this remarkably suggestive and witty Raskolnikov. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry; if Harry Baur, who did the role in the French version, had played opposite Lorre, the film might have caught fire. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elisabeth Risdon as Raskolnikov's mother, Tala Birell as his sister, and Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Dec. 27 and 29.)

Do the Right Thing (1989)—The third feature by Spike Lee takes place in the black neighborhood of Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, on a punishingly hot day; the focus of the action is a pizzeria, Sal's Famous, which is apparently the last white-owned business on the block; and the climax is a riot sparked by a monstrous act of police brutality. At its most basic, Lee's intention is to demonstrate how in a racially polarized society the slow accumulation of small irritations can swell to something huge and ugly and lethal. It's a solid idea for a movie, and initially the picture provides its share of incidental pleasures. It has loads of atmosphere, and superb cinematography by Ernest Dickerson, who gives the images a daring, Hawaiian-shirt glare. And, although most of the many characters Lee shows us are types, at least there are a lot of different ones, and their encounters are often funny. But Lee goes wrong by pushing his material to a "powerful" climax, a Scorsese-like explosion of violence: he sacrifices political clarity for the sake of the big statement. He's nimble-witted and passionate, but his movie seems to shout at us rather than speak to us. In addition to writing, producing, and directing, Lee also plays the pivotal role of Mookie, the pizza deliveryman.—T.R. (Whitney Museum; Dec. 24.)

A Double Life (1947)—The Ruth Gordon–Garson Kanin script takes off from the professional hazard of actors: living their parts offstage. Usually this hazard is treated satirically, but the Kanins do it in a souped-up, portentously melodramatic version. Ronald Colman is the actor who starts hearing bells in his ears and loud keening noises during his run in "Othello." His friends stare at him, puzzled, until after he has smothered a harmless blond waitress (Shelley Winters) and tried to kill a press agent (Edmond O'Brien) whom he suspects of having designs on his Desdemona—his actress wife, played by Signe Hasso. Colman is not at his best, and the role of Othello is so far out of his range that he's gentlemanly and dispassionate when he means to be fiery hot, but he got the Academy Award for Best Actor, anyway. The theatrical milieu doesn't help this picture much, though the theatre scenes were shot in the famous Empire, which was demolished in 1953. George Cukor directed.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 27.)

The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, Françoise Lebrun, Isabelle Weingarten, and Jacques Renard—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you before." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Jan. 2-3.)

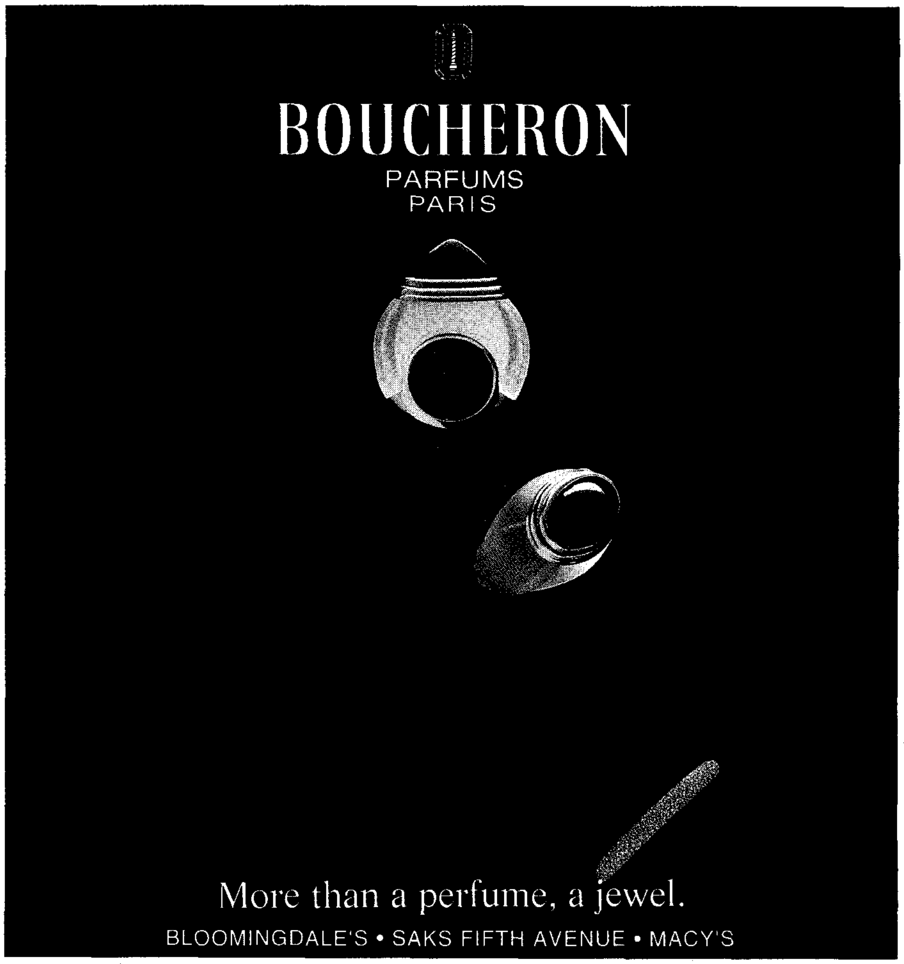
Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. Marlene Dietrich gets to deliver what is perhaps her most memorable line: "It took more than one man to change my name to Shanghai Lily." In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. (He gets to deliver a camp classic—"The white woman stays with me.") When this Oriental chieftain questions Lily about why she's going to Shanghai, she answers: "To buy a new hat." The scriptwriter, Jules Furthman, must have had a special affection for that line, because he gave it to Lauren Bacall, in her début film, "To Have and Have Not," in 1944. Directed by Josef von Sternberg, this movie has style—a triumphant fusion of sin, glamour, shamelessness, art, and, perhaps, a furtive sense of humor.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Dec. 23-24.)

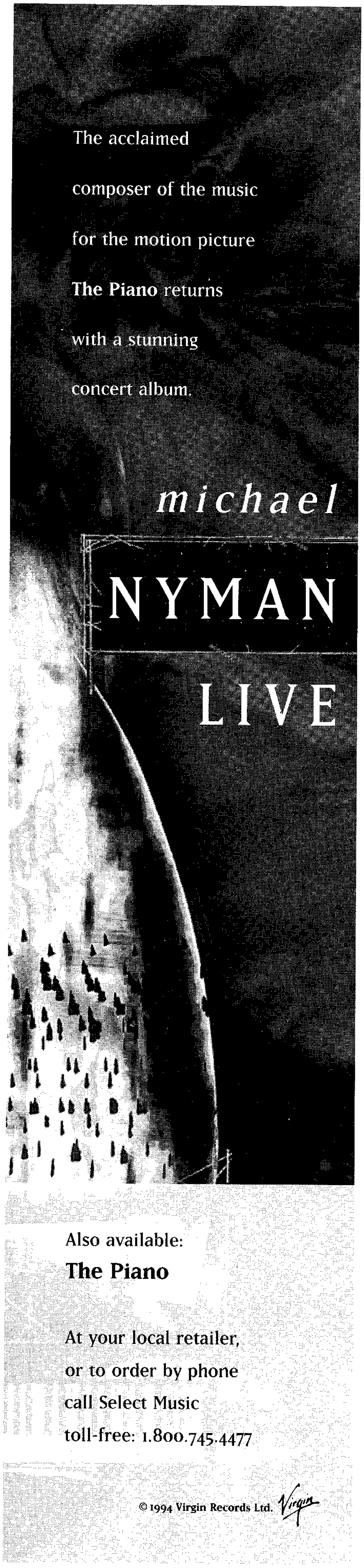
The Taking of Pelham One Two Three (1974)—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam; screenplay by Peter Stone.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 21.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)—"Barcelona" (Whit Stillman). . . . "Exit to Eden" (Garry Marshall). . . . "Clear and Present Danger" (Phillip Noyce). . . . "The Mask" (Chuck Russell). . . . "The Road to Wellville" (Alan Parker). . . . "Timecop" (Peter Hyams).

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—Dec. 21: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" (†) and "Across 110th Street" (1972, Barry Shear). . . . ¶ Dec. 22: "Cry of the City" (1948, Robert Siodmak) and "House of Strangers" (1949, Joseph L. Mankiewicz). . . . ¶ Dec. 23-25: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer) and "Killer's Kiss" (1957, Stanley Kubrick). . . . ¶ Dec. 26: A program of short films starring Robert Benchley. . . . ¶ Dec. 27: "A Double Life" (†) and "The Unsus-


BOUCHERON
PARFUMS
PARIS
More than a perfume, a jewel.
BLOOMINGDALE'S • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE • MACY'S


The acclaimed composer of the music for the motion picture **The Piano** returns with a stunning concert album.

michael NYMAN LIVE

Also available:
The Piano

At your local retailer, or to order by phone call Select Music toll-free: 1.800.745.4477

© 1994 Virgin Records Ltd. Virgin

REVIVALS—Cont'd

pected” (1947, Michael Curtiz).... ¶ Dec. 28: “Blast of Silence” (†) and “Madigan” (1968, Don Siegel).... ¶ Dec. 29: “While the City Sleeps” (1956, Fritz Lang) and “The People Against O'Hara” (1951, John Sturges).... ¶ Dec. 30-31: “Deadline at Dawn” (1946, Harold Clurman) and “Side Street” (1949, Anthony Mann).... ¶ Jan. 1: “The Woman in the Window” (1944, Lang) and “Scarlet Street” (1945, Lang).... ¶ Jan. 2: A program of short films starring Robert Benchley.... ¶ Jan. 3: “The Sleeping City” (1950, George Sherman) and “City Across the River” (1949, Maxwell Shane).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-1717)—“The Buddha of Suburbia” (Robert Michell).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films by or about Josef von Sternberg. Dec. 22 at 2:30 and Dec. 23 at 6: “An American Tragedy” (1931).... Dec. 22 at 6: “Thunderbolt” (1929).... Dec. 22 at 8 and Dec. 23 at 2:30: “Dishonored” (1931).... Dec. 23 at 8 and Dec. 24 at 3: “Shanghai Express” (†).... Dec. 24 at 1 and Dec. 26 at 6: “Blonde Venus” (1932).... Dec. 26 at 2:30 and Dec. 27 at 6: “The Scarlet Empress” (1934).... Dec. 27 at 2:30 and Dec. 29 at 6: “Crime and Punishment” (†).... Dec. 29 at 2:30 and Dec. 30 at 6: “The King Steps Out” (1936).... Dec. 29 at 8 and Dec. 31 at 3: “The Shanghai Gesture” (1942).... Dec. 30 at 2:30 and Jan. 1 at 5: “Sergeant Madden” (1939).... Dec. 30 at 8 and Dec. 31 at 1: “The Devil Is a Woman” (1935).... Jan. 1 at 2: “The Saga of Anatahan” (1953).... Jan. 2 at 3 and Jan. 3 at 6: “The Epic That Never Was” (1967, Bill Duncalf), a documentary.... Jan. 2 at 6: “Macao” (1952).... Jan. 3 at 3: “Jet Pilot” (1951).... ¶ Dec. 22 at 3 and 6: “From Shore to Shore” (1993, Patrick Mullins), a documentary.... ¶ A program of films from Venezuela, 1950-90, most in Spanish. Dec. 22 at 3 and Dec. 27 at 6: “Orinoko, New World” (1986, Diego Risquez).... Dec. 23 at 6 and Dec. 26 at 3: “By the Green Trail” (1984, Marilda Vera).... Dec. 23 at 8 and Dec. 24 at 12:30: Two documentaries by Margot Benacerraf.... Dec. 24 at 3: “I Am a Delinquent” (1976, Clemente de la Cerda).... Dec. 26 at 6 and Dec. 27 at 3: “The Plains Within” (1956, Elias Marcelli).... ¶ Dec. 29 at 3 and 6: “Homelands” (1993, Tom Zubrycki).... ¶ A program of recent films from Germany, all in German. Dec. 30 at 3 and 6 and Dec. 31 at 5: “Lessons of Darkness” (1992, Werner Herzog).... Dec. 30 at 7:30 and Dec. 31 at 2: “Kaspar Hauser” (1993, Peter Sehr).... Jan. 1 at 2: “Leni” (1994, Leo Heamer).... Jan. 1 at 5: “Marie's Song” (1994, Niko Brücher).... Jan. 2 at 2:30: “Bye Bye America” (1994, Jan Schüme).... Jan. 2 at 6: “One of My Oldest Friends” (1994, Rainer Kaufman).... Jan. 3 at 2:30: “Farewell to Agnes” (1994, Michael Gwisdek).... Jan. 3 at 6: A program of five short films.

At the Public's Little Theatre, Narveen Andres and Roshan Seth in “The Buddha of Suburbia.”

TIM BOWER

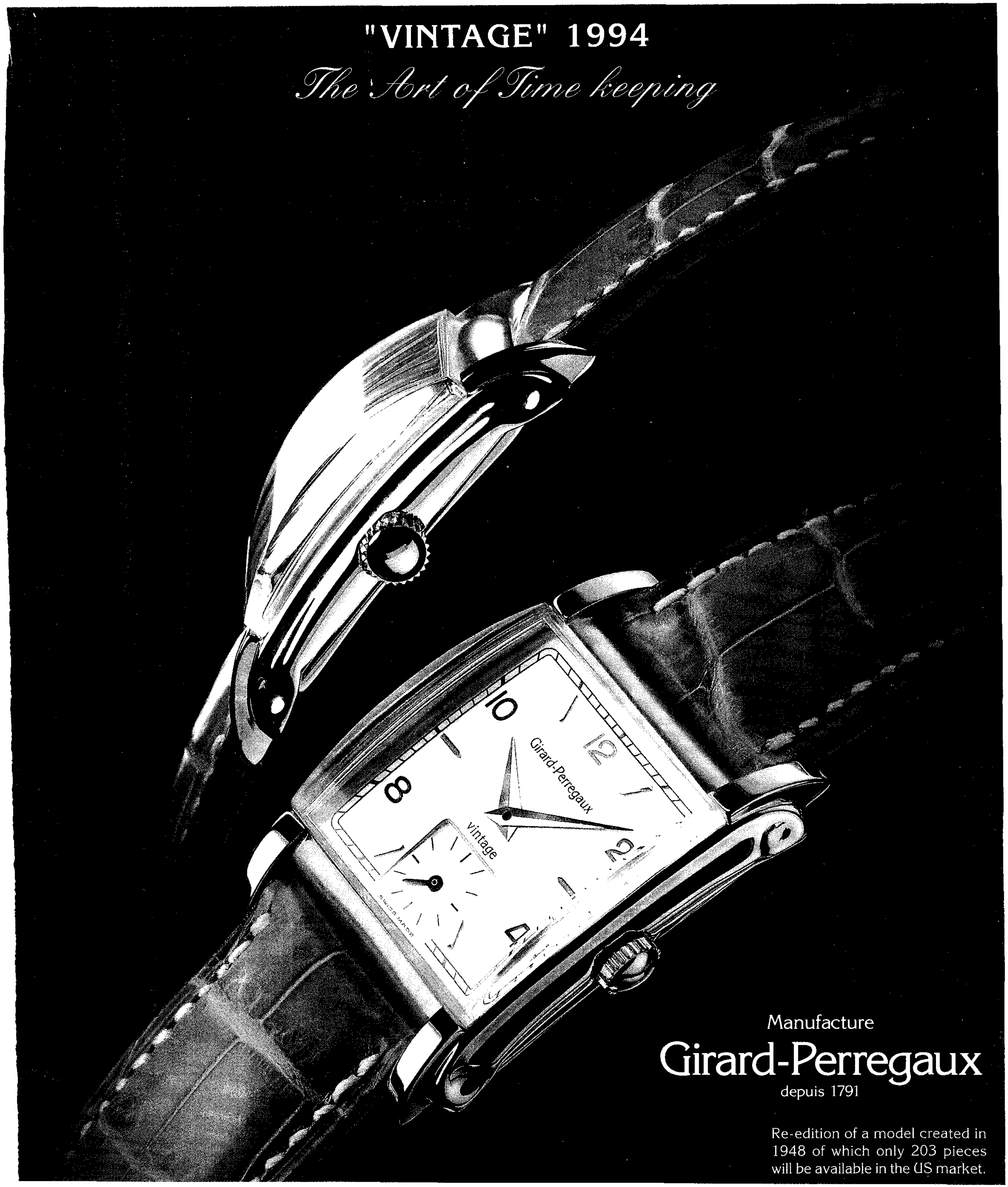
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of films starring Jean-Pierre Léaud. Dec. 21 at 2 and 6:15: “La Chinoise” (1967, Jean-Luc Godard).... Dec. 21 at 4 and 8:15: “The Birth of Love” (1993, Philippe Garrel).... Dec. 22 at 2 and Dec. 23 at 2 and 6:40: “Two English Girls” (1971, François Truffaut).... Dec. 22 at 5 and 9: “The Story and Decline of a Small Film Business” (1986, Godard).... Dec. 23-24 at 4:40 and 9:30: “Pigsty” (1969, Pier Paolo Pasolini).... Dec. 24 at 6:40: “Le Départ” (1966, Jerzy Skolimowski).... Dec. 26 at 2 and 6, Dec. 27 at 2, Dec. 28 at 2 and 6, and Jan. 1 at 2: “The 400 Blows” (1959, Truffaut) and “Antoine and Colette” (1962, Truffaut).... Dec. 26 at 4:15 and 8:15, Dec. 27 at 4:15, Dec. 28 at 4:15 and 8:15, and Jan. 1 at 4:30: “Stolen Kisses” (1968, Truffaut).... Dec. 29-30 at 2 and 6, Dec. 31 at 6, and Jan. 1 at 6:30: “Bed and Board” (1970, Truffaut).... Dec. 30-31 at 4 and 8 and Jan. 1 at 8:30: “Love on the Run” (1979, Truffaut).... Jan. 2-3 at 2 and 6:15: “The Mother and the Whore” (†).... ¶ Dec. 22 at 6:30: “The Brothers McMullen” (1994, Edward Burns).... ¶ Dec. 24 and 31 at 2: “George Balanchine's The Nutcracker” (1993, Emile Ardolino).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films and videos by, or about, black American males. Dec. 21 at noon: “Juice” (1992, Ernest R. Dickerson).... Dec. 21 at 3: “Willie Dynamite” (1974, Gilbert Moses).... Dec. 22 at 2: “Chameleon Street” (1990, Wendell B. Harris, Jr.).... Dec. 22 at 5:30: “The Brother from Another Planet” (1984, John Sayles).... Dec. 23 at noon: “Hollywood Shuffle” (1987, Robert Townsend).... Dec. 23 at 3: “Looking for Langston” (1989, Isaac Julien).... Dec. 24 at noon: “Do the Right Thing” (†).... Dec. 24 at 3: “Menace II Society” (1993, Albert and Allen Hughes).... Dec. 28 at noon: “Next Stop, Greenwich Village” (1976, Paul Mazursky).... Dec. 28 at 3:30: “Portrait of Jason” (1967, Shirley Clarke).... Dec. 29 at 2: “The Boys in the Band” (1970, William Friedkin).... Dec. 29 at 5:30: “Can't Stop the Music” (1980, Nancy Walker).... Dec. 30 at noon: “Car Wash” (1976, Michael Schultz).... Dec. 30 at 3:30: “Norman . . . Is That You?” (1976, George Schlatter).... Dec. 31 at noon: “Beverly Hills Cop” (1984, Martin Brest).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through Dec. 24: “Barbra Streisand: A Happening in Central Park” (1968).... From Dec. 27: “Barbra Streisand and Other Musical Instruments” (1973). (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2.)

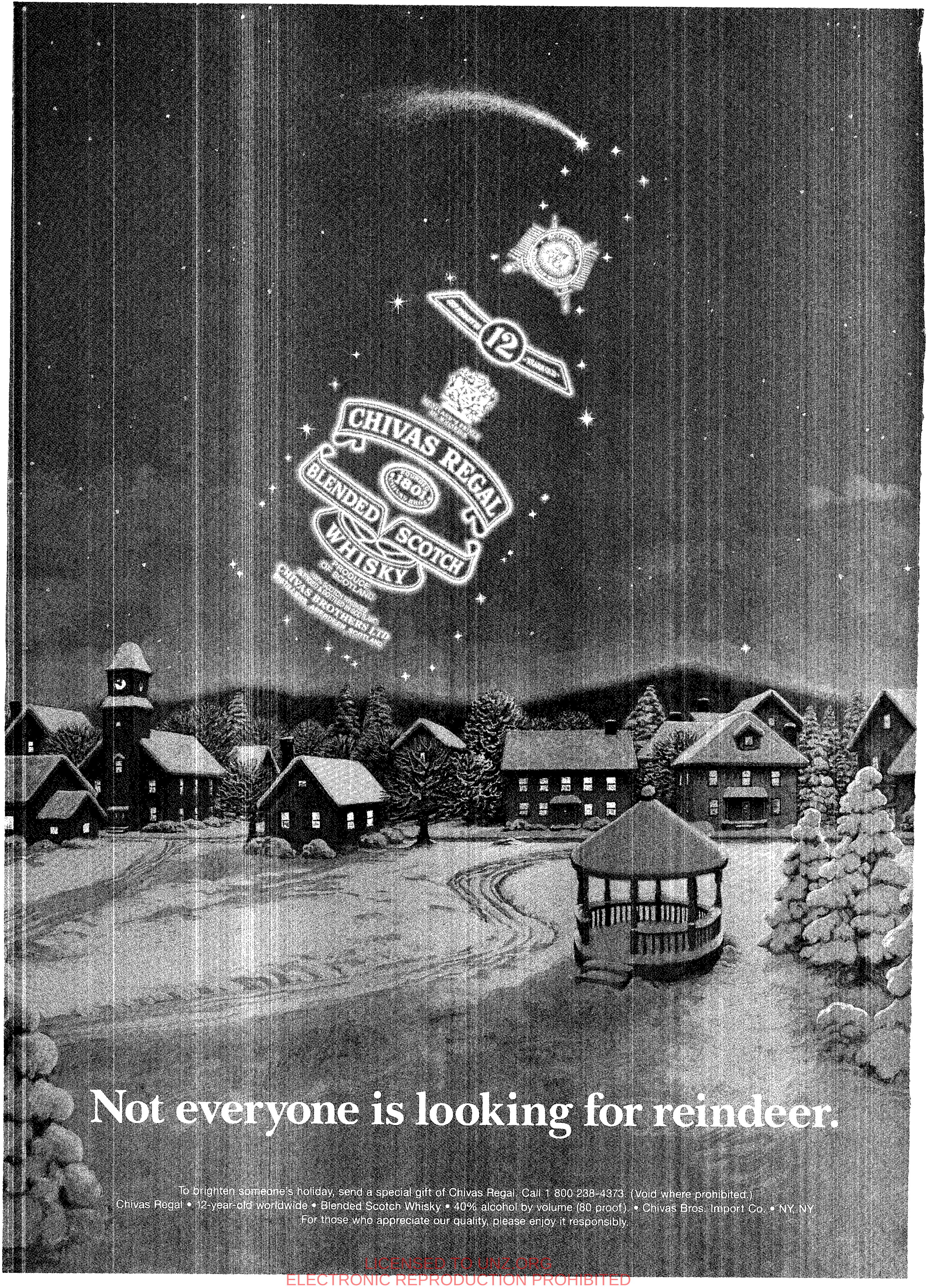
American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Dec. 24 at 2: A program of animated films by Chuck Jones.... Dec. 26-30 at 2: “The Bugs Bunny/Road Runner Movie” (1979, Jones).... Dec. 31-Jan. 1 at 2 and 4: Two programs of animated films by Jones.

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Dec. 22 at 2:30: “Oliver” (1968, Carol Reed).... ¶ Dec. 27 at noon: “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm” (1938, Allen Dwan).... ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: “Mary Poppins” (1964, Robert Stevenson).... ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: “The Gang's All Here” (1943, Busby Berkeley).... ¶ Jan. 3 at noon: “The King and I” (1958, Walter Lang).


"VINTAGE" 1994
The Art of Time keeping
Girard-Perregaux
vintage
SWISS MADE
Manufacture
Girard-Perregaux
depuis 1791
Re-edition of a model created in 1948 of which only 203 pieces will be available in the US market.

TOURNEAU®
New York • Geneva • Palm Beach • Bal Harbour • Costa Mesa
The Watch Store

NEW YORK: Madison Ave. & 52nd St. • Madison Ave. & 59th St. • Seventh Ave. & 34th St. **FLORIDA:** Palm Beach, Worth Ave. • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza SHOP AT HOME: **(212)758-6234/1-800-348-3332**


12
CHIVAS REGAL
1801
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD
Not everyone is looking for reindeer.

To brighten someone's holiday, send a special gift of Chivas Regal. Call 1 800 238-4373. (Void where prohibited.)
Chivas Regal • 12-year-old worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 40% alcohol by volume (80 proof). • Chivas Bros. Import Co. • NY, NY
For those who appreciate our quality, please enjoy it responsibly.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE HEIRESS

WHEN the retailer and Dickensian philanthropist Milton Petrie died last month, at age ninety-two, he left his wife, Carroll, a trust fund of a hundred and fifty million dollars, an awesome array of real estate, planes, cars, jewelry, art, and antiques, and an example of extravagant and eccentric giving almost impossible to live up to. "I hope to do the best I can in the way that I think Milton would have wanted me to," says Mrs. Petrie, a silver-haired woman with a voice as soft as chamois and the kind of posture they don't teach anymore. "Of course, I won't be able to give as much as he did." Mr. Petrie's will, which ran to a hundred and twenty pages, provided ninety million dollars in trusts and gifts for three hundred and eighty-three individuals, including crippled policemen, widows, and families overwhelmed by medical bills. Mr. Petrie often responded after reading their hard-luck tales in the tabloids.

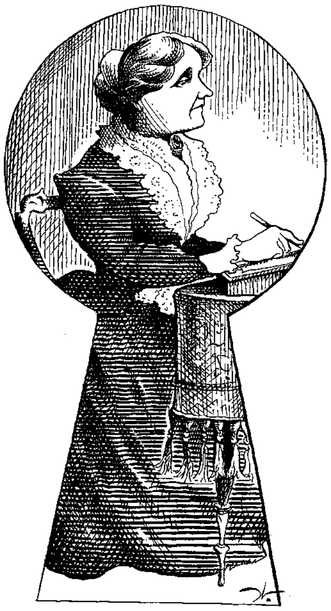
His benefactions were almost always private save when he made large gifts to institutions like the Metropolitan Museum and Beth Israel Hospital. Over time, however, Mr. Petrie became the world's most famous soft touch, and Mrs. Petrie's cocooned universe was occasionally shattered by the din of petitioners. "There was this magazine a few years ago, *Manhattan, inc.*," she said one recent morning, while sipping from a glass of ice water in the living room of her Fifth Avenue apartment, "and one day the weekend after an article on Milton appeared we came out to our house in Southampton and the telephone was ringing off the hook. It was driving the household help *wild*." The Petries, it turned out, were listed with Information; the calls were coming in from as far as Norway. "I had to call up and cancel the telephone," said Mrs. Petrie, whose accent and slightly dated usages mark her as a child of South Carolina circa the nineteen-thirties.

Mrs. Petrie's sitting room is a chaste exercise in eighteenth-century English décor—chinoiserie, lacquer tables, minor landscapes, faïence, and Louis Something chairs. Casablanca lilies and roses gave the room an almost jasmine scent. The Petrie household has been one of the central nodes of the New York social scene for years, though Mrs. Petrie's own familiarity with that world goes back to her first marriage—to the Marques de Portago, scion of one of the great families of Spain. Mr. Petrie was her fourth husband, and she his fourth wife.

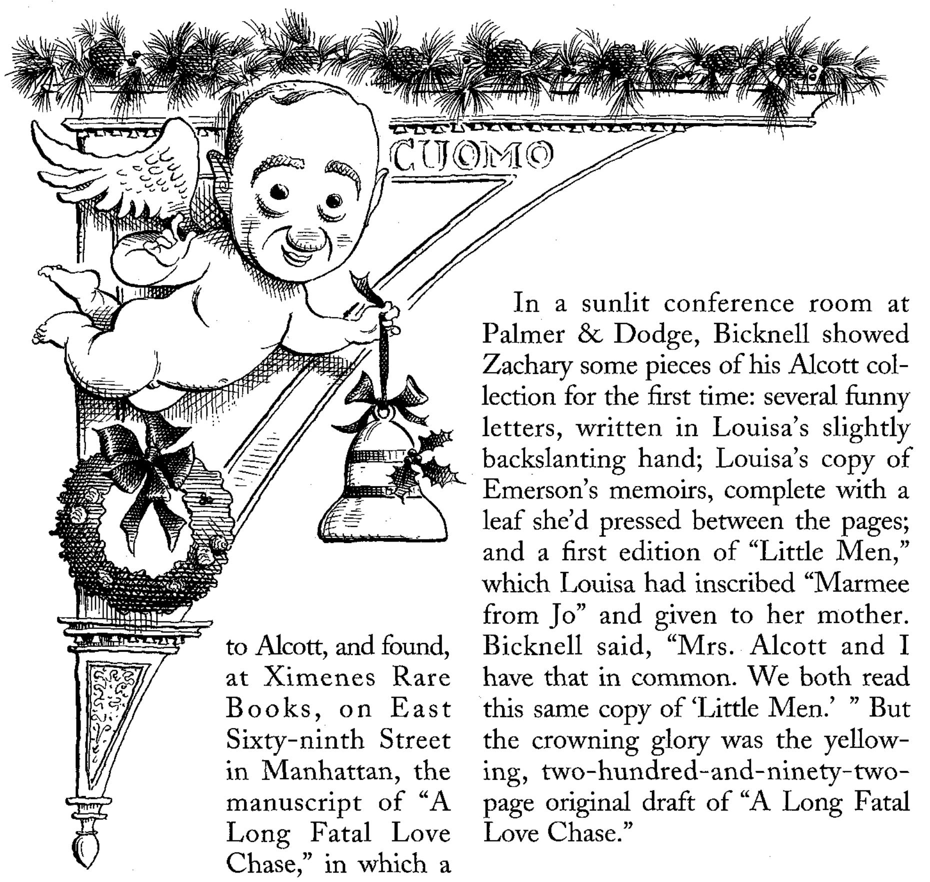
Mrs. Petrie is now not only the heir to an immense personal fortune but a trustee of the Carroll and Milton Petrie Foundation, whose initial endowment is expected to be as much as four hundred million dollars. As such, she is likely to be a more prized social acquisition than ever before. She and the other trustees haven't yet discussed their plans, she said; she's been busy answering more than three hundred condolence letters. "I have been *vaguely* approached," she said, "but most people have had the thoughtfulness to postpone asking for a while." And Mrs. Petrie smiled, ever so slightly—the smile with which the perfect hostess greets the crashing faux pas.

COMING SOON: A THRILLER BY LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

HOW does a guy like Kent Bicknell, the forty-seven-year-old headmaster and one of the founders of Sant Bani, a progressive country day school in Sanbornton, New Hampshire, come to possess the manuscript of a previously unpublished romantic thriller by Louisa May Alcott? Bicknell was talking about this a few weeks ago in the offices of the Palmer & Dodge Agency, in Boston, with his literary agent Lane Zachary—herself something of an Alcott aficionada, who makes a pilgrimage each year to the house where Alcott lived, in Concord. Unlike Zachary (and most American girls), Bicknell never read "Little Women," or even "Little Men," when he was young, but he did become a collector at an early age—he used to pedal down to the antique store in New Hampton, New Hampshire, and check out the Civil War memorabilia. In a way, it was only a matter of time before he got



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE



to Alcott, and found, at Ximenes Rare Books, on East Sixty-ninth Street in Manhattan, the manuscript of "A Long Fatal Love Chase," in which a nimble, strong-willed young woman is stalked all over Europe by her first lover.

IN his twenties, Bicknell started going to India and became committed to "a spiritual path," even renouncing collecting for a while, since it was such a blatant manifestation of materialism. But over the years he grew less strict with himself. In 1991, he was browsing at a rare-book fair when he came across a catalogue entry describing Longfellow's copy of one of Hawthorne's books. Off he went on a Hawthorne tear, and he learned along the way that among Hawthorne's neighbors were the Alcott family. Apparently, Hawthorne used to flee when he saw Louisa's father, A. Bronson Alcott, because Bronson was such a motormouth about his favorite subjects—a lot of which, it turned out, are also Bicknell's favorite subjects. Bronson was a proto-hippie: he hung out with Emerson and Thoreau, fed his daughters a vegetarian diet, and held seminars on spiritual matters. Bicknell was soon immersed in the Alcott clan—he read "Little Women" and began collecting Alcott materials.

In a sunlit conference room at Palmer & Dodge, Bicknell showed Zachary some pieces of his Alcott collection for the first time: several funny letters, written in Louisa's slightly backslanting hand; Louisa's copy of Emerson's memoirs, complete with a leaf she'd pressed between the pages; and a first edition of "Little Men," which Louisa had inscribed "Marmee from Jo" and given to her mother. Bicknell said, "Mrs. Alcott and I have that in common. We both read this same copy of 'Little Men.' " But the crowning glory was the yellowing, two-hundred-and-ninety-two-page original draft of "A Long Fatal Love Chase."

JAMES ELLIOTT, one of Louisa's publishers, had commissioned the book for serialization in a weekly magazine, but he rejected it, in 1866, saying it was "too long and too sensational." It languished for years, on deposit at the Houghton Library, which owns most of Alcott's papers. Then, in 1991, the Pratt family, Alcott's heirs, decided to see if there was any interest in the manuscript on the collectors' market, and placed it on consignment at Ximenes. When Bicknell got word of this, he hurried down to Ximenes and spent two straight days reading: he struggled with Louisa's faded handwriting, but was unable to put down the story. In the first chapter, he found Rosamond, the heroine, living with her hard-hearted grandfather on a secluded island off the coast of England. The dark and menacing Phillip Tempest comes to stay, and, unbeknownst to Rosamond, gambles with her grandfather for her hand in marriage. Bicknell was back in the nineteenth century, falling in love:

> Lounging in his easy chair Tempest regarded her with an expression of indolent amusement. . . . Though her isolated life had deprived Rosamond of the polish of society it had preserved the artless freshness of her youth and given her ardent nature an intensity which found vent in demonstrations infinitely more attractive than the artificial graces of other women . . . and her character interested him by the unconscious hints it gave of power, pride, and passion. So entirely natural and unconventional was she that he soon found himself on a familiar footing, asking all manner of unusual questions, and receiving rather piquant replies.

Bicknell raised the money to acquire the manuscript and the copyright. He thinks "A Long Fatal Love Chase" was too strong and subversive for its time, and that Alcott will be vindicated when it is published next year. Random House snapped the book up last week, catching the wave of renewed excitement about Alcott that has been touched off by the remake of "Little Women," starring Winona Ryder. In an arrangement that Bicknell feels reflects Louisa's commitment to education, some of the proceeds from the sale of the book and any movie rights will go to the Louisa May Alcott Memorial Association and the Sant Bani School.

The most rewarding thing about Bicknell's project is that Alcott's book is not just a minor literary curiosity but a deliciously readable page-turner. "Alcott has been treated as the children's friend, but she had a lot of other sides," Bicknell said. "This is an adult book, and it's not just for dusty scholars—it's for people at the beach." Bicknell believes that Alcott must have known that her book was good, since she took care to preserve it. "You can see in the manuscript that she tried to go back and tone it down in response to negative editorial comments," he explained. "But it seems she didn't resubmit it for publication. The standard practice in editing is to use the last cut, but my effort here was to bring the book back to the way she originally wrote it. In almost every case, the words she crossed out make the passage stronger." Bicknell turned a few pages and pointed out a violent encounter between Tempest and a handsome priest who tries to protect Rosamond from him. "I think it's an appropriate feminist act to restore her text to its original form," Bicknell said. "It was rejected by a man, who didn't really appreciate it in the first place."

THE CAMERA AS COLLECTIBLE

NOT long ago, the Sunday *Times* quietly ditched its long-standing camera column. Some editor must have got his head stuck in his helmet, because to anyone bothering to pay attention the camera scene has never been more alive. The last few years have seen an imaginative spurt in camera design and development, a conceptual rebirth of the idea of the camera as a beautiful machine—a chunk of functional jewelry. The camera market has come to mimic the larger economic landscape, where the erosion of the middle class has led to basic glut at the bottom and stylish refinement at the top. At the low end are those recyclable cameras packed in colorful boxes; in the middle are the standard S.L.R.s (single-lens reflex cameras), most of them constructed of polycarbonate and jammed with clever gizmos, like musical-chime self-timers. The high-end models snub both cardboard and plastic—they pledge their allegiance to heavy metal. Some eschew the ergonomic curves of Japanese design, recalling instead the rich muscle of German workmanship; for example, the pocket-size Rollei Classic 35, hand-assembled in Germany, sells for more than sixteen hundred dollars.

NO company has exploited the swank appeal of the executive camera better than Contax. Originally a German marque, Contax has formed a partnership with the Japanese firm Yashica, and its cameras are aesthetic beauts. They're not novelty items, but true pacesetters. Contax's first style victory was the T2, a titanium-bodied compact with mouse-gray trim that was *the* thing two years ago among grunge actors and fashion mavens. Following the success of the T2, other companies went upscale, too: Nikon brought out its own thousand-dollar luxury compact, the 35Ti (for "titanium"); Konica brought out a special rhodium edition of its neato Hexar camera. As these sporty numbers chased the T2, Contax harbored a more ambitious stealth project.

For months, the corridors of the computer forums carried rumors of a new Contax camera, the G1, that reckoned to be the first serious rival to Leica and its legendary line of precision tools for photojournalists—an autofocus range finder with interchangeable Zeiss lenses. Then, in October, Wall Street Camera Exchange hosted the first formal New York appearance of the G1, whose cool metal made even the T2 look dowdy.

THE store felt like an OTB parlor, minus the smoke, with men milling around muttering (always an ominous sign). It turned out that the G1 body was a no-show, and a sheepish Contax representative said that the camera was being shipped via messenger from New Jersey. (It eventually arrived.) "I can show you the lens cap," he said. It was a lovely lens cap, but it just wasn't the same. Despite this snafu, and complaints from early users that the G1's viewfinder was too small, the camera has been a hit. Initial orders for it were three times as large as the original projections, and even camera buffs who don't know why they want one want one.

Still, Leica has lofty history on its side. Its luxury offering this season is a limited anniversary edition of a rangefinder camera called the M6J, which comes in a small wooden casket and whose outfit includes a hand-stitched leather case. Although Leica Fotografie tuts that it would be a pity if the M6J languished in vaults or display cases, the prime buyers of such kits are said to be Japanese collectors, who shudder at the very idea of sullying the cameras with film. "They like to keep their virgins virgin," one dealer said.

L.A. DUMMIES

NANCY has a shirt the color of turbid seawater and a shiny helmet of brown hair in the fashion of models from the nineteen-sixties, and anybody who happens to glance through the ground-floor window of the house can see that she is at home. That is the point. The house is in Laurel Canyon, one of the more rural—but no less crime-ridden—parts of Los Angeles, and Nancy is a plaster mannequin, belonging to a woman music producer.

Nancy is sometimes joined on the sofa or at the table by a male dummy—called, inevitably, Ron. Recently, the music producer banished them to the garage, but after a maid was murdered up the street she speedily reinstated them. Inquiries around Los Angeles, a city where the surreal has become banal, proved that few found the tale of Ron and Nancy surprising. Nor is that the whole story. Now the dummies have taken to travelling.

They have taken, to be specific, to the freeways. The code in most states—and one that is enforced with efficiency in California—is that a carpooling vehicle can use the usually much faster "diamond lane." Hence the dummies. "It's had a real effect," a former mannequin user reports. "The highway-patrol guys used to kind of lurk in the shadows. Now they need the light."

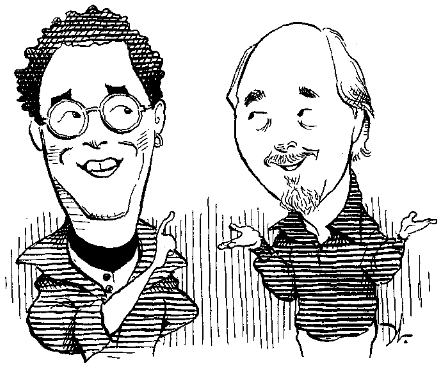
"Oh, it's been going on," Officer David King, of the West Valley office of the California Highway Patrol, concurred amiably. "I had a friend over in

Santa Ana who caught somebody doing this. There was a woman with a scarf over her head, and she looked kind of weird to him. So he followed up, and kept on looking, and she never moved. It was a mannequin." What happens in such cases? "We usually cite them for violation of the diamond lane and confiscate the mannequin as evidence," King said sunnily.

THE MEANING OF A BEAR MARKET

In the cozy, well-appointed world of Muffy VanderBear, whose official motto is "Life Is One Big Dress-Up," little girls are inducted into the genteel, costumed pleasures of pouring tea, grooming horses, and travelling on the Continent, and the arrival of the holiday season is just another reason to acquire a new, limited-edition Christmas outfit. This year, which celebrates the tenth anniversary of Muffy's *naissance*, eager little girls and their indulgent mothers can not only acquire the grand Muffy of the North—a champagne-colored acrylic bear dressed in a cream parka and carrying a furry pet seal—but can also set their sights on a special anniversary-edition Muffy, who comes attired in a gown of crisp French-blue taffeta and wears a fanciful crown of (count them) ten candles.

Barbara Isenberg is the founder of and guiding spirit behind the North American Bear Company, which employs twenty-two artists and planners, including three designers whose sole job is conceiving the ongoing VanderBear saga. Isenberg maintains that the bear and her easeful life style have less to do with any sense of nostalgia for an eclipsed class-bound era than with "an American sense of parody and fashion." The obvious object of parody would seem to be the notion of old money personified in the name Vanderbilt—although such speculation about a stuffed animal's lineage seems like a parody of a parody, a bit like Alexander Portnoy's telling his girlfriend that his surname is really "Porte-noir." Insist though Isenberg may that Muffy and her extended family are "self-made bears," it's easier to imagine the cub tossing her plush head and saying "Let them eat cake" than to imagine her saying anything like "Power to the Teddy."



ANXIOUS IN AMERICA

The other night, in the main saleroom at Sotheby's, before an audience of four hundred and twenty, Robert Altman and Tony Kushner were discussing the difficulties they're having adapting "Angels in America" for the screen.

ALTMAN: The problem that we face is that your play used so many cinematic antecedents. You used the technique—you had cross-cutting, people talking at the same time. You know—it's cinema. It became a new way of looking at theatre, but then when we translate that back to film is that going to be ordinary? I don't have the slightest idea of what our solution is going to be. I truly don't.

KUSHNER: The other problem is that it's not only structured like a movie—it's literally structured like an Altman movie. Quite literally, the form is stolen from "Nashville," so I think it's going to seem like an incredible retread unless we come up with something new.

As of today, the problem remains unsolved.

Cynthia Richards, the owner of the store Bear Hugs & Baby Dolls, on the Upper East Side, says that sixty per cent of her Muffy sales are to grown women (either single older women or women with grown children) who are buying the fleecy toys for themselves. As a rule, Richards says, the limited-edition holiday Muffys cost between forty-five and fifty dollars; when the season ends, the collection is "retired" and rises in value. Given that the going price for a Muffy with an original "tush tag" starts at eight hundred dollars and can go to more than a thousand dollars, the market for Muffy is ardent to the point of panic. John I'Anson, who helps out part time at Bear Hugs & Baby Dolls, says he gets several calls a week from people looking for discontinued items. And in the *North American Bear News* one can find someone in Tennessee "desbearately seeking Tush Tag Red Flannel Muffy" or another, less discriminating Muffyphile, in Montana, who would settle for "any Muffy, any condition, any costume."

Are there, one wonders, any genuine, Alice-in-Wonderland-like little girls oohing and ahing over, say, the Kyoto Blossoms Muffy, who wears a kimono with obi and can be accessorized to a fare-thee-well with traditional Japanese wooden clogs, paper fan, and matching fabric bag? Isenberg's answer is that her company is "trying to design things that have play value," but she readily admits that Muffy is not a "cuddly" bear. She adds, "I'm not sure it's a toy, yet. It *is* a child's collectible."

The clue to Muffy VanderBear's popularity is no doubt to be found in the gap between fantasy and reality—between the high-flying claims of her creators and the less exalted considerations of the bottom line. Not only are Muffy's outfits exquisite but their details—buttons, trim, footwear—are imaginative and often witty; as for her accessories, such as the old-fashioned porcelain bathtub that stands on orange goldfish feet, they leave one sighing over the level of perfectibility attainable in the world of make-believe. It appears that the seven-inch ursine creature appeals to the love of all things miniature and grandly inspired, an affection that seems to grow stronger as so many of the things she stands for—wealth, privilege, and leisure—are deemed wicked in Real Life.

LINGUA FRANCA

The forced resignation of Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, following her suggestion that masturbation was "part of something that perhaps should be taught," is a small gift for lovers of what H. L. Mencken called the American language. It has inspired a new phrase in an area that has always been blessed for its vigor and inventiveness. Around Washington, the new term for the act of loving thyself as well as (if not better than) thy neighbor is, reliable sources say, "firing the Surgeon General." ♦

This week's contributors: James Traub, Deborah Garrison, James Wolcott, Anthony Haden-Guest, Daphne Merkin, Michael Kelly.

AT&T True USA℠ Savings
Presents 40% Off Sundays
All Holiday Season.

This should make more than just our
True USA℠ Savings members happy.

Favorite nephew of a True USA Savings member.

Former roommate of a True USA Savings member.

Father of a True USA Savings member.

Every Sunday through New Year's Day, we're giving our **True USA**℠ Savings members a special 40% off AT&T calls to anybody in the U.S.* So you can call anyone and everyone you care about, as much as you want. The savings are yours automatically, just for being a part of AT&T **True USA**℠ Savings.

It's our way of making sure that you and everyone you call are happy this holiday.

For questions, call 1 800-TRUE-USA.℠

AT&T *True USA*℠ Savings

AT&T

* $10 monthly minimum required. 40% is in lieu of regular AT&T **True USA**℠ Savings discount. Available in most areas. Certain exclusions apply. Pending tariff effectiveness.

© 1994 AT&T

STRONG.
ROBUST.
VIBRANT.
(It's not just a fish.
It's a country.)
CHILE
The character of Chile is in our products, many of which are the result of Chilean-American partnerships. The opportunities continue to abound. To learn more, call 212-938-5916, fax 212-321-1943, or e-mail 74677.3127@compuserve.com.

A CRITIC AT BAY

DISCUSSING THE UNDISCUSSABLE

When players in a production aren't just acting out death but are really dying—as in Bill T. Jones's "Still/Here"—is it really art?

BY ARLENE CROCE

I HAVE not seen Bill T. Jones's "Still/Here" and have no plans to review it. In this piece, which was given locally at the Brooklyn Academy, Jones presents people (as he has in the past) who are terminally ill and talk about it. I understand that there is dancing going on during the talking, but of course no one goes to "Still/Here" for the dancing. People are asking whether Jones's type of theatre is not a new art form. Dying an art form? Why, yes, I suppose dying can be art in a screwily post-neo-Dada sense. (Dr. Kevorkian, now playing in Oregon . . .) But this is not the sense intended by Bill T. Jones, even though he had his origins as a choreographer in the Dada experimentation of the sixties. If I understand "Still/Here" correctly, and I think I do—the publicity has been deafening—it is a kind of messianic travelling medicine show, designed to do some good for sufferers of fatal illnesses, both those in the cast and those thousands more who may be in the audience. If we ask what a show does that no hospital, clinic, church, or other kind of relief agency has so far been able to do, I think the answer is obvious. If we consider that the experience, open to the public, as it is, may also be intolerably voyeuristic, the remedy is also obvious: Don't go. In not reviewing "Still/Here," I'm sparing myself and my readers a bad time, and yet I don't see that I really have much choice.

GERARD NICOLAS

A critic has three options: (1) to see and review; (2) to see and not review; (3) not to see. A fourth option—to write about what one has not seen—becomes possible on strange occasions like "Still/Here," from which one feels excluded by reason of its express intentions, which are unintelligible as theatre. I don't deny that "Still/Here" may be of value in some wholly other sphere of action, but it is as theatre, dance theatre, that I would approach it. And my approach has been cut off. By working dying people into his act, Jones is putting himself beyond the reach of criticism. I think of him as literally undiscussable—the most extreme case among the distressingly many now representing themselves to the public not as artists but as victims and martyrs.

In theatre, one chooses what one will be. The cast members of "Still/Here"—the sick people whom Jones has signed up—have no choice other than to be sick. The fact that they aren't there in person does not mitigate the starkness of their condition. They are there on videotape, the better to be seen and heard, especially heard. They are the prime exhibits of a director-choreographer who has crossed the line between theatre and reality—who thinks that victimhood in and of itself is sufficient to the creation of an art spectacle.

The thing that "Still/Here" makes immediately apparent, whether you see it or not, is that victimhood is a kind of mass delusion that has taken hold of previously responsible sectors of our culture. The preferred medium of victimhood—something that Jones acknowledges—is videotape (see TV at almost any hour of the day), but the cultivation of victimhood by institutions devoted to the care of art is a menace to all art forms, particularly performing-art forms. In writing this piece, I enter a plea for the critic and risk being taken for a victim myself. But the critic is part of the audience for art that victimhood also threatens. I can't review someone I feel sorry for or hopeless about. As a dance critic, I've learned to avoid dancers with obvious problems—overweight dancers (not fat dancers; Jackie Gleason was fat and was a good dancer), old dancers, dancers with sickled feet, or dancers with physical deformities who appear nightly in roles requiring beauty of line. In quite another category of undiscussability are those dancers I'm *forced* to feel sorry for because of the way they present themselves: as dissed blacks, abused women, or disfranchised homosexuals—as performers, in short, who make out of victimhood victim art. I can live with the flabby, the feeble, the scoliotic. But with the righteous I cannot function at all. The strategies of victim artists are proliferating marvellously at the moment. There's no doubt that the public likes to see victims, if only to patronize them with applause. The main type of victim art (the type that I think gave rise to all the others) is a politicized version of the blackmail that certain performers resort to, even great performers, like Chaplin in his more self-pitying moments. Instead of compassion, these performers induce, and even invite, a cozy kind of complicity. When a victim artist finds his or her public, a perfect, mutually manipulative union is formed which no critic may put asunder. Such an artist is Pina Bausch. Such an audience is the Brooklyn Academy's Next Wave subscription list, which also welcomed Bill T. Jones.

What Jones represents is something new in victim art—new and raw and deadly in its power over the human conscience. Jones's personal story does not concern me. (It was told in the November 28th issue of this magazine.) But his story intersects vitally with cultural changes since the sixties that have formed an officialdom, a fortress of vic-

ANOTHER REASON TO BUY PELLA® WINDOWS & DOORS

Pella makes every bay special.

©1995 Pella Corporation, 102 Main St., Pella, IA 50219

Christmas Bay

Pella WINDOWS & DOORS

No other window brings comfort and joy like a Pella® Bay Window. For along with its beautiful interior, you'll find craftsmanship so fine—so tight—it far exceeds the industry's standard for air infiltration. And that's good tidings for every season. Call today for your free brochure.

1-800-54-PELLA

Quality like this only comes from Pella. Code: C545Z5CZ

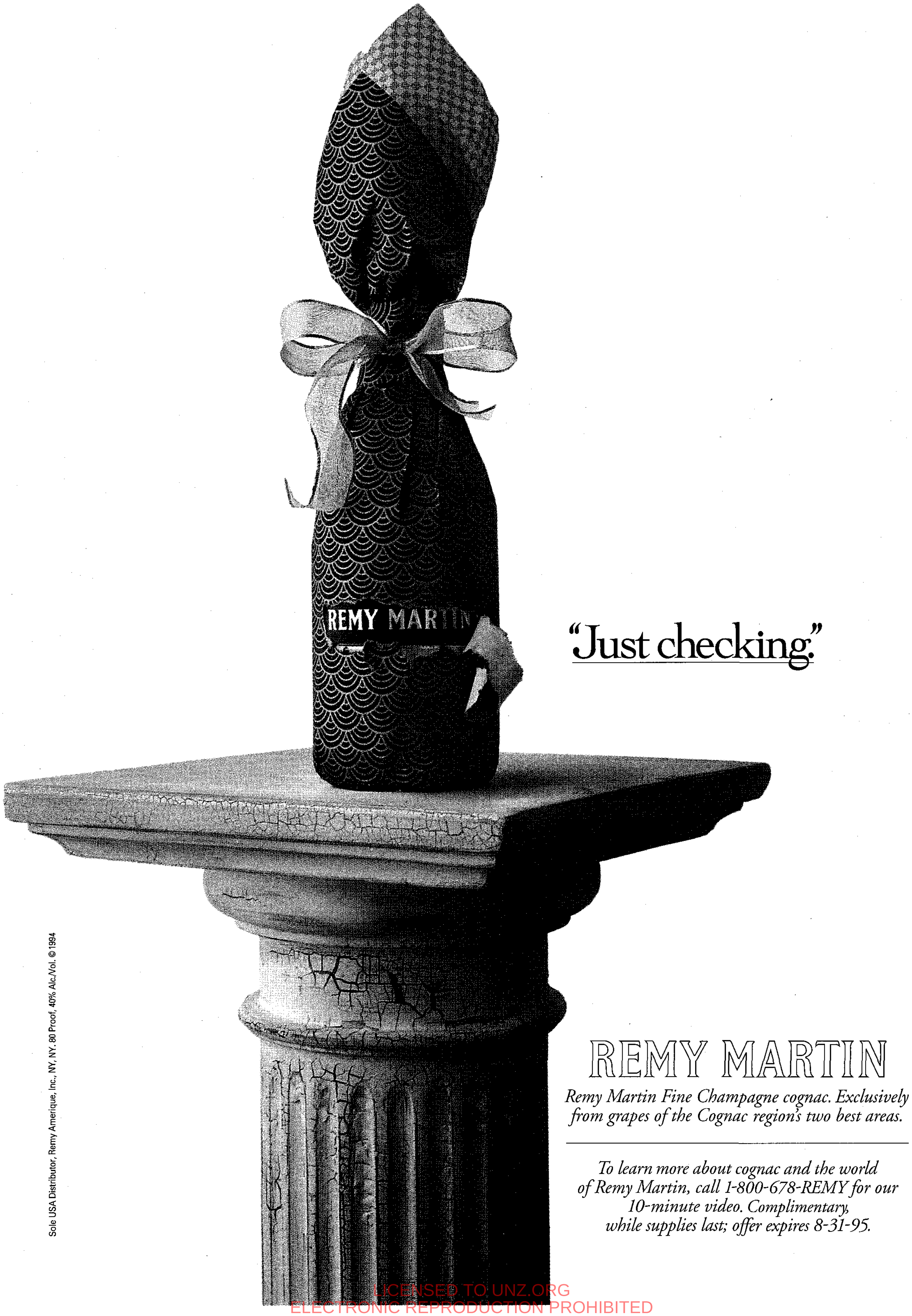
tim art. Bill T. Jones didn't do this all by himself; in fact, he probably didn't mean to do it at all.

WHERE it all began is not difficult to see. The arts bureaucracy in this country, which includes government and private funding agencies, has in recent years demonstrated a blatant bias for utilitarian art—art that justifies the bureaucracy's existence by being socially useful. This bias is inherent in the nature of government, although it did not seem to be when I was on a National Endowment for the Arts panel, in the late seventies. In those years, art and art appreciation were unquestioned good things to support, and "community outreach" had its own program. Jones, who came along at that time, was one of our favorites, because he seemed to be uninterested in conforming to the stereotype of the respectable black choreographer. By the late eighties, the ethos of community outreach had reached out and swallowed everything else; it was the only way the N.E.A. could survive. The private funders soon knuckled under to the community- and minority-minded lobbies—the whole dynamic of funding, which keeps the biggest government grants flowing on a matching-funds basis, made the knuckling under inevitable. But ideology had something to do with this. When even museum directors can talk about "using art" to meet this or that social need, you know that disinterested art has become anathema. (Disinterested art: you have to understand that there's no such thing.) The ideological boosters of utilitarian art hark back to the political crusades of the sixties—against Vietnam, for civil rights. The sixties, in turn, harked back to the proletarian thirties, when big-government bureaucracy began. And now once again after a thirty-year lapse we are condemned to repeat history.

I'll say one thing for the sixties: the dance profession flourished in a climate of aesthetic freedom it hasn't enjoyed since. Jones's main connection to the sixties experimenters was to the power they'd claimed to control the terms on which they could be artists and be written about as artists. This, it turns out in retrospect, was their lasting legacy, and Jones has been their most conspicuous legatee. Members of the sixties generation, seeing themselves as picking up where Merce Cunningham's revolution left off, had decided that walking and other forms of nondance locomotion were in fact dancing. Their authority was John Cage more than it was Cunningham (who continued to use pure-dance movement), and for a few years there was lively controversy in New York over the direction of the new postmodern (as it was then not yet called) modern dance. It seemed to many that this kind of dance had a built-in resistance to criticism—not to writing but to criticism. There were critics who specialized in this art, or anti-art, but few of them went beyond description. They hardly ever wrote about conventional dancing, but then writing about conventional dancing is hard. It's easier to describe actions that can be "danced" by you and me and require no formal evaluation.

Quite a number of the practitioners of the new dance assumed that because they abjured formality of expression they were beyond criticism—I don't know why. Dance critics have traditionally interested themselves in all sorts of "movement theatre"—puppets, skating, the circus. Theoretically, I am ready to go to anything—once. If it moves, I'm interested; if it moves to music, I'm in love. And if I'm turned off by what I see it's seldom because of the low-definition dance element. It was still possible in the sixties and seventies to unearth values in postmodern dance and write about those values as if they were the legitimate concern of the choreographers. Motion is motion; the body is the body. Multimedia theatre, a big thing then, enforced its own disciplines; you could write about it. The concerts that Bill T. Jones gave with his partner, Arnie Zane, were different from the ones he gave after Zane's death, though both were fairly typical of the post-sixties at-

"You have a meeting with Barney at ten, lunch at one with the Super Mario Bros., and an appointment at three with Sonic the Hedgehog."



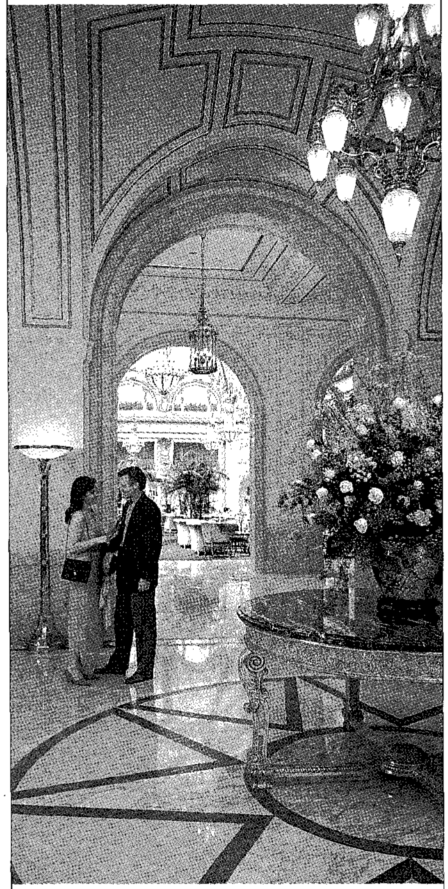
REMY MARTIN

Remy Martin Fine Champagne cognac. Exclusively from grapes of the Cognac region's two best areas.

To learn more about cognac and the world of Remy Martin, call 1-800-678-REMY for our 10-minute video. Complimentary, while supplies last; offer expires 8-31-95.

Sole USA Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY. 80 Proof, 40% Alc./Vol. © 1994

In San Francisco, there's one hotel the world calls home.



Experience the warmth that has brought travelers from around the world to the Palace.
The magnificent architecture.
The awe-inspiring Garden Court.
The tradition of service excellence.
The versatile mix of classic and ultra-modern meeting spaces.

Let the Palace capture your heart.
For reservations, call your Travel Planner or Sheraton at 800-325-3535.

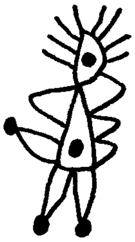
Sheraton Palace Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
2 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94105
PHONE 415-392-8600 FAX 415-543-0671
ITT SHERATON LUXURY COLLECTION

mosphere of "conceptual" dance. Talking and singing were mixed with dancing; dancing was mixed with nondancing. It was Jones who split the mixed media from the message, with his baiting of the audience. This was an aggressively personal extension of the defiant anti-conventionalism of the sixties, when you were manipulated into accepting what you saw as art. With Jones, you were actually intimidated.

At first, I saw the intimidation as part of the game that postmodernists played. Choreographers as different as Kenneth King and David Gordon and, later, William Forsythe had fun heckling the critics—anticipating or satirizing the reviews. Jones also did this. When I blasted an early work of his with the phrase "fever swamps," he retaliated by using the phrase as the title of a piece. It wasn't long before the Jones company became openly inflammatory. Politically provocative, accusatory, violent, it was a barely domesticated form of street theatre. And it declared war on critics, the most vocal portion of the audience. Jones's message, like Forsythe's, was clear: No back talk! Anything you say not only will be held against you but may be converted into grist for further paranoid accusation.

Many writers who discovered dance in the sixties and seventies felt as if they'd stumbled into the golden age of the art. All the way up and down the line, the most wonderful dancing, the most brilliant choreography were all about dance. What happened to politicize it? The promotion, for one thing, of the new arts-support networks, which began to stress the democratic and egalitarian aspects of nonformal movement. Academics, teaching newly accredited dance-history courses, also laid heavy stress on these aspects. By the eighties, when the culture wars got under way and the N.E.A. was targeted by pressure groups left and right, it had become painfully clear that New York-centered, disinterested, movement-game, do-your-own-thing, idealistic postmodern dance was doomed. It was élitist. It had no audience. It produced no repertory. Most fatally, it did not establish itself in the universities and influence the coming generations. The sixties, it turned out, had been not the golden dawn but the twilight of American modern dance, and suddenly there was Pina Bausch and Butoh. And AIDS.

The kind of dance that was against criticism because it was "against interpretation" wound up a dependent of taxpayers who wanted a say in the art forms they were supporting. But didn't the problem really originate in the self-awarded privileges of the sixties radicals? The kind of "innovation" that seeks to relieve critics of their primary task of evaluation is always suspect. In the sixties, if you didn't like the rules you made your own; you fought the critics because they impinged on your freedom. In the eighties, you fought the critics because they hampered your chances of getting grants. Criticism had always been an issue in postmodern dance. I'm not sure that criticism wasn't *the* issue: the freedom of the audience to judge versus the freedom of the artist to create. In the visual arts, Warholism had pretty well demolished the need for serious criticism. And the same kind of trash-into-art transformations in dance tempted lesser talents than those who had thought them up in the first place. "It's art if I say it is," the Humpty-Dumpty war cry of the sixties, was a pathetic last-ditch attempt to confound the philistines, but now the philistines are likely to be the artists themselves. From the moment that Bill T. Jones declared himself H.I.V.-positive and began making AIDS-focussed pieces for himself and members of his company—from that moment it was obvious that the permissive thinking of the sixties was back, and in the most pernicious form. Actually, I'm not sure who came first: Jones the AIDS victim or Mapplethorpe the AIDS victim. But Jones and Mapplethorpe, parallel self-declared cases of pathology in art, have effectively disarmed criticism. They're not so much above art as beyond it. The need for any further evaluation, formal or otherwise, has been discredited. Where will it go from here? If an artist paints a picture in his own blood, what does it matter if I think it's not a very good picture? If he mixes the blood with Day-Glo colors, who will

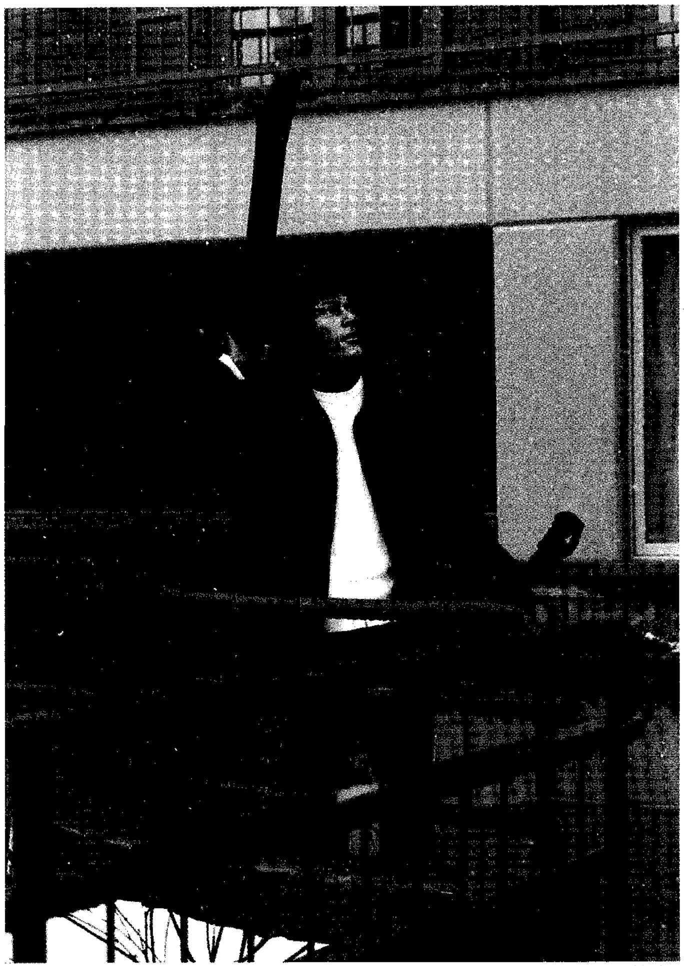


criticize him? The artist is going to bleed to death, and that's it.

PAINTING pictures in their own blood was, metaphorically speaking, what many artists of the nineteenth century were doing. Even when they weren't mentally unsound or dying of syphilis or tuberculosis, they were preoccupied with death—their own or that of the Beloved. One's personal disease and impending death were unmentionable—Keats wrote no "Ode to Consumption"—but through art the individual spirit could override them both. Even in music, which can name nothing, which can only attract names (the Funeral March), and which can therefore speak freely, it is the surging spirit of Chopin that calls out, not the raging bacillus. One man, one death, one art. And what an art. After two world wars and the other unspeakable terrors of our century, death is no longer the nameless one; we have unmasked death. But we have also created an art with no power of transcendence, no way of assuring us that the grandeur of the individual spirit is more worth celebrating than the political clout of the group.

A few weeks ago, I attended a seminar on Schumann and mental illness. The psychiatrists who spoke were unanimous in the conviction that though Schumann's ailments were clinically real and debilitating, they were not accountable for the generally perceived decline in his later music. Because Schumann went mad, we think the madness must have told in his art. But the later Schumann is not deranged; it is dry. The composer had exhausted himself in the rigors of his music. Drained of inspiration, he thought he heard themes being sung to him by angels, and they turned out to be variations on themes he had already composed. The depletion experienced by Schumann is haunting the world of art in which we live today. We are all, artists and nonartists alike, survivors and curators, shoring up the art of the past, rummaging among its discards for new ideas. The nineteenth century and its wealth of art almost can't be comprehended; the bravura individualism that drove Schumann on is almost alienating. Personal despondency is not so easily sublimated today, nor do we look to sublimate it. Instead, it's disease and

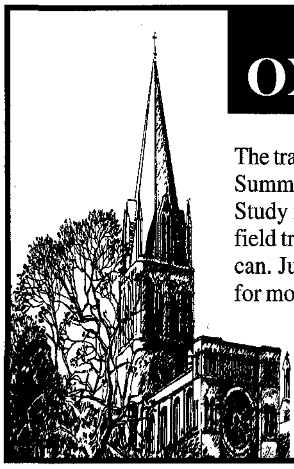
J. SEWARD JOHNSON, JR.
Lifesize Bronze Sculpture



"Anticipation" Bronze, Lifesize

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS
Rome, Italy
Vail, Colorado
Chicago, Illinois
Los Angeles, California

SCULPTURE PLACEMENT, LTD.
P.O. BOX 9709, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20016
TELEPHONE 202.362.9310 FACSIMILE 202.944.4416
CATALOG AVAILABLE



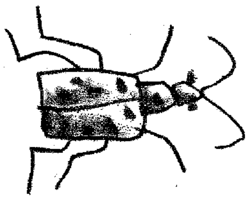
FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
OXFORD SUMMER PROGRAM

The tradition. The prestige. The incomparable academic quality. Spend Summer '95 experiencing Oxford at historic Christ Church College. Study in-residence with Oxford tutors...earn academic credit...make field trips to historic sites...get to know England in a way few visitors can. July 3-22 and July 24 - Aug. 12, 1995. Please write, call or fax for more information on this outstanding program.

OXFORD Program, Florida State University
Center for Professional Development & Public Service
Box A-4, Tallahassee, FL 32306-2027
Phone 904/644-7540 • FAX 904/644-2589

death that are taking over and running the show. As in the old woodcuts of Famine and Plague, a collective nightmare descends from which no one may be spared. And the end of twentieth-century collectivism is the AIDS quilt. The wistful desire to commemorate is converted into a pathetic lumping together, the individual absorbed by the group, the group by the disease.

The morbidity of so much Romantic art is bearable because it has a spiritual dimension. The immolation of the body leaves something behind: it's like a burning glass through which we see a life beyond life—not "the afterlife" but an animation of spirit, a dream life more abundantly strange and real than anything we know. The Romantics did not use art, they were used by it, consumed by it as much as by killer diseases. The mass-produced art of the twentieth century, art that has no spiritual dimension, is art that you can use. In fact, the potential of mass-produced art, whether for general enlightenment or gross dehumanization, was a prime topic of intellectual debate for most of the century. It wasn't so very long ago that people were arguing the merits of "educational" TV. They don't do that anymore. The last quarter of our century, which has seen the biggest technological advances in mass communications since the first quarter, hasn't sensitized us to the uses of mass-produced art; it has simply canonized as art that which is mass-produced. And it's the mass-production sensibility operating in terms of high art that's so depressing today—in these grisly high-minded movies like "Schindler's List" (showered with Oscars while the Serbian genocide goes on and on), these AIDS epics, these performance-art shockers like "Still/Here." Artists today, whether their medium is popular art or not, work in a climate dominated by TV and the passive narcissism of the TV audience. The quasi-clinical attention to suffering that is the specialty of the TV talk shows may be a sham, but it's not such a sham as pretending to tell us how terminal illnesses are to be borne or what to make of Schindler and his list. And can we really displace the blame for our cultural deprivation on the wars, the death camps, and the bomb? It's worth remembering that most of the masterpieces of art and literature of this century were created by exiles or by those who worked on despite evil conditions in their homeland.



And, despite everything that is being done to discourage them, good artists are at work today. "The Family Business," a play written by David Gordon and his son Ain Gordon, which will return for an extended New York run next spring, deals with sickness and dying in cathartic terms that are the polar opposite of those employed in "Still/Here." The main character, a helpless, ranting, shrewd old woman around whom the other characters form a death vigil, is played by David Gordon himself, in a housedress, with a foolish-looking barrette in his hair. There are no videos, no testimonials, no confessions, yet every word seems taken from life. How David Gordon, one of the original radicals of postmodern dance, escaped being trapped by the logic of sixties permissiveness and Bill T. Jones did not is a question that can't be answered by some presumed cultural advantage that Jews have over blacks. Jones, caught up in his own charisma, didn't seem to hear the trap being sprung. But there was also a more invidious logic at work, in the campaigns of the multiculturalists, the moral guardians, and the minority groups. Together with entertainment-world evangelism and art-world philistinism, they made up a juggernaut that probably no one in Jones's position could have escaped.

Bill T. Jones seems to have been designated by his time to become the John the Baptist of victim art. (His Christ was Arnie Zane, who died of AIDS in 1988.) For me, Jones is undiscussable, as I've said, because he has taken sanctuary among the unwell. Victim art defies criticism not only because we feel sorry for the victim but because we are cowed by art. A few years ago, a jury in Cincinnati acquitted a museum director who had been charged with obscenity for putting prints from Mapplethorpe's "X," "Y," and "Z" portfolios on public display. Members of the jury told reporters afterward that they had based their verdict on "expert" testimony that the photographs were art. Art sanctifies. The possibility that Mapplethorpe was a bad artist or that good art could be obscene seems not to have occurred to anyone. Naturally not, since this is a subject for critics to discuss, not juries.

I do not remember a time when the critic has seemed more expendable than now. Oscar Wilde wrote that the Greeks had no art critics because they were a nation of art critics. But the critic who wishes to restore the old connection between the artist and his audience appeals in vain to readers who have been brought up on the idea of art as something that's beneficial and arcane at the same time. People for whom art is too fine, too high, too educational, too complicated may find themselves turning with relief to the new tribe of victim artists parading their wounds. They don't care whether it's an art form. They find something to respond to in the litany of pain, and they make their own connection to what the victim is saying. Of course, they are all co-religionists in the cult of Self. Only the narcissism of the nineties could put Self in place of Spirit and come up with a church service that sells out the Brooklyn Academy. ♦

CORRECTION OF THE YEAR

[*From the London Sunday Telegraph*]

Frank Warren has asked us to correct a number of points in a profile of him published on April 4. There was no family business providing pin-ball tables, jukeboxes and cigarette machines to London pubs and therefore any suggestion that violence may have been threatened to obtain payment would be unfounded.

Mr Warren has never promoted fights in pubs or pub gardens. He does not owe Nicky Tarrant any money, nor did he tell her that he was leaving his wife, go househunting with her, or send her 5,000 roses.

Ambrose Mendy was never a business associate of his. The British Boxing Board of Control's finding that Mr Warren interfered with a boxer who was contracted to another promoter, and its fine of £5,000, were both quashed on appeal and his promoter's license was not suspended.

Mr Warren did not allow Terry Marsh to box knowing he had epilepsy. Mr Marsh now says that he does not have epilepsy.

Mr Warren was born in 1952 and formed the National Boxing Council, not the National Boxing Association; his meeting with Lord Gowrie was to obtain a work permit for a boxer at one of his promotions, he did not attempt to get involved in Tottenham or Derby football clubs, and there is no evidence that the person who shot him in 1989 was settling a score or involved in a feud.

We wish to apologise to Mr Warren for these errors, and are happy to set the record straight.

Let Yourself Go!

A Special Offer for American Express® Cardmembers from Dollar Rent A Car

Let Yourself Go... with a great Florida travel deal from Dollar and American Express. Rent a new convertible, minivan, or full-size vehicle at participating Dollar locations in Florida using the American Express® Card, and go with a special low rate through February 6, 1995. Plus, fly Continental, the airline that gives you more airline for your money, with over 200 daily flights to Florida.

Continental Airlines

So let yourself go and get a great car rental deal. For reservations, call your professional travel agent, or call **1-800-800-8687**

Mention Rate Code "LETGO"

As a special bonus with Dollar in Florida, you'll receive a telephone card good for 15 minutes of FREE long distance calling anywhere in the U.S.

Florida Only

$26.99

26 per day

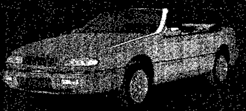
Unlimited Mileage - Airport Fees Included

Optional CDW $13.99 a day or less where available.

Rate good when renting with the American Express Card only. A 24-hour advance reservation required. Certain renter qualifications and blackout periods may apply. Unlimited mileage may be geographically restricted. Fuel, additional driver fees, taxes and optional items are extra. Return vehicle to any participating Florida location. Some additional charges may apply. Offer subject to vehicle availability at participating Florida locations. Rate applies to drivers 25 years and over and is good through February 6, 1995.

©1994 Dollar Systems, Inc.

Chrysler LeBaron Sedan



Chrysler LeBaron Convertible

Plymouth Voyager Minivan

Dollar features quality products of the Chrysler Corporation like the Chrysler LeBaron Sedan, Chrysler LeBaron Convertible, Plymouth Voyager Minivan and other fine cars.

DOLLAR®
RENT A CAR

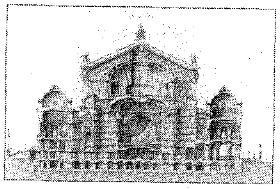
AMERICAN EXPRESS
C F FROST

Don't leave home without it®

AUCTIONS AT SWANN

January 12 at 10:30 a.m.

ART & ARCHITECTURE BOOKS



Charles Garnier, *Le Nouvel Opera de Paris*, 2 volumes, 1878–81

Catalogue $10

January 26 at 3:30 p.m.

POSTERS

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Joseph Binder, 1939.

Illustrated Catalogue $25

For preview hours and newsletter, please call Swann at (212) 254-4710.

SWANN GALLERIES

104 East 25th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

Gallery

Luxurious Town House Hotel

Quietly situated in the heart of Kensington.
36 individually and sumptuously furnished
Club Rooms with Butler Service.
Your ideal residence in London.

8–10 Queensberry Place
London SW7 2EA

Tel: + 44 (71) 915 0000
Fax: + 44 (71) 915 4400

London

THE ROSE
Pin

Sterling Silver $45.00
14k Gold $220.00

VISA, MC, AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 hrs. 7 days
S/H $3.50

Actual Size
Velvet Box

ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

Italian Rentals

Villas, farmhouses, apartments
...simple to luxurious.

ELAINE MUOIO
Fax: 202/362-0520
Telephone: 202/244-5345

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THIS SIDE OF PARADISO

You can't get good bread in Tuscany anymore, and the chicken is factory-farmed, but a few weeks in a country kitchen reveal that the Tuscan soul is still intact.

BY JASON EPSTEIN

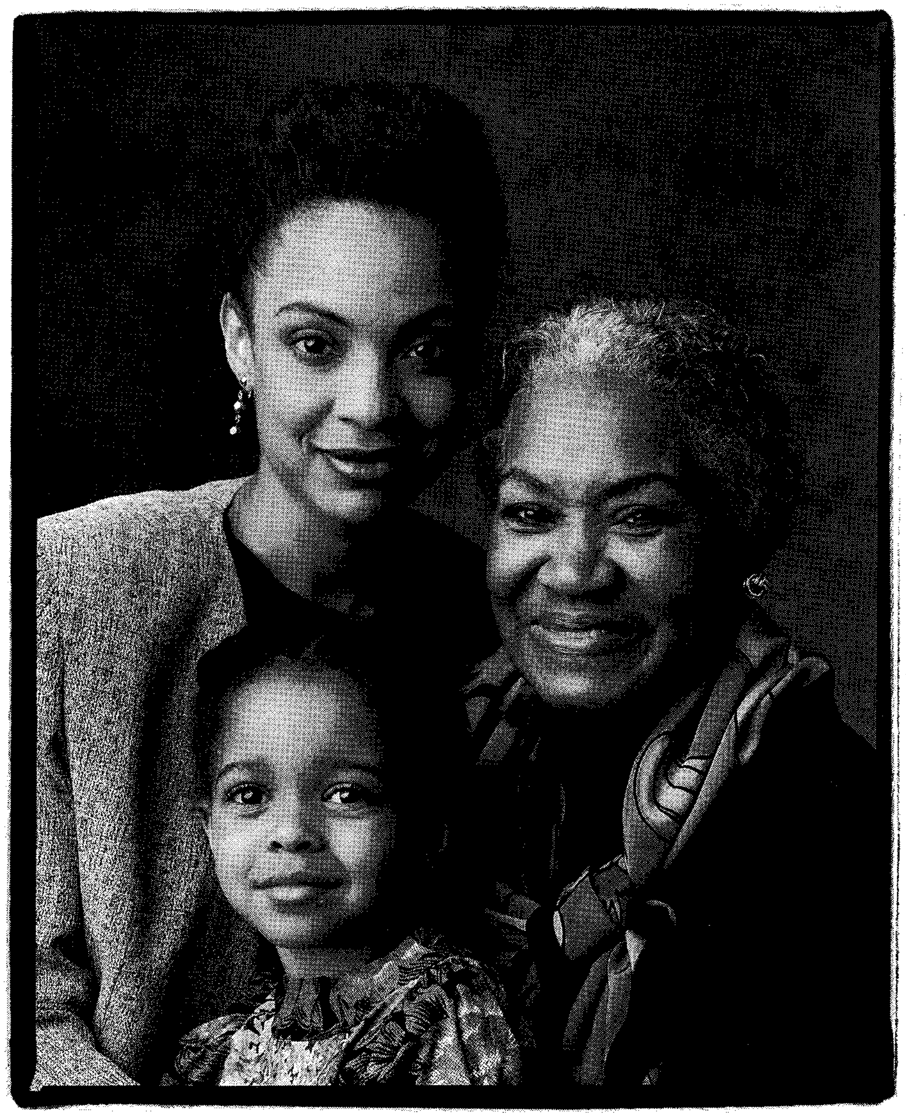
LOUSTAL

SOME sixty years ago, the eccentric—one might as well say insane—Italian Futurist F. T. Marinetti wanted to replace the traditional Italian diet with one that reflected the modern world of radio, fast trains, and ocean liners: a diet with a taste of steel and electricity. Above all, he wanted to abolish pasta. "We stand on the last promontory of the centuries! We will glorify war—the world's only hygiene," Marinetti had written as a young man in 1909, in his Futurist Manifesto. "We will destroy the museums, libraries, academies of every kind. . . . We will sing of great crowds excited by work, by pleasure, and by riot; we will sing of the multi-coloured, polyphonic tides of revolution in the modern capitals; we will sing of the vibrant nightly fervour of arsenals and shipyards blazing with violent electric moons. . . . It is from Italy that we launch through the world this violently upsetting incendiary manifesto of ours. With it, today, we establish *Futurism*, because we want to free this land from its smelly gangrene of professors, archaeologists, *ciceroni*, and antiquarians. For too long Italy has been a dealer in second-hand clothes. We mean to free her from the numberless museums that cover her like so many graveyards."

In 1919, Marinetti joined the young Fascist Party, but he soon abandoned it. In 1926, when Mussolini tried to lure him back with an offer of membership in his Italian Academy, Marinetti, an anarchist and a snob, refused. Mussolini was lucky to be rid of him, for Marinetti's antics might have caused a rebellion when, four years later, he issued his manifesto of Futurist cooking. Pasta is passé, he wrote, and it makes people heavy and brutish. (Perhaps he was thinking of Mussolini himself.) He proposed instead a menu of *consumato* of roses and sunshine, roast lamb in lion sauce, and a Mediterranean "zig, zug, zag." There would be no more spaghetti, no knives and forks, no after-dinner speeches. To replace "anti-virile pastasciutta," he suggested nutritious radio waves, aerofood, and similar Dada foolishness. He wasn't joking. He apparently believed that human beings should resemble machines.

Today, Marinetti is all but forgotten by a soul-starved age that has been dispossessed by countless alienating technologies—an age, moreover, that has made a religion of noodles. I, too, had all but forgotten Marinetti until I found myself awake and restless on a flight to Italy recently and took from a pile of books I had brought a copy of his "Futurist Cookbook," reissued by Trefoil, a London firm that specializes in the writings of such modernists as Le Corbusier, Raymond Loewy, and Buckminster Fuller. As I sat there, thinking of the pasta and other pleasures

©1994 Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc. Member SIPC.



In the best of families you always know where you stand. Ours too.

Defined Asset Funds℠ are unit investment trusts that have been a part of our family of funds for over twenty years. Because unlike some other investments, you know what you're investing in before you buy. And these professionally selected portfolios of stocks and bonds are supervised rather than managed, so there's no management fee. To find out more, talk to one of the financial professionals below. For a free copy of "Investing with Defined Asset Funds," call 1-800-562-2926, ext. 606.

The Defined Asset Fund Sponsors

Merrill Lynch

Smith Barney • PaineWebber • Prudential Securities • Dean Witter

A free prospectus containing more complete information on any Defined Asset Fund, including all charges and expenses, is available. Read the prospectus carefully before investing.

I looked forward to in Tuscany, these men seemed to me as passé as Futurism itself, and their work as old-fashioned as Saarinen's grimy and crumbling T.W.A. terminal, where I had awaited my flight three hours earlier.

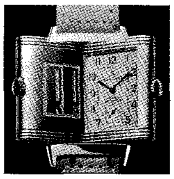
It must have been the Tuscan hills on a September morning that inspired Dante's Paradiso: the pure and boundless light; the planted hillsides, with their rows of vines and silver olive trees, looking as if they had been painted; the valleys, with their fields of sunflowers, the walled towns in a blue haze cresting the hills. To see all this from the hilltop farmhouse that some friends and I rented for a few weeks is to know what Dante meant when he said that he had found, at last, all the leaves of the universe bound into one volume.

Our farmhouse, pale yellow trimmed in tan, with a classical façade, a Palladian roof, and symmetrical windows framed by shutters, turned out to be a much larger and more splendid place than we needed or had expected. It came complete with servants: Silvia, the cook; her husband, Francesco, who looked after the garden; and Ivana, the maid, who helped in the kitchen and waited on table, and who believed that if she spoke in a lilting cadence, as if addressing an infant or a cat, and shaped each word carefully with her hands, we would surely understand her fine Tuscan speech.

Some weeks earlier, I had written to the agent from whom we rented the farmhouse to say that I would like to cook some of our meals myself, and she replied that Silvia would be delighted. This turned out to be true. Silvia proved a joy to cook with and, unlike many cooks in her situation, soon found my meddling in her kitchen entertaining rather than a threat or a nuisance. By the time our stay was over, she had taught me more than I could ever have learned by deconstructing the dandified tourist dishes we were served in the half-dozen expensive Tuscan restaurants that we visited. Yet the beginning of our collaboration was difficult, for on the day of our arrival, when I accepted Silvia's invitation to come down to her spotless kitchen, with its floor of red tiles, and ran my hand along her white marble counters and admired her eight-burner stove, with its electronic pilots and enough oven space for a half-dozen

REVERSO.
AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1931.

THE LEGEND LIVES ON – IN THE REVERSO "GRANDE TAILLE". OUR MASTER-WATCHMAKERS NEVER REST ON THEIR LAURELS. NEITHER ON OUR 160-YEAR TRADITION OF MAKING THE FINEST MECHANICAL MOVEMENTS, NOR ON THE FAME OF THE REVERSO'S REVERSIBLE CASE, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN MADE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS IN THE CONSISTENT PURITY OF THE ART DÉCO STYLE. THE LARGER REVERSO "GRANDE TAILLE" ALREADY POSSESSES ALL THE NECESSARY QUALITIES TO BECOME A HIGH-VALUE COLLECTOR'S WATCH.



AN INGENIOUSLY SIMPLE MECHANISM ALLOWS THE CASE OF THE REVERSO "GRANDE TAILLE" TO BE TURNED OVER AND REVERSED. WHEN ENGRAVED WITH YOUR MONOGRAM, THE REVERSO REVEALS WITH EXQUISITE STYLE THAT IT IS THE ONLY WATCH WITH TWO FACES.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

daniele trissi Ltd.
Westchester's Fine Jewelry and Watch Store
14-16 Spencer Place, Scarsdale, New York 10583
914 723-4500 / 1 800 998-9228

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT WATCHES FROM JAEGER-LECOULTRE, OR FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE, CONTAINING MORE THAN 200 PAGES WITH DETAILED INFORMATION ABOUT JAEGER-LECOULTRE'S HISTORY AND PRODUCTS, CONTACT:
JAEGER-LECOULTRE, P. O. BOX 1608, WINCHESTER, VA 22604, TELEPHONE (800) JLC-TIME.

SEARLE

Be Prepared

Our Reversible
Shearling
Shirt Jacket

Call For Our Shearling Catalog

860 Madison Ave. at 70 St. (212) 772-2225
1035 Madison Ave. at 79 St. (212) 717-4022
1124 Madison Ave. at 84 St. (212) 988-7318
All Stores Open Sundays
609 Madison Ave. at 58 St. (212) 753-9021
1051 Third Ave. at 62 St. (212) 838-5990

ESTABLISHED 1928

OCEANFRONT EXCELLENCE

Welcome to the crown jewel of Florida's north shore - the Ponte Vedra Inn & Club. Nestled in PonteVedra Beach, one of America's most charming seaside communities, this landmark oceanfront resort offers a most private, secluded and unhurried vacation experience. You'll enjoy luxurious rooms and suites, ocean, beach, golf, tennis, fitness, spa, shopping, fine dining and more. We invite your call for more information. (800) 234 - 7842

Ponte Vedra Inn & Club
Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida
(*Just 20 minutes from Jacksonville*)

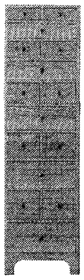
"From the Heart"
a commemorative pendant

Sterling $85
Gold by quote

all pieces signed, dated & numbered.

Available in 1994 only.

MEGIN DIAMOND DESIGNS
1-800-808-4 ART
P.O. Box 4095
Santa Fe
NM
87502

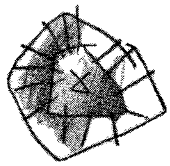


15- DRAWER CHEST
15 X 14 x 50
SOLID CHERRY
296 HAND-CUT DOVETAILS
168 INDIVIDUAL PARTS
2 SECRET COMPARTMENTS
1 SILVER DOLLAR...
THE REST IS UP TO YOU.
CATALOG $5
C. H. BECKSVOORT
FURNITUREMAKER
Box 12
New Gloucester, ME 04260

• A PERFECT GIFT •
The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept. RC, PO Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022, 1-800-648-5168

pies, she could see at once that I was disappointed.

In those first, stiff moments, as we groped toward a mixture of English and Italian that would suit us both, I asked, more brusquely than I meant to, whether we couldn't buy in the market something better than the cottony, unsalted bread with a spongy crust that I found on the counter. "*Insipido*" was the tactless word I used. She said, with an apologetic shrug, "No. No one has time to bake bread at home now, and the old village bakeries are gone. This is what they sell here now." And when I asked if she had some good ripe tomatoes—round red ones rather than the pale plum tomatoes in her basket—she said, "Not in the market, but maybe Franco can find a few in his garden." But why, her puzzled expression implied, would I want red, ripe tomatoes? Then she laid a few scrawny, factory-raised chickens from Livorno on the counter for our first dinner, and I asked whether there wasn't a farmer in the neighborhood who sold plump, farm-grown chickens. "No," she said. "The *contadini* raise their chickens for themselves. Everyone else goes to the Superal and buys these." But then, sensing that my disappointment had gone too far, she said, "Look at this," and, with a confident smile, opened a big stainless-steel freezer and removed a pale-pink haunch of what looked like veal. "*Bellissimo!*" she said.



"*Vitello!*" I replied, relieved to find at last something to praise.

"*Vitello no*," she said, holding the haunch up to the light and patting it. "*Cinghiale*. Maybe for tomorrow, if you like, or *lunedì*, if you'd rather. Wild pig. The best part." She thrust her hip out and rubbed the top of her rump to show where the meat had come from. "Shot in the forest. The best part."

"Fine," I told her. "Anytime you like." I was charmed by her good nature and by the way her face reacted instantly to each passing emotion, mine as well as her own.

At that moment, it became plain that Silvia and I were going to get along. She handed me a piece of pecorino—the straw-colored cheese made from sheep's milk—that Franco, she said, had bought from a farmer on a back road to Florence. The cheese had a slight sharpness tucked beneath its gentle surface, and it was better, I told Silvia, than the pecorino I buy on Grand Street, in Manhattan. She answered not in words but with an uplifted right shoulder, as if to say, "What else would you expect?"

But why were Silvia's bread and chickens such miserable imitations of what could be found on Grand Street and in countless other postmodern culinary enclaves in the United States? At first, I was puzzled, but soon the answer became obvious. America's appetite for what might be called retro food—authentic reproductions of classic staples, such as crusty, firm-textured bread baked in brick ovens, and well-fed poultry raised not in cramped factory cages but in airy outdoor yards—was a reaction to the mechanized American diet that accompanied the hegemony of the supermarket after the Second World War. Except for a few items, like Silvia's bread and chickens, the Tuscans had yet to suffer the full assault of this modernization, and so they felt no urgency to re-create the old forms of production. It occurred to me that this might change as the E.C. imposed its uniform agricultural standards throughout Europe and forced the Tuscans to restore their old village bakeries and poultry yards in self-defense. But this wasn't about to happen during our Tuscan holiday, and it didn't matter. The rest of Silvia's ingredients, to say nothing of her technique, were as authentic as the Tuscan hills where she had grown up and where her family had lived, as far as she knew, forever.

Silvia was in her forties, though she seemed younger; and she had two grown sons—one in the carabinieri, the other still at school. She was no longer slim, but with her dyed yellow hair, her enthusiasm, and her agility in the kitchen, she seemed to me girlish. I would have been happy spending all my time with her at the farmhouse or exploring the markets at Castelfiorentino, at the base of our hill, and at Gambassi Terme, in the hills on the road to San Gimignano, some twenty kilometres to the south. But the others wanted to visit churches and look at pictures, so every morning, despite unusually hot September weather, we would set out for Volterra or Siena or Arezzo or Florence or Lucca. None of these cities were

~~Little Larry~~

~~Small Sam~~

~~Puny Pete~~

Tiny Tim

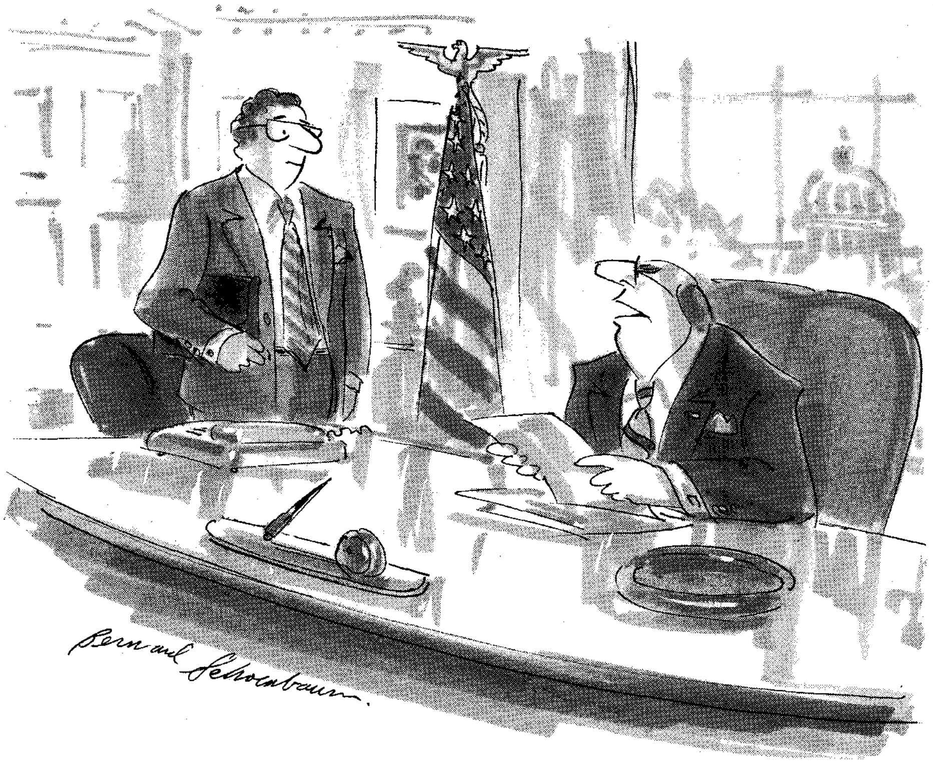
FROM DICKENS'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, A PERFORMANCE OF *A CHRISTMAS CAROL* THAT WILL MAKE YOU FORGET ALL CHRISTMAS CAROLS PAST.

Dickens's notes have survived. Now, you can hear *A Christmas Carol* the way he always wanted it to be read. Reading from Dickens's original manuscript, James Earl Jones and Martin Sheen perform "Bah! Humbug!" The narration will be provided by Robert MacNeil. New York Life and PBS invite you to experience a new twist on this holiday tradition. We'll expect you Christmas evening when the bells toll eight.

"BAH! HUMBUG!" 8 P.M. (ET) ON PBS, DECEMBER 25.
(CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS.)

CELEBRATE
NEW YORK LIFE
150 YEARS

©1994 New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010. All rights reserved.



"And see that you place the blame where it will do the most good."

more than an hour away, on roads that twisted through the beautiful Tuscan hills, their slopes covered with neat rows of vines bearing the Sangiovese grapes from which the local Chianti gets its flavor.

Each day, after we had visited the churches and seen the pictures, we would find a place for lunch. Before lunch, I would look in the shops for some good bread, always in vain, and a ripe tomato or some good ham and local cheese. One day, in a small shop in a town called Radda, where a number of English and American vacationers rent villas for the summer, I was lucky enough to find two farm-raised chickens. As I was paying for them, it struck me that I was as eager to surprise Silvia with my discoveries as I was to provide for our own meals.

I WAS curious, during my trip, about what difference, if any, Italy's new right-wing government, with its Fascist and federalist allies, had made in the few months it had been in power. Were the alarming prophecies that I had heard in New York likely to come true? Were the Florentines and other Tuscans, some of whom had been defiant of Mussolini, now ready to shave their heads, buy black leather jackets, and parade through their cities, as a band of skinheads had paraded in the rich northern city of Vicenza four months earlier? Was there a new Marinetti, once more proposing to abolish Italy's corrupt and stultifying past? Was it in his spirit that the bread had been rendered tasteless and the chickens wrapped in plastic?

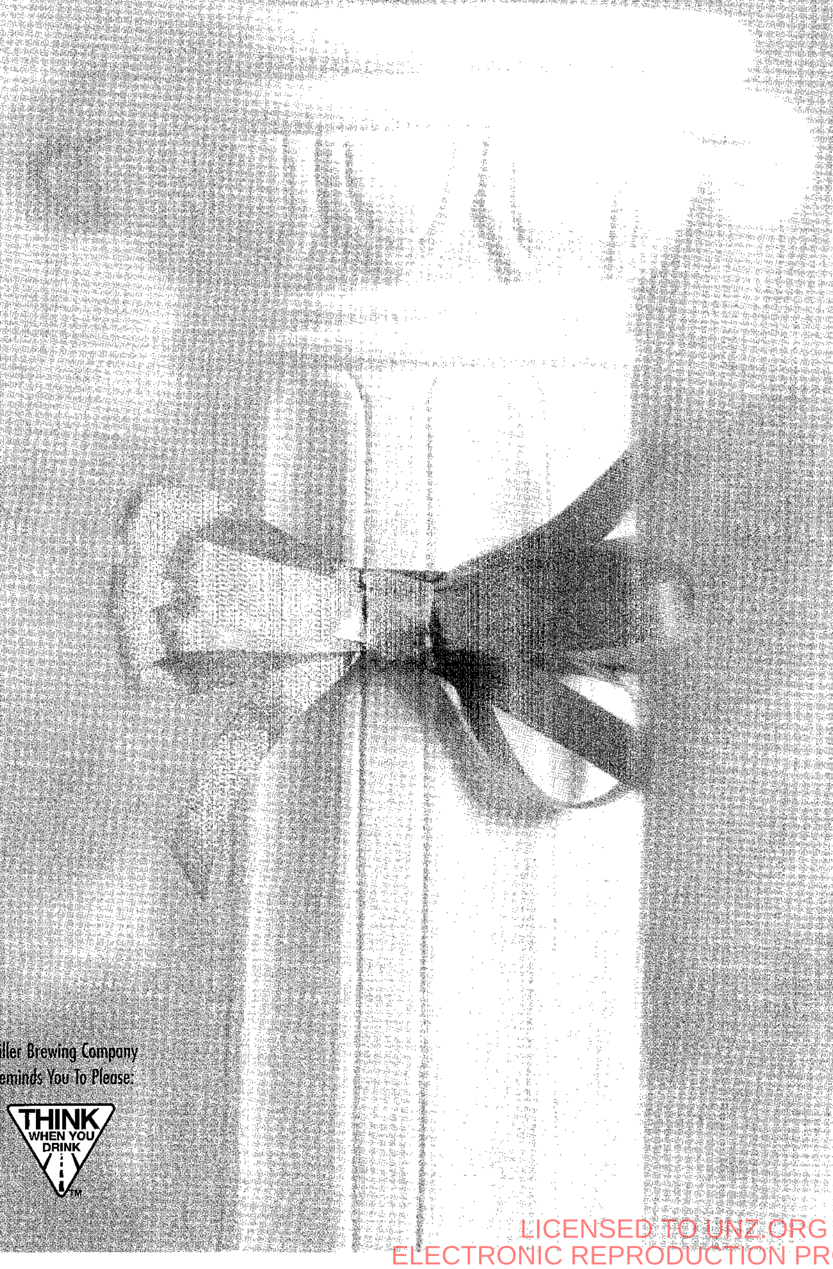
In Siena, at any rate, nothing seemed to have changed. The fan-shaped Piazza del Campo, its lovely brick pavement sloping down toward the seven-hundred-year-old Palazzo Pubblico, was no different from what I remembered from my last visit to Siena, thirty years ago. Except for a few Sienese on motor scooters, and the café, with its San Pellegrino umbrellas, very little can have changed—at least outwardly—since the time of Cosimo de' Medici.

To judge by the expensive shops along the narrow Gothic streets that surround the piazza, Siena's sixty thousand inhabitants were evidently prospering despite Italy's widely proclaimed economic mess, including a national debt that is said to be a hundred and twenty per cent of last year's G.D.P. The lira was very low, and the extravagant Italian pension system still took forty per cent of the national budget. There is no telling how much had been stolen by corrupt businessmen and politicians of all parties, thousands of whom, under Italy's peculiar criminal code, were now imprisoned and denied bail as they awaited trial. Though the shops selling good antique furniture, expensive hams, and the confection called *panforte*, which the Sienese have been making since the Middle Ages, were evidently aimed at the tourist trade, this could not be true of the shops selling rare wines, wild game, and fish—the fish lit theatrically from above and arranged, like jewels, upon beds of ice. These shops obviously catered to the Sienese themselves, some of whom apparently didn't mind paying the equivalent of fifteen dollars a kilo for fresh sardines and even more for red mullet.

But on our two visits to Siena we saw very few Sienese. Except for groups of tourists, with their green *Michelins* and their video cameras, the streets in September were almost empty—a phenomenon that we noticed wherever we went in Tuscany. In some of the smaller cities and towns, it was as if a neutron bomb had landed. "Everyone is still at the seashore," I was told, or people were in their houses having lunch, but these explanations seemed inadequate. I knew that Italy had the lowest birth rate in the world and was losing population, especially in the north, but this could hardly account for the empty streets. I never did find the answer, but I was grateful that in Siena the churches and the museums weren't crowded and there weren't many customers in the shops that sold autumn's first plump porcini—the apotheosis of edible mushrooms. Moreover, the price was only about twenty thousand lire a kilo—twelve dollars for nearly two and a quarter pounds, or less than a quarter of the price of porcini in New York, if they could be found there at all. Greedily, I bought an entire basket. I also bought some Treviso radicchio—the kind you toss in olive oil and grill lightly over a wood fire.

That morning, on the way to the piazza we had passed a *macelleria* that displayed in its window one side of a short loin of beef. When I crossed the narrow Via della Sapienza with my sack of porcini and stepped through the beaded

Aid For AIDS
AIDS Action Council
AIDS Action Foundation
AIDS Emergency Fund
AIDS Resource Center of New York City
ARCW
AmFar
AVOC
Broadway Cares - Equity Fights AIDS
DIFFA
Food & Friends
GMHC
Milwaukee AIDS Project
National Minority AIDS Council
NOWAP
Project Angel Food
SEWAP
Spring To Life
Sussex County AIDS Committee
Under One Roof
Wisconsin AIDS Fund



Join Miller by giving strength to those who support the fight against AIDS.

Give generously to
your local AIDS organization.

Miller®

Miller Brewing Company Milwaukee, WI

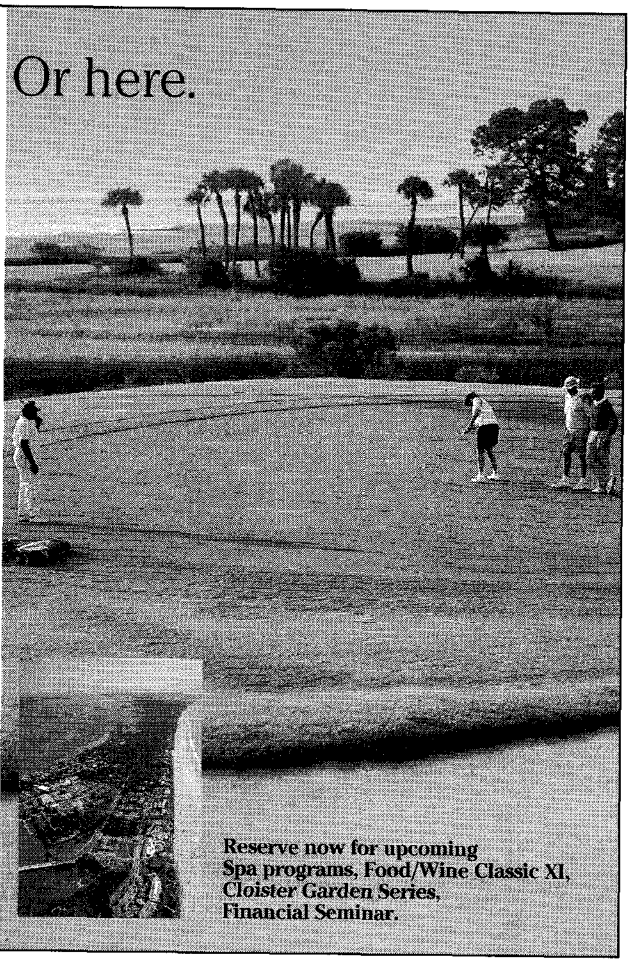
Miller Brewing Company
Reminds You To Please:
THINK WHEN YOU DRINK™

Chances are we're playing your song.

1560
WQEW am STEREO

The home of American popular standards. All the way up on your AM dial.

Anywhere. Or here.



Of those who travel the world, who can go anywhere, anytime, many choose to come here.

People who can make once-in-a-lifetime journeys on a whim know our staff by name. They discover their favorite seasons, make The Cloister and Sea Island part of their lives. And often return for a lifetime.

To arrange a first visit, call 800-SEA-ISLAND or 912-638-3611. Anytime.

The Cloister, Sea Island, GA 31561.

Sea Island® THE CLOISTER®

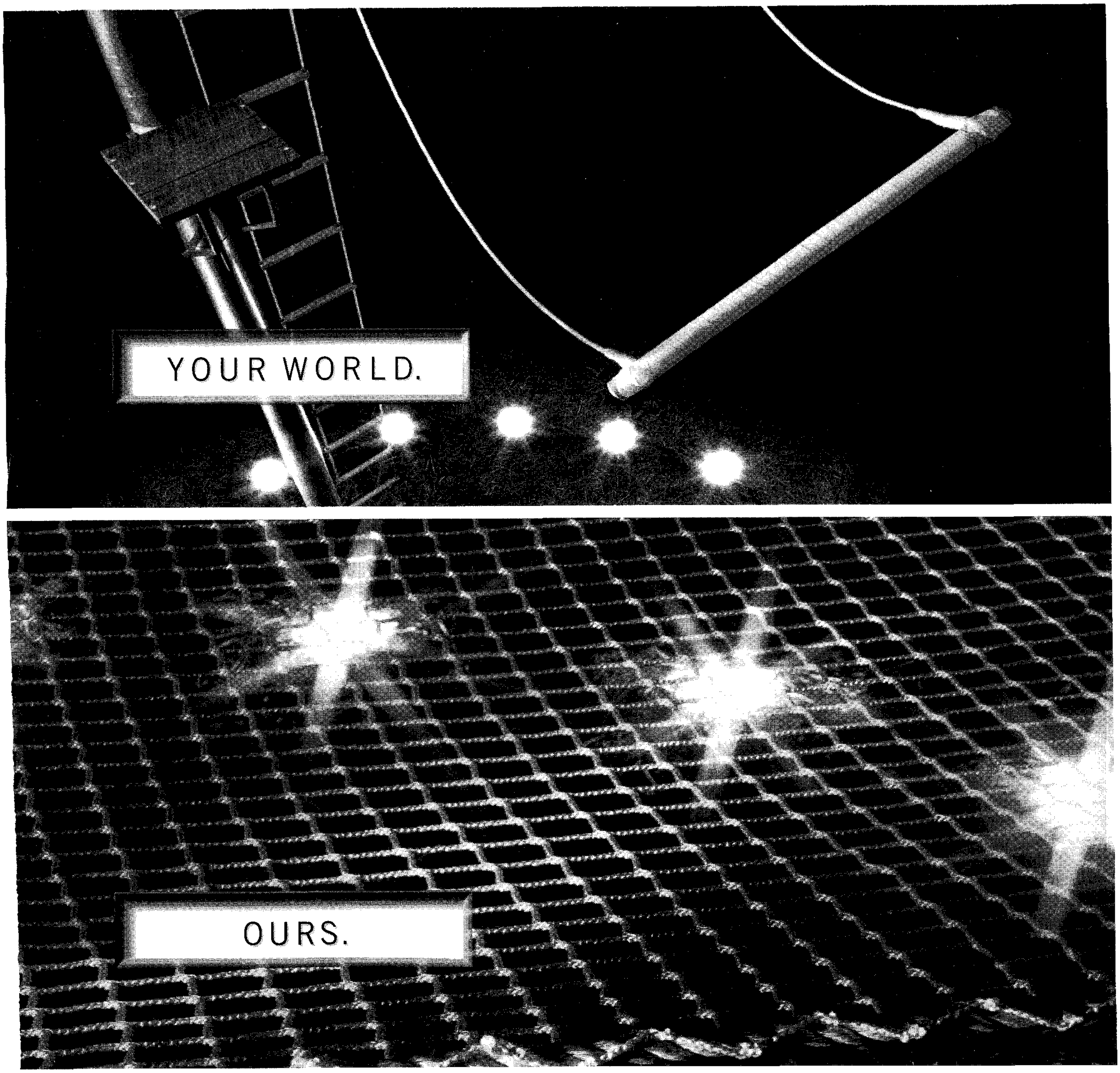
Reserve now for upcoming Spa programs, Food/Wine Classic XI, Cloister Garden Series, Financial Seminar.

curtain into the *macelleria*—it was called Cetoloni Alberto—I could see that the loin was about two-thirds the size of its American equivalent. That meant that it came from the white Chianina steers that produce the famous *fiorentina* T-bones—a local specialty that is never found outside Italy and that is now increasingly rare even in Italian restaurants. Certainly those T-bones can't often be found three inches thick, which is how I asked Signor Cetoloni to cut them for our dinner that night.

"These are the best," he told me when the steaks were wrapped and tied in a neat bundle. "*Autentico*," he added, pointing to a medallion on the wall behind him which displayed the slogan "Cinque Erre," meaning "Five 'R's," for the five *razze*, or breeds, of cattle raised in the region. The Chianini are descended from the white oxen that have been bred here since Etruscan times. They are traditionally butchered before they reach full growth, when they are relatively lean and their meat is tender, but Chianini don't lend themselves to large-scale industrial production, and as less expensive beef produced elsewhere in the E.C. enters the Italian market the Chianina breeders are gradually going out of business.

As I was leaving, Signor Cetoloni asked me to wait, and took from the counter behind him a large roulade of piglet, which he called a *porchetta*. "*Un tantino di questo*?" he asked, offering me a bit that he held out on the end of his knife. It was still warm from the oven, and was filled with a mixture of herbs and spices, in which I could detect black pepper, rosemary, sage, nutmeg, and probably some juniper and thyme. I bought a kilo, though I had no idea what we would do with it, since it hardly belonged with a dinner of steak and porcini and would cool off and become greasy by the time we got home. In the shop, however, it was glorious. It would have been insane not to buy some. When we got home, we gave the *porchetta* to Silvia, who took it away with her, holding it in its wrapper against her shoulder as if it were an infant. She said she would warm it later in the oven in the apartment that she and Franco share in a wing of the farmhouse.

Since two more of our fellow-tenants had arrived, and there were now six of us living in the farmhouse, which nev-



LANIER

The future. Performing in it can be extremely tricky, even hazardous, especially if you don't have the right equipment. Lanier can help. Today, most companies are dealing with standalone, single-function units. But tomorrow you will have to move from this analog world to a multi-functional, digital one. Copying, facsimile, dictation and optical imaging systems will all be one. They will interlock and allow you to distribute documents before they are converted to paper. We are ready to deliver these exciting technologies, but only when they meet your needs and applications. We have been pioneering in digital technology for over a decade. When you need us just call **1-800-708-7088** or fax us at **1-800-252-9703**. Lanier. We'll always make sure you never take a fall.

COPY
FAX
IMAGING
DICTATION

LANIER

WE'RE THE PART THAT'S ALWAYS WORKING.

HARRIS

Lanier Worldwide, Inc.

ertheless still felt as underpopulated as Italy itself, I had bought three of the T-bones, and expected some leftovers for the next day's lunch or for Silvia, Ivana, and Franco if the *porchetta* wasn't enough. As it turned out, there were no leftovers.

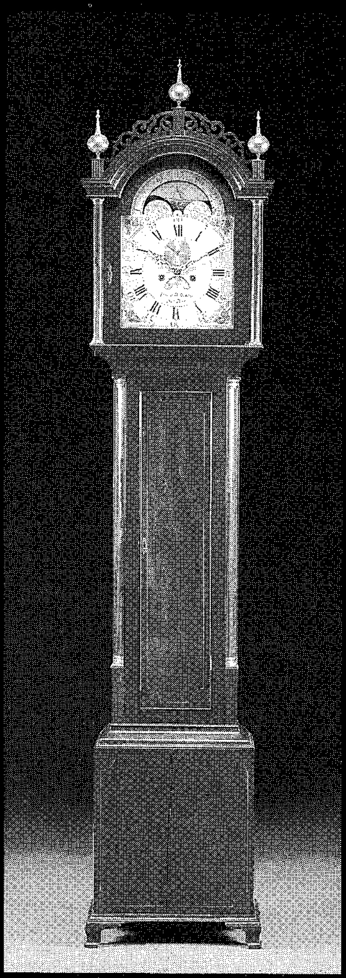
By now, Silvia and I had been cooking together for several days, and she had grown used to having me in her kitchen. At first, she would stand, hands on hips, watching me work at her counter, as if I were a potentially dangerous eccentric, likely to ruin the meal and possibly even the kitchen. But soon she relaxed. At dinner on the night we arrived, I had peeled some garlic in the familiar way—by smashing the clove with the flat of a knife, so that the skin can be slipped off easily. Silvia had never seen this done before. With a quizzical look, she picked up her paring knife and began to peel a clove in her own style—by holding it close to her eye and loosening the skin with the knife, then peeling it off bit by bit. Suddenly, she tossed her head slightly, as if to say "Let's see who wins," and began to race me. I was unaware at first that a contest had begun, but, nevertheless, I won easily. "*Bravissimo*," she whispered and bowed slightly. Thereafter I felt that she had begun to trust me. I noticed, too, that as her trust increased so did our fluency in the pidgin Italian that she and I had concocted. It was by means of this odd language that I managed one afternoon to understand why Tuscans prefer their tomatoes underripe. In the south, where tomatoes are abundant, they are allowed to ripen for the table, and they are also canned and used for sauce. But in Tuscany, where the weather is cooler, tomatoes are grown mainly for the table, and are used sparingly, if at all, in sauces. For this purpose, one wants them just this side of ripe, still with a tinge of yellow, so that they will be both sharp and sweet, with a firm, almost crisp texture. In America, she said, we probably eat our tomatoes the way the Neapolitans do, soft and ripe, and in this way we miss their true flavor. She said this sympathetically, as if my American taste in tomatoes were the result of a handicap, for which I could not be held responsible.

WHILE we were away in Siena that day, Silvia must have gone to Francesco's garden, because now on her counter were a dozen or more tomatoes, ripe and plump, as red as blood. Francesco, she said, had been thinking of using them for sauce or giving them to his goats, but if I wanted them for our dinner I could have them.

The radicchio, the porcini, and the T-bones were stacked on the counter beside the tomatoes and some basil from the garden. While Silvia cut the porcini in thin slices from top to bottom, so that each slice resembled a tiny two-dimensional umbrella, I went out to the herb garden beside the kitchen door to cut some parsley. When I returned, I found that she had already tossed the porcini in a large kettle with some chopped garlic, olive oil, and a dash of salt and pepper, and had left them to sweat over a low flame until they absorbed most of the oil. Then she added a little more water and half covered the kettle until the porcini, with their aroma of earth and heaven, were simmering. Ten minutes later, she spooned them out of the pot. They were silky and tender, having absorbed almost all the liquid in which they had simmered, leaving only enough for a fine *jus*.

On the terrace, the others were seated in semi-darkness around the table. The evening was still warm, and the candles that lit the table heated the air around them like tiny furnaces. Ivana had put the steaks on an iron grill over an olivewood fire; Silvia had brushed a few embers to one side, putting them under a smaller grill, upon which she had spread the radicchio. I had sliced half a dozen of Francesco's tomatoes and let them sit for half an hour in oil, a little pepper and sea salt, and a touch of vinegar, and I asked Ivana to serve them as our first course, with some leaves of fresh basil on each plate. Except for a band of red turning purple behind the hills, the sun had set. I made a Martini for myself and joined our friends, confident that this would be our best meal so far in Tuscany.

My collaborations with Silvia had by this time acquired their own rhythm, and the dinners we produced harmonized her Tuscan orthodoxy with the improvisations that I had learned in my culinary wandering. I saw that we had formed one of those late marriages, devoid of illusions, in which one values the



Important American Furniture, Silver, Prints, Folk Art and Decorative Arts

Auction to be held Thursday, January 26 at 10 am and 2 pm in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. This sale is on view from January 21 through January 25. For further information, please call the American Decorative Arts Department at 212 546 1181. To purchase catalogue #8076N, please call 800 395 6300.

A Federal inlaid mahogany tall-case clock, dial signed by David Williams, Newport, Rhode Island, circa 1825. Estimate: $20,000-30,000.

CHRISTIE'S

Principal Auctioneer: Christopher Burge #761543

other's distinctiveness and does not attempt to impose one's will.

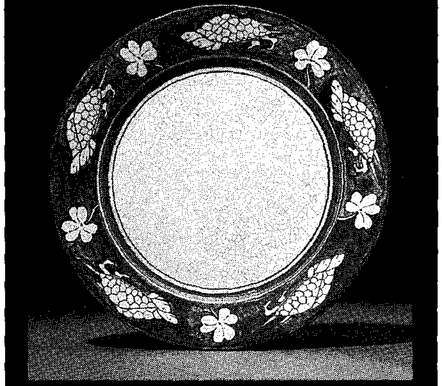
A FEW nights after our dinner of porcini and Chianina steaks, a well-known Italian politician drove up from Rome to join us for dinner. That morning, the others had driven over to San Gimignano to buy some of the good grappa that is sold there and to look at Gozzoli's seventeen frescoes of the life of St. Augustine. I had seen the Gozzolis the day before, so I went with Silvia to Castelfiorentino, the market town in the valley beneath our farmhouse. There was a large Superal in Castelfiorentino, and on the day of our visit the travelling market, which comes to each of the neighboring towns once a week, had also arrived. Silvia suggested that we get to this market early, before the best things were gone. But even here all the poultry I saw was factory-raised, and the bread was poor. We did, however, find some good ham and local cheese, which kept us going through the morning. We also bought some whitebait at one of the fish stalls and then set out for the Superal.

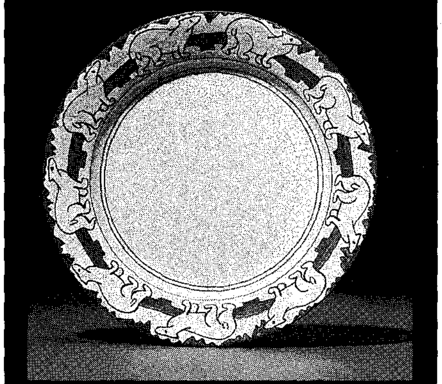
When I go to the market, I usually go without a list, and even when I have one I ignore it and fall instead into a sort of trance, waiting for the menu to create itself, so to speak, from what happens to be for sale. My inspiration that morning in the Superal came from a display of pink and black octopuses, their heads the size of softballs and their glistening tentacles like oiled bullwhips. The supermarket itself was dreamlike. Opposite the checkout counter was a hairdresser's shop, with half a dozen seated clients draped in long yellow cloths and staring like Medusas through fringes of wet hair. Infants were sitting on the hairdresser's floor, playing with large, odd-shaped objects made of red and yellow plastic. Expensive espresso machines were stacked in their cartons next to a display of computer programs. At the fish counter, I imagined the octopuses, cleaned and cut into segments, stewing with garlic and onions in white wine, to which I would add tomato and bay leaf and peppercorns just before tossing in some clams and mussels. Then I would add rosemary and a few lemon slices, peel and all, and just before the stew was ready for the table I would put in some cubes of blackfish, or the local equivalent, and more garlic and wine to roughen the broth a bit, and I would serve it in deep bowls with thick slices of good bread, toasted and rubbed with still more garlic. But where, I wondered, would I find the bread?

It was the bread problem that brought me out of this reverie. "Pasta," I said to myself. "That's what I'll use instead." I asked the clerk for some mussels and clams, and instead of octopus, which now seemed too coarse for what I had in mind, I asked for a kilo of the smallest squid he had. Then I went to look for Silvia. I found her at the poultry display, her chin resting on a bent index finger as she gazed warily, I thought, at the chickens in their plastic wrappers.

"*Perchè non dei piccioni?*" I suggested, holding up a plump pigeon that fitted neatly into my hand. Unlike chickens, pigeons aren't mass-produced; they're raised on farms or in coops and are fed real corn, the way chickens used to be raised. We bought a dozen and headed for home. We agreed that the whitebait, dusted in flour and tossed quickly in very hot oil, would be the hors d'oeuvre. The clams, mussels, and squid we would make into a stew with a little white wine, garlic, and hot peppers, and serve over pasta, and the pigeons we would bone, marinate in muscatel, and grill on the fire. To go with them, we could braise some fennel from the garden, and then we could slowly bake some underripe tomatoes and mix them with a touch of grilled eggplant. For dessert, there were figs from the trees near the pool, ricotta *salata* that I had bought the day before in Volterra, and biscotti left over from the night before. The politician, I told myself as I boned the pigeons that afternoon and made a stock of their ribs and breastbones and necks, would have a good dinner. He was a man of some amplitude, and I was eager to feed him well.

As it turned out, he had so much to say that night that he hardly noticed what he had been served. The pasta, under its sauce of clams, squid, and mussels, with a sprinkling of diced tomato and a shower of parsley, looked like an Italian flag that had been abandoned on his plate by a fleeing army. Like so many of his colleagues from the previous government, he was in legal difficulties. Unlike so many of the others,





The Collection of
Mr. and Mrs. Eddy
Nicholson

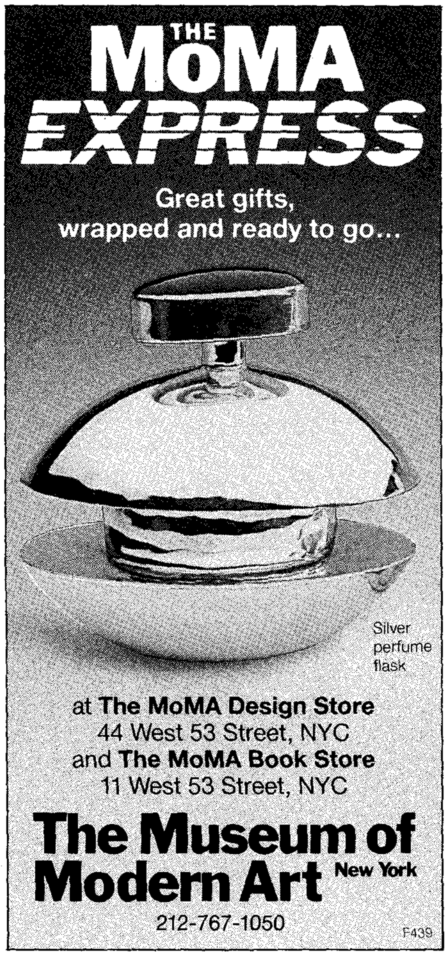
Auctions to be held Friday, January 27 at 10 am and 2 pm and Saturday, January 28 at 10 am and 2 pm in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. The Collection will be on view from January 21 through January 26. For further information, please contact John Hays (American Decorative Arts) at 212 546 1181 or Peggy Gilges (Dedham Pottery) at 212 546 1083. To purchase catalogue #8082N, please call 800 395 6300.

A selection of Dedham pottery with estimates ranging from $100-8,000. To be offered on January 27.

CHRISTIE'S
1766

CHRISTIE'S

Principal Auctioneer: Christopher Burge #761543


THE MoMA EXPRESS

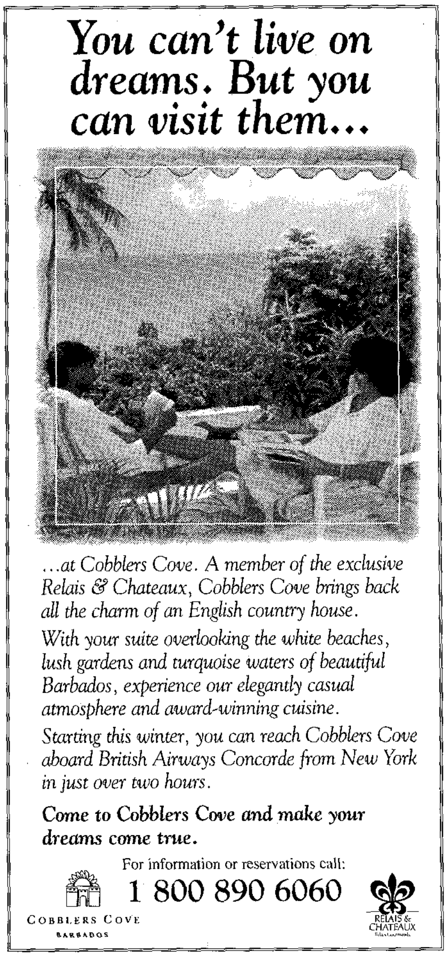
Great gifts, wrapped and ready to go...

Silver perfume flask

at **The MoMA Design Store**
44 West 53 Street, NYC
and **The MoMA Book Store**
11 West 53 Street, NYC

The Museum of Modern Art New York
212-767-1050

F439


You can't live on dreams. But you can visit them...

...at Cobblers Cove. A member of the exclusive Relais & Chateaux, Cobblers Cove brings back all the charm of an English country house.

With your suite overlooking the white beaches, lush gardens and turquoise waters of beautiful Barbados, experience our elegantly casual atmosphere and award-winning cuisine.

Starting this winter, you can reach Cobblers Cove aboard British Airways Concorde from New York in just over two hours.

Come to Cobblers Cove and make your dreams come true.

For information or reservations call:
1 800 890 6060

COBBLERS COVE
BARBADOS

RELAIS & CHATEAUX

however, he was not being held without bail, so perhaps the allegations in his case were not serious. Even so, it would have been outrageous to ask where he stood with the law. By the time Ivana had removed our pasta bowls and returned with the grilled pigeons—glinting in the candlelight under a sheen of reduced stock flavored with rosemary—and poured some Poggio Rosso into our glasses, the conversation had become entirely his. The rest of us had faded silently into the darkness of the terrace while his large, pale face and fluttering hands bobbed in the candlelight to the rhythm of his monologue.

The electronic superhighway, he said, leaving his pigeon untouched, would transform the world, and for this reason, among others, it was a good thing that Mr. Berlusconi, the forward-looking new Prime Minister, was in office. He would know how to introduce Italy to these new technologies. Moreover, the Germans would buy Berlusconi's television companies and forge a new European network. My recollection of the politician's remarks may not do them justice, for I find such conversations impossible to follow. The future seems to me a vacuum, while the past, as one considers it, appears substantially uniform, shaped less by new technologies than by predictable human behavior, most of it discouraging. The moral world of the Divine Comedy is, after all, identical to the one we still inhabit. So is Homer's. As our guest went on about computers and the Internet, I thought, of course, of Marinetti, but said nothing. The dinner, I felt, had been fine, but the politician's prattle somewhat disrupted the illusion that on our Tuscan hilltop we had transcended the confusion of everyday life. I was reminded that our vacation was almost over.

On the following day, we drove over to San Gimignano for a final visit. By now, I understood why this town had made such an erotic impression upon E. M. Forster when he visited it as a young Cambridge graduate and chose it as the setting for "Where Angels Fear to Tread," the novel of sexual discovery that launched his career and also a procession of imitators. San Gimignano is, of course, famous for its slab-sided towers, which when they are seen from a distance resemble the towers of lower Manhattan. These stone towers were probably erected by feuding groups of Guelphs and Ghibellines—the former owing allegiance to the Popes, in Rome, and the latter to the Holy Roman Emperors, on the far side of the Alps. Their quarrel was complex and has puzzled generations of historians, but perhaps it is not entirely unlike the disputes today between advocates of a strong central government and those Italians who prefer regional autonomy.

The towers and the violent legends attached to them give San Gimignano a forbidding aspect at first, but this is soon dispelled by the unmistakable erotic intensity of the place—suggested, for instance, by the twelfth-century frescoes in the Museo Civico, which show a young man and woman quite naked except for the man's hat and the woman's headband. They are sharing a bath. The woman's hand rests upon the man's shoulder, and his hand, hidden by the tub's rim, rests, perhaps, on her upper thigh. In the adjacent panel, the woman is in bed, her back to the man, who, still naked, is climbing in after her. San Gimignano's patron saint is a young woman named Fina, whose martyrdom began when a young man of the town offered her an orange. So intense was her revulsion that she took to her bed and never ate again. Some years after her anorexic martyrdom, Ghirlandaio painted for Fina's chapel the scene of her transfiguration, using as his model a pink-cheeked young beauty in excellent health, reclining on her couch, her eyes shut, her palms pressed together in a gesture whose piety seems, if not actually coy, then certainly hesitant.

On that last visit to San Gimignano, as I was standing beneath the great Ghirlandaio fresco of the Annunciation outside the Duomo, which houses Santa Fina's chapel, and was trying to imagine how this young woman's story must have struck the young Forster, I became aware of a melody coming from the grassy courtyard behind me. I turned, and saw that the source of the music was a handsome young flutist wearing a burgundy cape over a pair of jeans. His hair rose and fell as he swung his head in time with the music. He was playing, of all things, one of Grieg's Norwegian folk songs, and was creating from this grammar-school chestnut a tune so vivid that a group of tourists had put down their video cameras and gathered silently around him.

A few minutes later, under the flutist's spell, I walked back into the square to rejoin my friends, and there I glimpsed what Forster might have seen when he conceived his novel's hero. Reclining on a balustrade, his back against a pillar, his head turned to one side, a book unread in his hand, and his expression distracted or irritable, was a young man of such forbidding beauty that he dispelled any inclination to possess it, even if one were so inclined. He might have been a Della Robbia, if he were not so clearly human. Forster's young English suburbanites flung themselves incautiously at such a Tuscan beauty and never recovered their native aplomb. This was a blessing in Forster's estimation, though not nearly as great a blessing, of course, as the divine enlightenment bestowed upon Dante by Beatrice. Yet the transformation undergone by Forster's suburbanites was not entirely incompatible with Dante's, either. In Tuscany, you approach Heaven by way of the senses. Beauty is all.

I was eager to return to the farmhouse and Silvia's kitchen. Tonight was our last dinner in Tuscany. Silvia was going to make wild boar, and she said that for our farewell meal she would prefer to cook alone. The meal was sublime, but our imminent departure inspired that melancholy premonition of death typical of all leave-taking.

The following morning it rained. As we were getting ready to drive down to Rome, Silvia handed me a jar of spices that she had ground into powder, and a handwritten recipe for wild boar: three kilos of *cinghiale* rubbed with her ground spices, two chopped onions, three branches of rosemary, some parsley, a little white wine, salt, pepper. Though the chances of finding wild boar in New York City are slim, I carried Silvia's recipe in my pocket for weeks after I returned, and eventually tucked it into my copy of Forster's novel. ♦

Blanche Taylor Found A New Life After Cancer.

When Blanche Taylor learned she had breast cancer in 1986, she refused to accept the traditional treatment approach -- surgery, chemotherapy and radiation.

Instead, she searched for a treatment program which supported traditional therapies with nutrition, emotional and spiritual support, and lots of tender loving care.

She found what she was looking for at Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. A team of experienced physicians, nurses, nutritionists, psychologists and pastoral care counselors worked together to develop a treatment plan which was both effective, and acceptable to Blanche.

"The program worked for me," says Blanche, mother of three grown children and grandmother of five. "Now I use what I learned at Cancer Treatment Centers of America™ to stay well and to help others."

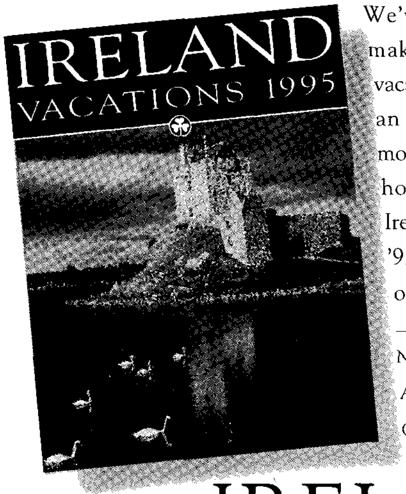
To speak with a cancer information specialist or to receive information by mail, please call 1-800-234-7153 .

CANCER TREATMENT CENTERS® OF AMERICA

Call 1-800-234-7153

The effectiveness of any treatment program depends on a variety of factors and differs from patient to patient.

Would you kindly do us the favor of filling out this coupon? See? Even in our ads we Irish treat you differently.



We've been known to go out of our way to make guests feel welcome. Take our free vacation planner as just one example. It offers an array of vacation itineraries to suit most tastes and budgets. To experience our hospitality in more detail, plan a trip to Ireland. Mail the coupon to Ireland Vacations '95, P.O. Box 7728, Woodside, N.Y. 11377 or call 1-800-SHAMROCK, extension 167.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

IRELAND
The ANCIENT BIRTHPLACE *of* GOOD TIMES.

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS

The Reader Service Value Program features New Yorker *advertisers who want to offer additional information. You are invited to respond directly by telephone (just look for the* ✆ *symbol) or by circling the corresponding number(s) and mailing the attached postage-paid card.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

✆ **Steuben – for innovative American crystal.** On Dec. 22, from 6 to 8 P.M. we invite you to come in for a taste of Godiva Liqueur. (Fifth Ave. & 56th St. NYC only.) Call 1-800-424-4240.

ART & ANTIQUES

1. **Sculpture Placement, Ltd.** Exclusive representatives for the collection of life-sized bronze sculptures by J. Seward Johnson, Jr. Sales and leases to private and public collectors. Call 1-202-362-9310.

BOOK NEWS

✆ **Arcade Publishing.** James Beard, ***Love and Kisses and a Halo of Truffles.*** "Reading these letters is like gossiping with Jim."– Gael Greene. $25.95. In bookstores or call 1-800-759-0190.

✆ **Harcourt Brace.** ***How To Travel With A Salmon & Other Essays*** by Umberto Eco, author of *The Name of the Rose* and *Foucault's Pendulum*. In bookstores or call 1-800-543-1918.

✆ **St. Martin's Press.** ***The Willows in Winter.*** The perfect gift for the holiday season is William Horwood's charming sequel to *The Wind in the Willows*. In bookstores or call 1-800-288-2131.

CULTURAL ATTRACTIONS

2. **Art Gallery of Ontario, Canada.** 317 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Canada. One of North America's largest art museums. 50 new and renovated galleries. Call 1-416-979-6608.

✆ **The Museum of Modern Art.** Exhibition and film schedule, 1-212-708-9480. Membership information, 1-212-708-9696. Sette MoMA Restaurant reservations, 1-212-708-9710.

3. **Shaw Festival.** In historic Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada. It's the only theatre in the world to produce plays written by Bernard Shaw. Call 1-800-267-4759 for 1995 brochure.

FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITIES

4. **The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A.** puts you in complete control of your money any time, any place, from your desktop or notebook PC. Call 1-800-CHASE-24.

5. **Chile.** A land of fine wine, high-quality furniture, and fresh fish is also a land of explosive business opportunities. Call 1-212-938-5916.

6. **Defined Asset Funds.** Portfolios of stocks, bonds, and securities. Merrill Lynch, Smith Barney, Paine Webber, Prudential, Dean Witter. Call 1-800-562-2926, ext. 98.

7. **The Franklin/Templeton Group.** For more information on any of the Franklin or Templeton Funds, please call 1-800-342-FUND, ext. F496.

✆ **Intuit.** Quicken is the fastest, easiest way to organize personal and small business finances. And it's the World's #1 Best-Seller! Quicken tracks it all. 1-800-781-5999, ext. 810-040.

8. **John Nuveen & Co. Incorporated.** Looking for attractive tax-free income? Nuveen has specialized in tax-free investments for nearly 100 years. Send for a prospectus. Call 1-800-781-4085.

9. **Lanier Worldwide, Inc.** offers office solutions, from copier and facsimile systems to digital dictation and information management systems. Call 1-800-708-7088 or fax 1-800-252-9703.

FOOD & SPIRITS

10. **Florida Gift Fruit.** Florida's finest citrus fruit—the healthy gift everyone enjoys receiving. Delicious and sunny sweet! Guaranteed satisfaction. Free brochure. Call 1-800-934-1188.

11. **Gracewood Groves.** World-famous Indian River Fruit. Sweet and juicy navel oranges and ruby red grapefruit. 1/2 bushel now $19.95. Gift-boxed. Free delivery! 1-800-678-1154.

12. **Indian River Groves.** The finest of Florida's famous sweet ruby red grapefruit and juicy dream navels, fresh-picked, hand-packed and shipped straight to your door. 1-800-940-3344.

✆ **Naturally Irish.** Wild Irish Smoked Salmon from the Crystal Clear Waters of Ireland. Superb quality and excellent taste. Call 1-800-472-5660.

13. **Prosciutto di Parma's** rosy color, almost-sweet taste, less salty flavor, and silky texture make it the king of hams. For free recipes, write to Parma Pleasures, P.O. Box 818, Gibbstown, NJ 08027.

14. **Remy Martin.** To learn more about cognac and the world of Remy Martin, call 1-800-678-REMY for our 10-minute video. Complimentary, while supplies last; offer expires Aug. 31, 1995.

HEALTH CARE

15. **The American College of Surgeons** offers a free brochure on patient choice and important information on surgical care.

✆ **Cancer Treatment Centers of America™.** "A place that believes in treating the whole person, not just the cancer." For more information, please call 1-800-234-2406.

16. **Duke Center for Living.** Medical/lifestyle retreat programs designed to prevent and treat chronic diseases, including adults with health risks. Durham, NC. Call 1-800-235-3853.

HOME FURNISHINGS

✆ **Country Casual Garden Furnishings.** A 64-page catalogue of natural teak and painted mahogany furniture. We pay freight and ship immediately from stock. 1-301-540-0040.

✆ **Einstein Moomjy – The Carpet Dept. Store.** To receive a free brochure of the latest rugs from Ege's 20th Century Masters Art Line Collection, please call 1-800-864-3633.

✆ **Select Comfort.** Try our Select Comfort high-quality mattress; the only mattress using adjustable air support. For information on your 90-night in-home trial, call 1-800-344-6561.

MEDIA

17. **Gary Galyean's Golf Letter.** The inside report on world golf destinations. Reviewers travel anonymously and at full rates. For a free sample of the monthly newsletter, call 1-800-320-6450.

✆ **International Herald Tribune.** Now the global village has its own hometown newspaper...and you can have it on your doorstep every morning! For risk-free offer, call 1-800-882-2884.

MOTOR VEHICLES

✆ **Cadillac – Creating a Higher Standard.** For more information about the 1995 Cadillac, call 1-800-333-4CAD.

✆ **Saab Cars U.S.A.** For information and the location of the nearest Saab dealer, call 1-800-582-SAAB.

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATIONS

18. **American Friends Service Committee** addresses hunger, poverty, refugee relief, militarism, health, and human rights. AFSC offers a partnership in the effort to make things right.

REAL ESTATE

19. **Cape Marco,** Florida is a gated community featuring 2- and 3-bedroom residences overlooking 1,200 feet of private beach. With concierge, health club, tennis, and yacht club. 1-800-237-8817.

20. **Quail Run, Santa Fe.** Enjoy country living in an award-winning gated resort community just 3 miles from the historic plaza.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE ✆ LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES**, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036, 212-536-5600

RETAIL FASHION

✆ **Loro Piana.** Discover the timeless elegance of Loro Piana Italian fabrics. Our Manhattan store at 46 East 61st Street features everything for the finest wardrobes. 1-212-980-7961.

21. **Tilley Endurables.** The best travel and adventure clothing in the world. With secret security pockets and "give 'em hell!" washing instructions. Free 68-page catalog. 1-800-ENDURES.

✆ **Warm Things.** Surround yourself with the warmth and elegance of goosedown. LOOK FOR OUR AD, FEATURING THE ROBE, IN THIS ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE. Call 1-415-472-2154.

RETAIL SUNDRY

✆ **Daedalus Books.** Erudite. Opinionated. Distinctive. Seven catalogs a year featuring the finest literary remainders. Call 1-800-395-2665.

✆ **Edgecraft – The World's Best Kitchen Knives.** Fully forged from a unique stainless steel alloy, Chef's Choice® Trizor® Professional 10X®. For a store near you, call 1-800-342-3255.

✆ **Endless Pools, Inc.** Swim at home in an 8'x15' pool against a smooth current adjustable to any speed. Economical to run and easy to install indoors or outdoors. 1-800-732-8660.

22. **Exposures.** Vast array of unique frames, archival albums, shoe-box photo files, and decorative furniture. Call 1-800-572-2502 for catalog.

23. **Levenger.** Enhance your reading and writing environments with "Tools For Serious Readers." Levenger specializes in furniture, lighting, and gifts for readers and writers. Call 1-800-544-0880.

✆ **Living Books.** Interactive stories for children on CD-ROM. Find out why Living Books have won over 40 awards for their inter-active adventures. Call 1-800-776-4724 and refer to code 425.

SCHOOLS

24. **Hofstra University,** ranked nationally in the top 10%, offers undergraduate and graduate programs including law, business, engineering, and education. For information, call 1-800-HOFSTRA.

✆ **The New School.** Free Bulletin with information on over 1,500 Spring adult education courses including distance instruction, B.A., M.A., M.S.T. programs. 1-800-319-4321, ext. 46.

25. **Oxford/Florida State University Summer Program.** Educational, cultural opportunity of a lifetime in a world-renowned center of learning. Call 1-800-374-8581.

TRAVEL

✆ **1 800 CALL ATT.** No matter where you travel in the U.S., Know The Code and your calling card calls will always get through from any phone. Dial 1-800-CALL-ATT.

26. **Alabama Bureau of Tourism and Travel.** The Robert Trent Jones Golf Trail. 18 superb public courses all challenging, enticing, and unbelievably affordable. Call 1-800-FORE-ALA.

27. **Amelia Island, Florida.** Your island is waiting. Extraordinary golf. Charming victorian B&Bs. World-class resorts. Monumental dunes overlooking 13 miles of pristine beach. Call 1-800-2 AMELIA.

28. **Annemarie Victory Organization, Inc.** Sea Cloud—the ultimate sailing experience—along the Turkish Coast and Greek Islands. Depart June 29, 1995. Call 1-212-486-0353 for brochure.

✆ **Arizona Office of Tourism.** To help plan your Arizona adventure, you'll appreciate our colorful 96-page calendar of events. Free. Call 1-800-842-8257.

✆ **Asian Affair Holidays – Singapore Airlines.** Flexible tour program for the independent traveler offers surprisingly affordable all-inclusive vacation packages to Asia. 1-800-742-3133.

29. **Bradenton Area, Longboat Key & Anna Maria Island.** White-sand beaches and crystal Gulf waters. Enjoy low-rise, low-key island-style accommodations. Call 1-800-4 MANATEE.

30. **Caribbean Coalition for Tourism.** The 200-page Caribbean Vacation Planner for 30 sun-filled, soul-soothing, spirit-lifting Caribbean destinations. Call 1-800-356-9999, ext. 225.

31. **Cox & Kings.** Visit India in style and luxury. See fabled palaces and fortresses with the world's oldest travel company. Call 1-800-999-1758 for our India and Beyond brochure.

✆ **The Educated Traveler®.** Newsletter subscription ($39.00/year) includes exclusive "Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours". Please call 1-800-648-5168.

✆ **Fascinating Malaysia & Surprising Singapore.** Two great countries that offer a wonderful potpourri of the East in one great, unforgettable holiday. Call 1-800-900-7788.

32. **Florida Division of Tourism.** One Florida, Many Faces™. Discover the many faces of Florida in your free Florida vacation guide.

✆ **Hotel Bel-Air Mexico.** In the tradition of the famed Hotel Bel-Air Los Angeles, Hotel Bel-Air Costa Careyes & Hotel Bel-Air Puerto Vallarta offer Winter Packages. 1-800-457-7676.

33. **Jamaica Tourist Board.** Send for a free Jamaica Vacation Kit, or call 1-800-JAMAICA.

✆ **The Moorings - Clearwater, Florida.** Private, pampered cruises on 50'-100' sailing yachts; with captain and chef. Caribbean, South Pacific, or Bahamas. 1-800-437-7880.

34. **Pearl Cruises.** Exciting CruiseTours to the Far East, including China, Vietnam, Bangkok, Indonesia, Malaysia, and more. Send for brochure.

✆ **Princess® Cruises.** Book by Feb. 14, 1995 and save up to $2,400 on a Princess cruise or cruise tour to Alaska. It's more than a cruise, it's the Love Boat®. Call 1-800-LOVE-BOAT, ext. 54.

35. **Puerto Rico Tourism Company.** Only a continent could offer so many great vacation experiences. Call for brochure. 1-800-866-7827.

36. **Santa Fe County, New Mexico** invites you to embark without delay on a spectacular journey in our magical land. Call 1-800-548-8272.

✆ **Seabourn Cruise Line.** All-suite luxury cruising for the discriminating traveler. Named World's Best Cruise Line 3 years in a row by *Condé Nast Traveler.* Call 1-415-391-7444.

✆ **1995 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions.** "For art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art..." The only annual guide to over 1,000 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad. Only $15. Call 1-800-2-LOVE-ART.

37. **Virginia Division of Tourism.** For lovers of beaches, mountains, and history. Write for a free, full-color vacation planning guidebook. Virginia is for lovers.

38. **Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, Ltd.** Sail the Caribbean and satisfy your pirate soul while enjoying our modern accommodations. 6- and 14-day cruises. Call 1-800-327-2601, dept. 38.

✆ **Womanship – Learn-to-Sail Cruises for and by Women.** Gain skill and confidence onboard. Annapolis, Caribbean, Florida, New England, Pacific Northwest, Greece, Tahiti, New Zealand. 1-800-342-9295.

TRAVEL ACCOMMODATIONS

39. **Boca Raton Resort & Club.** The only 5-Star, 5-Diamond resort in Florida's Palm Beach County. Private beach, 2 golf courses, 34 clay tennis courts, and marina. Call 1-800-327-0101, ext. 11.

40. **The Cloister.** Mobil 5-Star resort on Sea Island. 5 miles of private beach, championship golf, tennis, spa, horseback riding, dancing, skeet, swimming. Free brochure.

41. **Grand Palazzo Hotel.** Nestled within a spectacular 15-acre private oceanfront estate along Great Bay on the preferred eastern tip of St. Thomas, it is the Caribbean's newest luxury resort.

42. **Hyatt Resorts of the Caribbean.** Experience the magical Caribbean in its most beautiful colors at the Hyatt Resorts of the Caribbean: Aruba, Grand Cayman, Puerto Rico, and St. John.

43. **Hyatt Resorts of Hawaii.** Discover magical places with spectacular vistas, awe-inspiring coastlines, and mystical people, all at the Hyatt Resorts of Hawaii: Maui, Waikiki, and Kauai.

44. **Inn on the Alameda.** Southwestern-style rooms and suites. Fireplaces, balconies, and patios available. Fitness facility. Massage room. 2 Jacuzzi spas. Gourmet breakfast included. 1-800-289-2122.

45. **Napili Kai Beach Club.** Maui's most Hawaiian resort. On Napili Bay—swimming and snorkeling, low-rise oceanview units with kitchen and private lanais. Free brochure. 1-800-367-5030.

46. **Ponte Vedra Inn & Club.** Year-round oceanfront resort 20 miles south of Jacksonville, Florida. 202 rooms and suites, beach, golf, tennis, fitness, spa, and restaurants. Attractive packages.

47. **The Ritz-Carlton, Naples, Florida.** On the Gulf of Mexico, it features rooms with Gulf views, a fitness center, fine dining, tennis, and golf nearby. Call 1-800-241-3333.

48. **Sanibel and Captiva Islands,** Southwest Florida. Secluded beaches. With golf, tennis, fishing, biking, nature trails, and fine dining. Call Priscilla Murphy Realty. 1-800-237-6008.

49. **Sheraton Palace Hotel.** Centrally located in downtown San Francisco, adjacent to the financial district, and within walking distance to the Embarcadero and Chinatown.

50. **Spring on Bequia.** Caribbean hideaway on island of Bequia, St. Vincent, Grenadines. Glorious views, great food, and delightful people await you. Free brochure. 1-612-823-1202.

WATCHES & JEWELRY

✆ **Tourneau®.** For every lifestyle, Tourneau's vast, unmatched collection includes fine watches of virtually every model and style. For a free catalog, call 1-800-348-3332.

IF RESPONSE CARD IS MISSING, SEND YOUR REQUEST TO **THE NEW YORKER**, P.O. BOX 5347, PITTSFIELD, MA 01203-9892. OFFER VALID UNTIL MARCH 20, 1995.

THE ART WORLD

EAKINS IN THE WILDERNESS

The story of Thomas Eakins, the impassioned realist forced out of the Academy by the burghers of Philadelphia, served as an essential myth of modern painting in America. Then the discovery of a cache of personal papers offered a new interpretation of the myth—and has left the experts wondering how to look at Eakins' work.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

THINK of "The Aspern Papers" set in South Philadelphia, the land of Fabian and of Pat's King of Steaks. In the spring of 1984, two young women—a curator from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and her assistant—with a crew of preparators waiting cautiously at their heels knocked at the door of an old row house in a still intact Italian-immigrant block of South Warnock Street. The Academy had been negotiating for a long time with the generous-souled, slightly suspicious, and by now very old woman who lived inside. Her name was Mary Picozzi Bregler, and she had devoted a decade of her life to the care of a man named Charles Bregler, eventually becoming his wife. Bregler, who was more than twice her age, had ambitions to be a painter, but he had spent much of his life selling novelties from his home and from a store in Asbury Park, New Jersey. From 1939 until his death, in 1958, he had kept, and guarded closely, a mass of papers that he had salvaged from the home of his old drawing master. When Bregler died, Mary had only a shaky idea of what these papers were or why they mattered, but she knew that the old man thought them precious and wanted her to take care of them. People from the Pennsylvania Academy had spent years trying to talk their way inside, and even now the two women, Kathleen Foster and Elizabeth Milroy, doubted whether they would actually pull it off; in the past, other museum people had arrived and been sent away at the last moment. But finally Mary Bregler let them in, and sent them upstairs to a room where most of the papers were kept.

Underneath a bed, the two women—"gasping as we uncovered envelopes with Parisian postmarks," as Foster would write later—found not just papers and letters but drawings and ledgers and old photographs and depositions. What they found amounted to a nearly complete archive documenting the private life and struggles of Charles Bregler's drawing master, who has become, by general consent, the greatest—or, at any rate, the first—of the American moderns: Thomas Eakins. Some of the letters had been made public, in slightly bowdlerized form, to Eakins' biographers, but many of them had never been seen before. One note that Foster and her assistant found that morning was written in the beautiful nineteenth-century italic hand of Eakins' wife, Susan, and accompanied a group of letters from the eighteen-eighties and nineties. "The contents of this box destroy," it said, apparently addressed to another caretaker. "You can look at them if you care too but they are to be burned—destroyed completely."

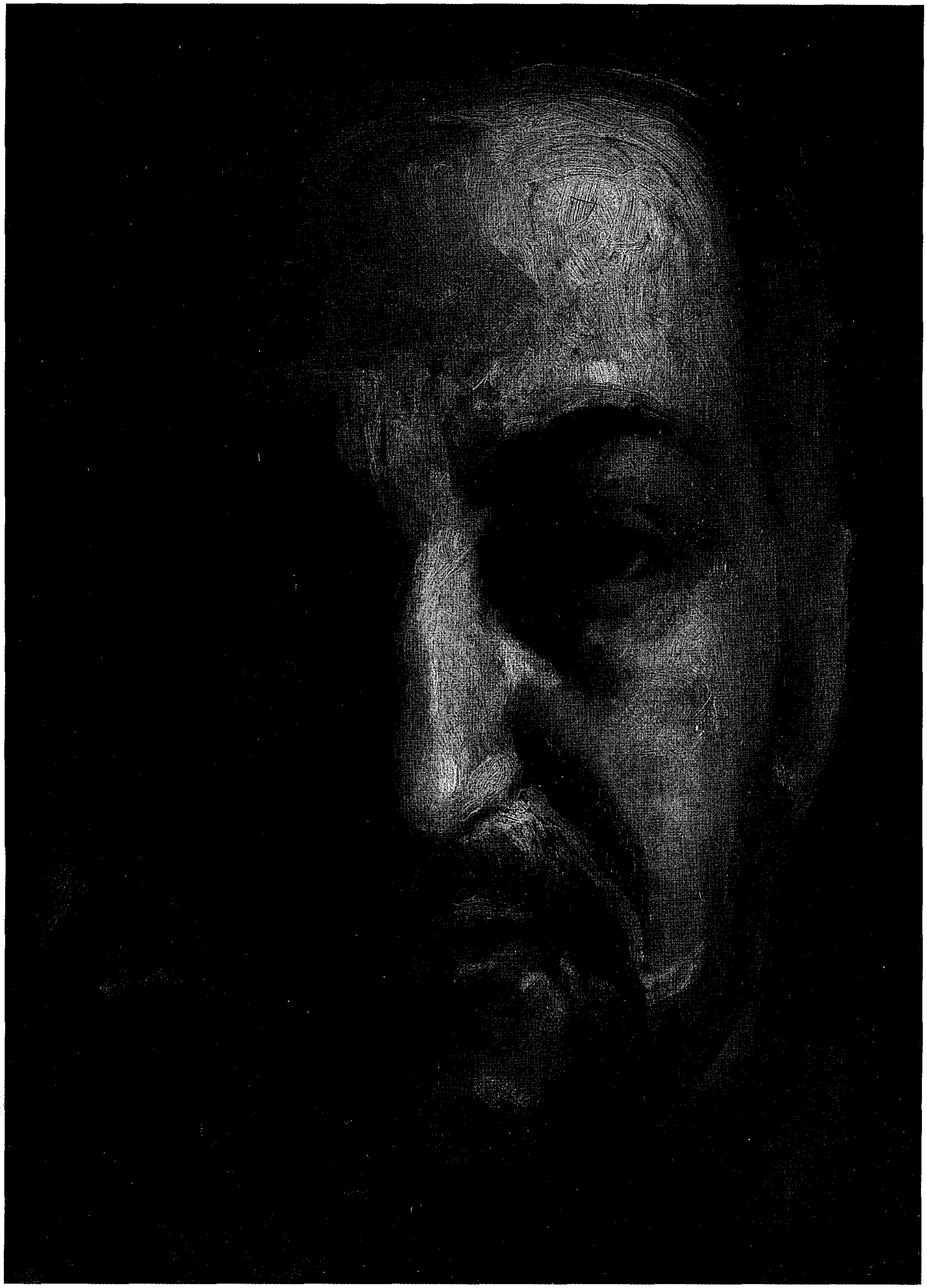
Any cache of papers relating to a famous artist would be a find, of course, but the Eakins papers had a particular import, for Eakins' life had come to carry an exemplary significance for the idea of modern art in America. An episode in that life—one that proved to be much agonized over in the Bregler papers—had even become something like the origin myth of modern painting in America. In 1886, as the story goes, Eakins, then forty-one and a rising artist, with a growing East Coast reputation as a portraitist and a painter of sporting scenes, had in the middle of a life class at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts ripped the loincloth off a male model, in the interest of absolute truth to nature. The shocked Philadelphia burghers who ran the Academy forced him to resign at once, driving him out of Philadelphia "society." One scandal followed another, and at last Eakins went off into the wilds of New Jersey, where he found—with a convenience that no historical fiction would allow—a single friend, Walt Whitman, in a self-chosen exile of his own. Expelled from the bourgeois world, or so the legend ran, Whitman and Eakins together built the metaphysics for a distinctly American realism—the poet's ecstatic and high-hearted, the painter's murky and inward-turning. Eakins invented the American empiricism—the tight-lipped, what-you-see-is-what-you-see literalism, soulful and direct, that is a pillar of our art. His subject became failure and the recompenses of failure: solitude, isolation, and a kind of sad peace.

Without this biographical legend to support it, there would have been something a little puzzling about Eakins' preeminence as a "modern"—puzzling because, if Eakins was our No. 1, then Wyeth ought to be No. 2 and Rockwell somewhere in the Top Ten. The manically detailed, fine-point realism of Eakins' pictures—a realism rooted in what was thirty years ago still a compulsory subject in Philadelphia's Central High School, "technical drawing"—would have seemed to be just the opposite of everything one was expected to admire in the major American painting of our own time: dash, spontaneity, brio, difficulty.

But, as with all historical legends, there was something inherently dubious about the Eakins story. Could the burghers ever have been quite as prim as they sounded, or Eakins' gesture in removing the loincloth from the model quite as courageous and unambiguous as it seemed? What's truly odd is that the material of the Bregler papers—though it puts the Eakins scandals in an entirely new light, and suggests that Eakins was perhaps not

HIRSHHORN MUSEUM AND SCULPTURE GARDEN SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

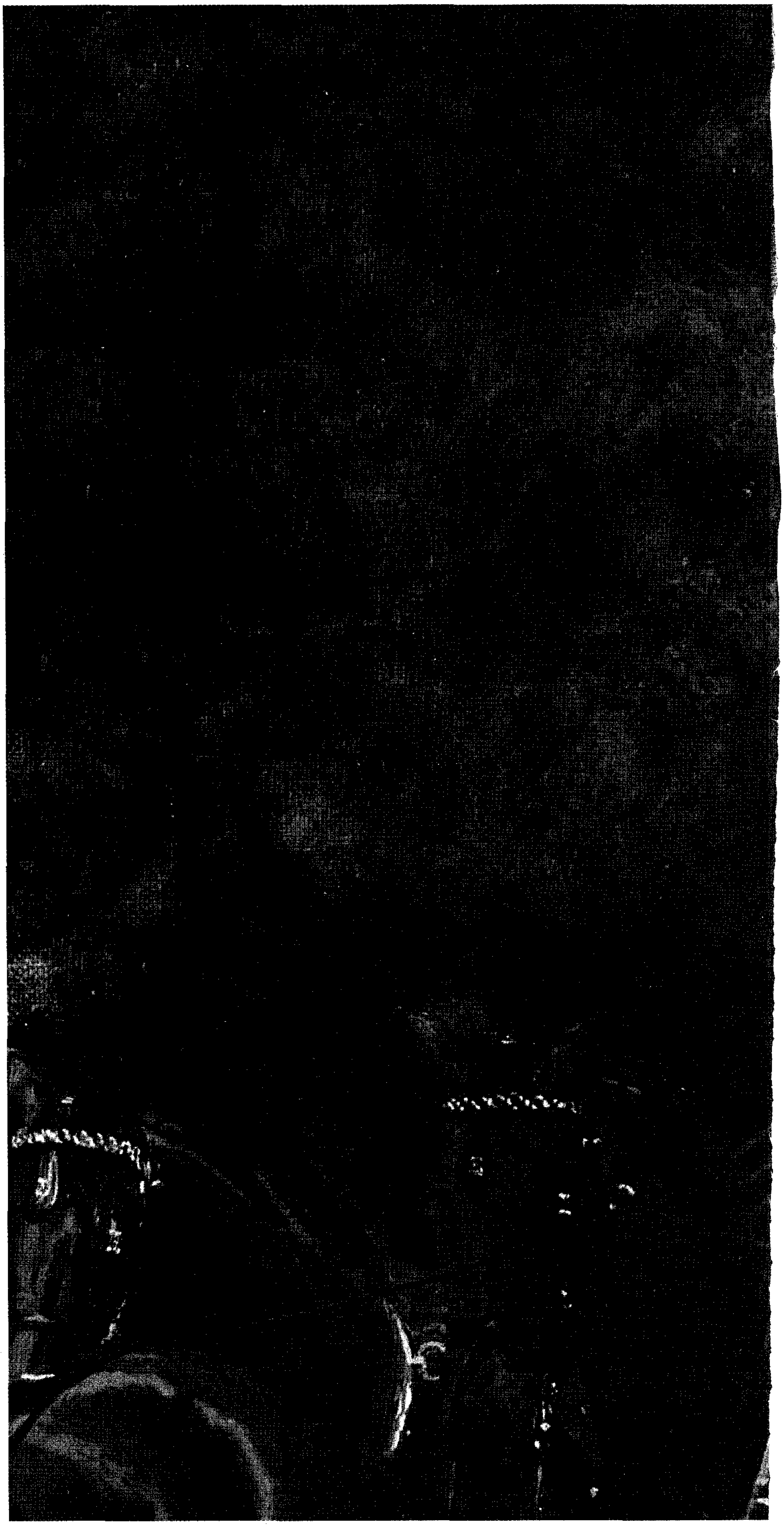
Eakins' self-portrait, circa 1902. Eakins invented American empiricism. His subject became failure and the recompenses of failure: solitude, isolation, and a kind of sad peace.



misunderstood so much as understood only too well—has a decade later not really become part of the amateur museumgoer's perception of who Eakins was and what he did. The winds carrying new biography from academe out into the popular imagination, which generally blow so briskly these days, seem stilled in this case; a lot of people who admire Eakins, and take his greatness for granted, have no idea how dramatically his biography has altered in recent years. In 1989, Kathleen Foster and Cheryl Leibold, the Pennsylvania Academy's archivist, published a superbly edited catalogue and analysis of the Bregler papers, "Writing About Eakins," which received surprisingly little attention. Few serious American critics even bothered to review the big Eakins show that opened at London's National Portrait Gallery last fall, though it was the first Eakins retrospective ever held in Europe and had a first-class catalogue, edited by John Wilmerding. Even William Innes Homer's definitive biography of Eakins, "Thomas Eakins: His Life and Art," which appeared in late 1992, and attempts, with a great deal of delicacy, to incorporate the "new" Eakins into the old picture, got less attention than might have seemed probable, given the significance of its news. And the Metropolitan Museum of Art's new, choice little show of Eakins, entitled "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art," doesn't seem likely to set off many fireworks, either.

This may be because, for reasons that are as significant of our time as the scandals were of his, nobody knows what to do with Eakins now: the new picture of him is not one that fits easily into any of the prefabricated slots of the postmodern imagination. The Bregler papers haven't been fully integrated into a revisionist history, because no one can decide how Eakins ought to be revised. Nobody knows which way to jump. Eakins could be rehabilitated as a transgressive, subversive homoerotic artist or he could be condemned, just as easily, as a bulwark of the patriarchy, whose sexual abuse drove one woman crazy and another to commit suicide. Eakins could be Robert Mapplethorpe or he could be Clarence Thomas.

Philip Larkin once observed, "A writer's reputation is twofold: what we think of his work, and what we think of



Eakins' "A May Morning in the Park (The Fairman Rogers Four-in-Hand)," 1880; detail.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART/GIVEN BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER DICK

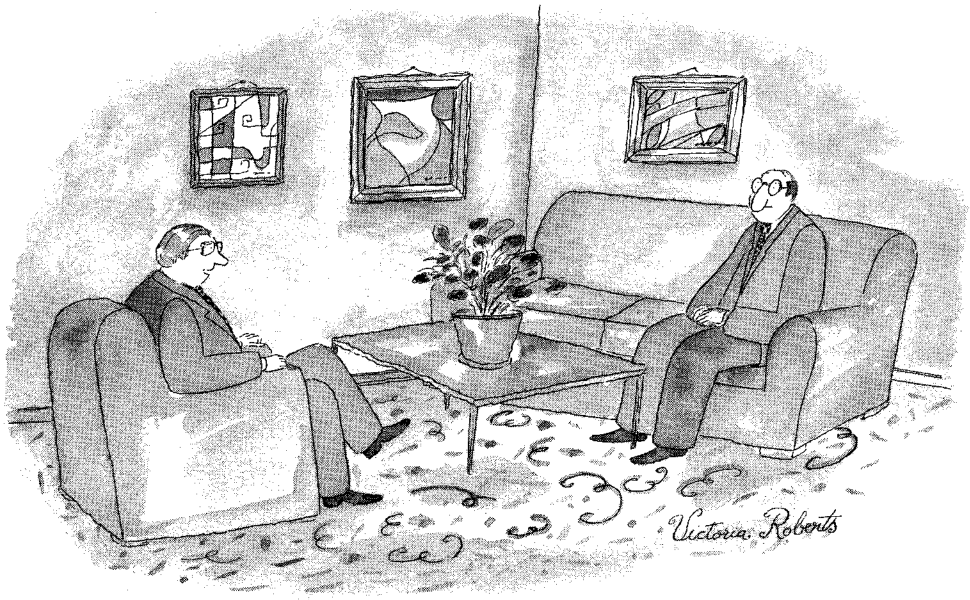
him. What's more, we expect the two halves to relate: if they don't, then one or other of our opinions alter until they do." But the two halves of Eakins *don't* relate equally to each other right now, and the result is an odd silence. Not knowing how to make the two halves relate, we seem to have decided not to talk about him at all. That silence is, in a way, golden. It provides a window through which to see Eakins, for the first time since his death, not as a founder of any line of succession—modern or postmodern, heroic or subversive—but as an actual human being, with a secret, kept for life, that he seems never to have confided, even to himself.

THOMAS EAKINS was born in Philadelphia in 1844, when localness was still decisive in American life. He was Philadelphia the way Adams and James were Boston. At the time, Philadelphia was unique among "provincial" American cities in that its culture was not anchored in a university or in college life. The life of the mind there tended to cling to non-academic institutions—museums and publishing houses and clubs. (This is one reason that Philadelphia's intellectual history is a little more obscure than Boston's: most of its institutions have declined or gone right out of business, while, elsewhere, universities keep on rising, and are generally one of the few things in American life that are continuous, from the nineteenth century through the twentieth.) The Philadelphia style was interior, Quaker, and aesthetic rather than strictly intellectual. When Dickens visited Philadelphia in the early eighteen-forties, he wrote, "There is, afloat in the fair city, an assumption of taste and criticism, savouring rather of those genteel discussions upon the same themes, in connection with Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses, of which we read in the Vicar of Wakefield." The city had a country feeling, which it keeps to this day—the world's biggest city park in its center, and a river right in the middle of town. A painter who wanted, as Eakins did, to paint city scenes and sporting scenes could do both at the same time. Even the standard Philadelphia domestic architecture, of town houses backing onto gardens—an oddity elsewhere—made it, as one social historian has written, "a city with a country heart."

Philadelphia also had its own painting tradition, begun in the late eighteenth century by Charles Willson Peale and his ostentatiously named sons (Rembrandt, Raphaelle, Rubens) and kept alive throughout most of the nineteenth century. Eakins learned at Central High School the style of technical drawing that remained the bedrock of his art. A crisp, obsessively detailed study of a lathe survives from his high-school years, and so does an extremely strange life drawing of a chunky, monumental woman, her face shrouded by a cloth mask. There are not many other drawings like this in the nineteenth century, and, though the blindfold was there for propriety, you don't have to be fanciful to see in it a vehicle of some kind of disturbed feeling. That combination—the lathe and the lady, thwarted desire being expressed in the terms of precise technical drawing—remained the essential formula of his art.

In the fall of 1866, Eakins went to Paris to study. That was, or should have been, an inopportune moment: he caught French realism just before it blossomed into Impressionism. Eakins took lessons from the caterpillars and missed the butterflies completely. He more or less forced his way into the atelier of Jean-Léon Gérôme, a French academic realist who remained his master. Gérôme looks like an unpromising model for Eakins' passionate empiricism, since the point of his art was to take out all passion and put rules in its place, but he offered Eakins a method rather than an aesthetic, and Eakins learned from him the science of realism—a tight discipline of perspective studies and life drawings, with everything worked out in advance. This was the engineering side of French realism, which the Impressionists had to do away with in order to make something truly new. But Eakins thought that the method was all you needed to make the art. Like Dürer in Italy, mastering perspective and proportion and then deciding that he had got it all—the whole point of the Renaissance—Eakins mistook the technical system for the expressive point. He thought that the end of realism was just to make pictures look real. This was an error but, it turned out, a lucky one.

The letters found in Foster and Leibold's "Writing About Eakins" show that Eakins was strong-minded to the point of arrogance. Some fifty letters from Paris survive in the Bregler collection, and they are full of forceful and mostly original opinions. He hated the Northern Baroque—with the exception of Rembrandt, about whom he kept a significant silence; Rembrandt, as Professor Bloom might explain, was too big an influence to be acknowledged. But the Spanish Baroque knocked Eakins out: a visit to Madrid gave him Velázquez, who remained his god. "The big artist does not sit down monkey like and copy a coal scuttle or an ugly old woman like some Dutch painters have done nor a dungpile, but he keeps a sharp eye on Nature and steals her tools," he wrote to his father. "He learns what she does with light the big tool and then color then form and appropriates them to his own use." He added, in words that un-



"I think 'gutsy' became 'ballsy' in about 1988."

cannily reflect not just the ideas but the stripped-down rhythms of Hemingway, in Paris half a century later, "In a big picture you can see what o'clock it is afternoon or morning if its hot or cold winter or summer and what kind of people are there and what they are doing and why they are doing it." This is American realism in its first, uncompromised form: honest sensations connected by "and"s.

In Paris, Eakins also got a dose of French sensuality—not the froufrou sensuality of a later generation but a peasantlike lack of shame about bodies and about sex, which would cause him trouble later on. Back in America, he even sent a sketch of a bare female bosom to his fiancée, Kathrin Crowell, along with the cryptic inscription "I didn't think of it once till you asked me the question." (Kathrin died of meningitis in 1879, before they could be married.) In the summer of 1870, he went home, moved into his parents' house, on Mount Vernon Street—his father built a studio for him on the fourth floor—and set to work in the two veins that remained his major genres, portraits and sporting pictures. It was the portraits that first made his reputation: portraits of his sisters, of women playing the piano at twilight, of men of science buried among their books, or rising, with an air at once ennobled and exhausted, to steal a few minutes to pose. In fairness, though, it must be said—and being fair to Eakins means testing him not against other American painters but against the world's art—that these pictures are a lot less remarkable than some of Eakins' admirers want them to be. They are really just testaments to the pull of the great hidden planet of nineteenth-century painting, Rembrandt.

But the sporting pictures are a different and completely original story. The subject of a portrait is usually station—social position—which is not a very rich subject in a country ruled by commerce. Sports, on the other hand, can become a metaphor for work—discipline, pleasure, ambition—and that is the real subject of Eakins' sporting pictures of the seventies. The Metropolitan Museum of Art had the brains to buy two of the best, which decorate the current show: "Max Schmitt in a Single Scull" and "Pushing for Rail." Like the best sports writing, they are at once detailed to the point of being overdone and relaxed to the point of being underplayed. Eakins was the first to see that the romance of sports in America is the romance of anticipation and recollection, of looking forward and thinking back and, above all, waiting around—a kind of contemplation that combines an enhanced sense of life with a detachment that is a version of aestheticism. But the best of Eakins' sporting pictures are the ones that take something on the wing and pin it down, and supreme among these is "A May Morning in the Park (The Fairman Rogers Four-in-Hand)," at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. (The uncertainty about the subject expressed in the alternative titles is one of the things the picture is about.) The Fairman Rogers four-in-hand is, on the face of it, one of the most unpromising subjects you could ever imagine for a picture—a horse-drawn carriage, with eight people precariously crowded on, going nowhere in particular on an ordinary May morning. The occasion for the picture was painfully provincial. The four-in-hand had been built for Fairman Rogers, a local worthy, by a London company; it was the first four-in-hand in Philadelphia, and he wanted to show it off—like a contemporary stockbroker who wants a nice photograph of his Jaguar.

FROM THE INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Ha! Small wonder joists are suspect here, 73
Habit, trial and error, jurisprudence, 161
Hack on, hack on, you specimen of waste, 80
Handel bites the bag, and Bach, 193
Happy the charmglow hostess she of late, 52
"Hardihood will see us through," said Chapman, 94
Harm's bordello is the op-ed page, 132
Has this been tried before? he asked the glass, 213
Hasn't your Phillip written yet? Politely, 23
Haste hangs on every syllable, 136
He lost the rest on Thursday afternoon, 36
Held close, or clutched in knuckled sweat all term, 38
Hemsterhuys had more than he could handle, 154
Her hips knew what they were about, 144
Her frock required a month to smock, her psalter, 150
Hibernian basket cases crowd me out, 187
High birds perform fine surgeries in the air, 113
Him I know, at least the type, 84
Hog-wild at Skinny's, the balding white men bob, 106
Hop, skip, and scumble, 28
How awful! Why'd he say that? Is he just, 44
Hucksters and oyster-girls in drilled array, 71
Hundreds of dew-sprent wordlings sprawl, 65
Husbanding his paltry store, 203
Huts will rot in better weather, 157

—Nicholson Baker

Eakins took the commission on as though it were a "Creation of Man." One of the real finds in the Bregler papers is his studies for "A May Morning," which were exhibited at the Academy in 1991. It turns out that he first thought of giving the subject a full-blown historical treatment. According to William Innes Homer, in "Thomas Eakins and the Heart of American Life," there was to have been a rider on a horse at the left, a man walking with a knapsack, a Conestoga wagon—"The History of American Transport"; or, "Westward Ho!" But as Eakins concentrated on the first part of the problem—getting the coach down—he became so absorbed in it that pretty soon the rest of the project just got erased. He turned to scientific photography, as he did again and again in his career—this time, studying Muybridge's famous photographs to find out how horses actually moved. (In fact, he adapted these photographs into a small-scale sculptural model of the four horses.) Then he began a tech-

"And just who the hell are you to tell me I'm entitled to my opinion?"

nical analysis of the coach; by the end, he could probably have built one. The wheels of the coach are even made to look as though they were spinning backward—the way they really do look, in the familiar optical illusion. The whole might have been tediously, or even comically, overworked; but Eakins' feeling for "the big tool"—light—unifies and softens the picture-making into a single moment. It was no longer the History of Transport; it wasn't even "A May Morning in the Park." It was just the Fairman Rogers four-in-hand—this coach, these horses, at this moment.

The picture is so unarresting and easy and unpretentious that it's hard now to see that it is radical in a way that makes it the foundation of the empirical tradition in American art. In Europe, realism, no matter how rigorous, always relied on the sublimation of personal experience into a traditional expressive motif—this was what kept the continuities of classical style alive, no matter how attenuated they became. In America, the implicit model became one of inserting artistic "expressiveness" in a doggedly inexpressive tradition: an inventory or a catalogue of birds or a technical drawing. Eakins was the first American to pull this off with complete self-consciousness. His manner is nothing like British detachment or French cool; it comes not from understatement but from hyperbole invested in the wrong—or, at least, the unconventional—subject. The emotion comes from pretending that there's nothing there but the description.

Henry James, who seems never to have known Eakins' work, wrote in the eighteen-nineties of the failures of American painting, saying that what was needed was an artist who "sees deep into his subject, undergoes it, absorbs it, discovers in it new things that were not on the surface . . . in short, enlarges and humanizes the technical problem." Eakins achieved an American style by working in the opposite direction—not by making an obvious subject complex but by making it even more obvious. In a picture like "A May Morning in the Park" he didn't "enlarge and humanize" the technical problem; he made the technical problem seem to be all the art there was.

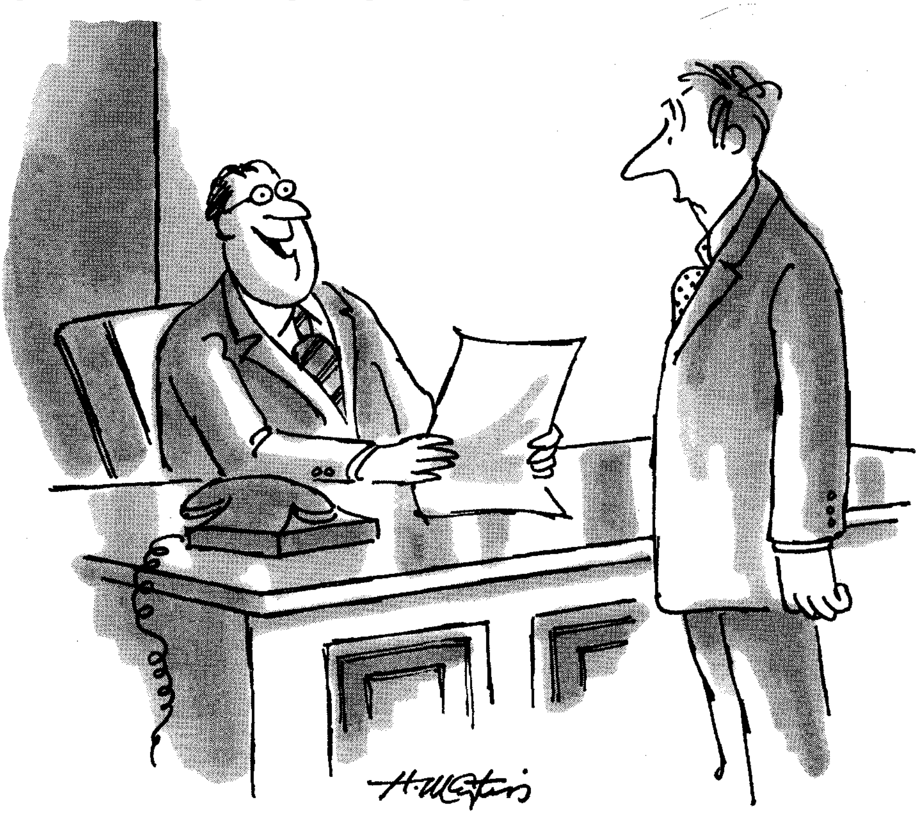
THE first ten years of Eakins' career were an almost unimpeded series of triumphs, just as the next twenty were an almost unimpeded series of disasters. In 1876, he was appointed to a teaching job at the Pennsylvania Academy; in 1879, he was made professor; and in 1882 he became the director of the Academy's Art School. His pictures were popular, too—the Metropolitan Museum was glad to get "The Chess Players," in 1881—and the portrait commissions were rolling in. The first was for a portrait of the newly inaugurated Rutherford B. Hayes. There were intimations of trouble to come, though, for someone with an ear to hear them. Chekhov says that the most intolerable people are provincial celebrities, and Eakins seems to have become one. He wanted to be a "big artist," but being a big artist in a small town was uncomfortably like being a little local god. He was a star, handsome in what used to be called a saturnine fashion—brooding and dark—and after he married his most promising pupil, Susan Macdowell, in 1884, he came to dominate her large extended family as he already dominated his own. (The two of them had no children.) He seems to have liked being "candid," and he didn't see that if a family exists to support you it also exists to cut you down to size. He made an implacable enemy of his brother-in-law George Frank (Kid) Stephens, for example, just by being too successful and too self-confident. (Stephens, a former student of Eakins', worked as a decorator and had a small studio.) Eakins enjoyed being outrageous, not in the florid, cape-and-foil manner of a Whistler but in the crabbed, disdainful manner of someone who has been to bigger towns than this and heard bigger talk than yours.

At the Academy, he was a more serious teacher, in a way, than anybody really wanted. Most of his students—society girls, earnest young men, and a handful of genuinely gifted pupils, like Susan—wanted to learn how to be "creative," rather than to be artists in the French sense: skilled technicians of illusion. Eakins taught them technique instead of uplift. Above all, he taught them to paint from the nude human figure. That was the foundation of all art teaching, though it was usually preceded by a period of drawing from the antique—that is, from old plaster casts. Eakins didn't think much of that. He preferred the nude and only the nude. All teachers, of course, are powerful just by being teachers—especially when what is being taught has an element of alchemy, as painting does. Eakins must have been the now familiar type: a taciturn, sexually magnetic figure whose abruptly shifting moods and manners made him an easy object of student obsession. He seems to have walked around with a powerful aura of sexuality that didn't have to be fully expressed in order to be deeply disturbing. But he may have expressed it anyway.

Beneath the disciplined, respectable busyness of Eakins' studio, with its perspective studies and Presidential portraits, another life went on. It was this more hidden life that, it now seems, came to the surface at the time of the "loincloth incident" (as it is rather ponderously called in the Eakins literature). What exactly happened? Although every Eakins biographer has sifted through the evidence, Kathleen Foster's scrupulous, thoughtful essay, in "Writing About Eakins," is to date the definitive account of Eakins' troubles, on which all subsequent accounts, including this one, depend. Her study of the Bregler papers reveals that the loincloth incident was not what started Eakins' troubles. It was the last straw. Many people had been disturbed about Eakins for a long time, because of his practice of holding surreptitious nude posing sessions outside the Academy. (One of his women students confessed that she had been posing nude for Eakins in his private studio.) Worse, Eakins had on at least one occasion exposed himself to a female student in order (so he said) to demonstrate an anatomical point. He wrote to Edward Hornor Coates, the Academy official who had asked for his resignation, "Once in the dissecting room she asked me the explanation of a movement of the pelvis in relation to the axis of movement of the whole body, so I told her to come around with me to my own studio where I was shortly going. There, stripping myself, I gave her the explanation as I could not have done by words only. There was not the slightest embarrassment or cause for embarrassment on her part or on mine." It was apparently the opinion of the directors of the Academy that there might have been some other way to demonstrate the movement of the pelvis—or, at least, some other pelvis to demonstrate it with.

A set of more than a thousand photographs, plates, and negatives, some by Eakins himself and some by his "circle," were found among the Bregler papers and published just last month in "Eakins and the Photograph" (a catalogue of the collection, which will be exhibited at the Academy in February). They suggest what was going on in the Eakins circle, and why it worried the directors. As the Eakins scholar Elizabeth Johns puts it in her catalogue essay, with memorable dryness, "after interpreting certain photographs of his nude subjects, the common description of Thomas Eakins as a 'scientific realist' no longer seems to apply." The photographs, which were mostly taken during the eighteen-eighties, are not just nude but naked, and even a little raw. There is picture after picture of Eakins and his students, boys and girls alike, posing for the camera: Eakins nude, seen from the rear, alongside a nude woman, probably a student; Eakins in full-frontal view (as they say in the tabloids), holding a naked girl in his arms, her head thrown back as if to indicate ecstasy; Eakins, rather comically perched naked on his horse, Billy; and even Susan, his wife, nude, with her arm resting on Billy's neck. You feel the thrill of nineteenth-century nakedness in these slightly paunchy but still lovely bodies—the daring of what they were doing, and the tang of the forbidden. (In the photograph of Susan with the horse, her face has been scratched out of the negative.) In the late nineteenth century, nude photography wasn't an unusual aid to painting, but the poses conformed to the standard types of the academic nude. Eakins' photographs may have had an elliptical relationship to his paintings but they seem compelled by another, private imperative. As Johns points out, just to imagine the circumstances of these pictures—the choreography of the poses, the clicking of the shutter—is to imagine a scene that is hard to square with conventional middle-class morality today, let alone with nineteenth-century Philadelphia respectability. What did the Victorian girl whom Eakins swept up in his arms, while some other, probably equally naked student clicked the shutter, *think* about it all? (Some of the students came to feel that the posing was wrong, and that it had been coerced by Eakins.) For all Eakins' doubtless sincere and impressive talk about "the dignity which comes from serious thoughts" in connection with the nude, there is something driven and strange about these photographs. They don't look dignified, or even serious. Something of the early, wild-eyed D. H. Lawrence comes through, with sex and puritan self-righteousness equally mixed. They seem possessed by a kind of sanctimonious exhibitionism.

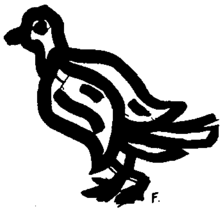
Eakins' chief accuser turned out to be his brother-in-law, Stephens, who to the stories about Eakins added tales of his having forced a niece to pose nude, too, and even pointed out that Eakins had a habit of



"On the plus side, however, your severance package contains a little bonus: two tickets to 'A Tuna Christmas.' "

walking into bedrooms "dressed only in his shirttails." Susan Eakins denied it all, angrily.

Eakins' letters during this period are persuasively indignant. He makes the case—powerfully, and even movingly—that he was interested only in treating women as he treated men. "If women are to be taught at all I think they should have good teaching," he wrote. But the trouble with the simplest and most agreeable explanation of the scandals—that Eakins had a vicious brother-in-law who lied—is that the same thing kept happening. Two months after Eakins lost his job at the Academy, he was also made to resign from the Philadelphia Sketch Club, a private art club where he had once taught life classes. Stephens had raised the old charges about his brother-in-law with the club's directors, and added vague new accusations of "bestiality" and "incest." (In 1895, at the Drexel Institute, Eakins reënacted the stunt that had got him in trouble at the Academy, exposing still one more male model before a mixed class. The Institute cancelled Eakins' lectures.)



Over the next fifteen years, Eakins became implicated in the ruin of two young women, both of whom seemed to have developed a sexual obsession with him. It was Eakins' letters relating to one of these cases that his wife had wanted burned. The first was named Lilian Hammitt. She was a student of Eakins' who had become convinced that he had promised to marry her. She wrote to him as he was working on her portrait in 1888, and reminded him of this "promise." Eakins wrote back that she was "laboring under false notions." But she insisted, and she kept sending letters saying that Eakins had promised to marry her, and began telling people that he had made love to her. Later, Hammitt maintained, as Foster puts it, in contemporary academese, that the perception of her insanity had been "the product of gender bias." She was no crazier than Eakins, she announced, but because she was a woman no one would believe her. Eventually, she was committed to a sanatorium. Then, sometime in the mid-eighteen-nineties, she was released, only to be picked up on the streets of Philadelphia wearing a bathing suit. She told the police that she was Mrs. Thomas Eakins, and the story was written up in at least one Philadelphia newspaper. On the surface, anyway, Eakins behaved well through all this, trying to keep "the sad afflictions of a most unfortunate lady" out of the press. (He failed.)

Harder to deal with was the story of Ella Crowell—a niece of Eakins', and one of his favorite students, who committed suicide. The trouble began in 1890, when Eakins' sister Fanny sent her two daughters, Ella and Maggie, to study with him, but asked that they never be asked "to pose nude or even to strip in any way." Eakins wouldn't have that; he wrote to Fanny that, in addition to life-class studies, the girls would need additional lessons at home in which they might pose for him, and he for them, in order to give them a "closer observation of the joints and other machinery." Fanny wrote back, "I thought you had given up girl students posing." Like Lilian Hammitt, Ella Crowell became obsessed with Eakins, but she turned against her uncle, telling her parents that he had once forced her to touch his "private parts." Her father, William J. Crowell, had been one of Eakins' most devoted friends and supporters, standing by him forthrightly through all the troubles at the Academy and other institutions that had banished him. But now Crowell, too, turned on Eakins, accusing him of having corrupted and possibly molested his daughter.

It's hard not to feel ambivalent about these stories. On the one hand, Eakins was courageous, and even something of a proto-feminist: he believed that art depended on the nude figure, and that to keep women from painting nudes was to keep them from a livelihood. On the other hand, you do not have to be small-minded or salacious to find something a little odd in his insistence on showing the "joints and other machinery" to teen-age girls. In 1896, Ella, too, was committed to a mental hospital; shortly after her release, she shot herself. Her parents, grief-stricken, blamed Eakins. Susan Eakins summarized the charge in an ambiguous yet lurid form: "Maggie is freely talking at the Academy against her Uncle Tom. The stories are that her sister Ella's insanity was brought on by the wearing effect of unnatural sexual excitements practiced upon her in the style of Oscar Wilde."

WHAT *are* "unnatural sexual excitements . . . in the style of Oscar Wilde"? Foster suggests that Maggie (or Susan) may just have been referring to Eakins' bohemian life style, but it seems unlikely that, even in Philadelphia in the eighteen-nineties, "the style of Oscar Wilde" meant anything other than buggery. The newspaper accounts of Wilde's trials, which took place in 1895, had been pretty specific. (Foster alternatively suggests that perhaps Eakins lured the girls into watching him have sex with boys; but the force of the accusation certainly sounds as if he performed with the girls the "excitements" that Wilde so notoriously performed with men.)

The reference to Oscar Wilde raises another much talked-of issue in Eakins' biography. Since 1974, when the art historian Gordon Hendricks first had the courage to point it out, in his book "The Life and Work of Thomas Eakins," one of the recurring themes in the Eakins literature has been Eakins' ambiguous sexuality. Foster builds her discussion of this point on positive details—Eakins' "closeness to his male students, his many nude photographs of men, and his affectionate relationship with the much younger Samuel Murray," his favorite student. The case can also be made on less testable grounds, like the critic Michael Fried's argument, in his book "Realism, Writing, Disfiguration: Thomas Eakins and Stephen Crane," that the "oedipal structure" of Eakins' imagination made him identify with the passive male patient on the operating table in his famous painting "The Gross Clinic," and that the painting should be read as a fantasy of being sexually possessed. (Presumably after you come out from under the chloroform.)

There was also Eakins' friendship with Walt Whitman, which began in the year after the first scandal, and soon became the central creative attachment of his life. In the fall of 1887, when Eakins was forty-three, he went across the river to Camden, and met Whitman, who was sixty-eight and living there in semi-retirement, after a stroke. The poet's garrulous enthusiasms would seem at first to have been a bad match for the painter's purposeful taciturnity, and, in fact, Whitman's impressions of Eakins were unenthusiastic. He found the painter "careless, negligent, indifferent." But he soon saw that Eakins' deliberately rough manner—which must have been made rougher by what he saw as his recent mistreatment—concealed a love of truth for its own sake, without the sweetening of conventional piety. "Eakins," he said, "breaks utterly from the old, the outworn, the merely traditional." Eventually, Tom began a portrait of Walt. From our perspective, it is a somewhat disappointing picture: Whitman looks sugarcoated—the American poet-Santa Claus, all loose collar and white beard and ruddy cheeks. But at the time it was seen to have a kind of direct address that echoed the poet's own manner. "The Eakins picture is severe—keeps close to nature—slurs nothing—faces the worst as well as the best," Walt said. Eakins and Whitman were not quite happy bohemian companions. They were too old for that, and Eakins was too uptight. But Whitman seems to have had a powerful intuition that Eakins' silences were as meaningful as his own rhapsodies and pointed the path to another kind of strictly American truth-telling. There's a wonderful story (told by Sylvan Schendler in his still peerlessly sympathetic 1967 life of Eakins) about Eakins and Whitman together at a celebration of the poet's seventy-second birthday:

> WHITMAN: And Eakins—what of Tom Eakins? He is here. Haven't you something to say to us, Eakins?
>
> EAKINS: I am not a speaker.
>
> WHITMAN: So much the better—you are more likely to say something.

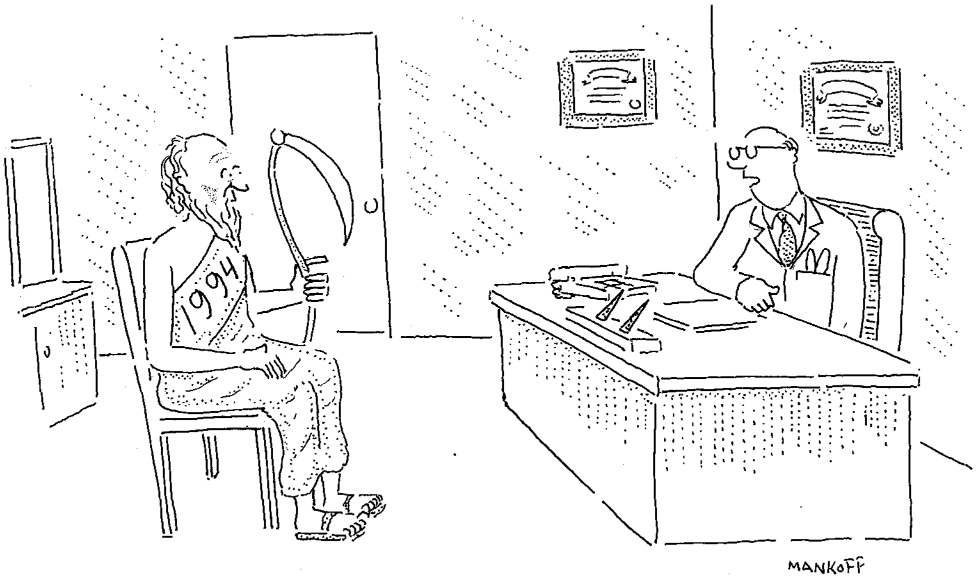
Given the poet's own tastes, it's easy to imagine that their friendship was cemented by at least a tacit understanding about a shared sexual orientation.

The question of Eakins' homosexuality opens onto a minefield of conflicting feelings, sensitivities, and proprieties, old and new, through which the critic can walk only at his peril, expecting little explosions all around. There are really two separate questions. One is formal, and can be decided basically by looking at the art: Is there a "homoerotic" content in Eakins' pictures, is it vital to their meanings, and was it put there at the time, rather than being read back into them now by contemporary fashion? The second is biographical: Is there any evidence that Eakins was in fact homosexual, in the sense that he was fully conscious of the nature of his desires and did something about them? The answer to the first question seems to be certainly yes; the answer to the second probably no.

The homoerotic content of Eakins' work is evident. There are two paintings, in particular, in which a desire for the male body seems to become the picture's essential subject: "Arcadia," of 1883, and the much better "The Swimming Hole," which he also finished in 1883, just before the scandals began to break around his head. These pictures possess (and are possessed by) a vein of homoerotic poetry, and not just because they contain naked men and boys. The poetry is created, first of all, by their stillness—a stillness that was achieved in part by Eakins' endless preparatory photographic studies, and a stillness that also, as so often in painting, seems closely allied to longing. Here, again, Eakins' nude photographs seem significant. Most of them are of men, and they tend to be much more "posy"—self-consciously sexual—than the photographs of women. Many of these men are young and androgynous, and in some of the photographs the male nude has assumed an "odalisque" pose—stretched out face down on a rug, or reclining asleep on a draped couch—which in nineteenth-century art was normally adopted only by women. In others (as Elizabeth Johns points out in her essay), a young boy is with an older man, "implying an aesthetic tradition into which boys are initiated." A lot of the poses are of the "Antinous" type—a classical cliché, named after the Emperor Hadrian's much-modelled lover. But some of the male nudes—particularly a photograph of two young men seen from behind by the water's edge, which is in the Met show—are extremely beautiful. They have a pensive, slow-motion softness that got a little lost when they were translated into the crisp realism of the finished "The Swimming Hole"; the photographs have the other-worldliness of art, while the painting looks a little too photographic.

The atmosphere of sexual desire in "The Swimming Hole" is articulated in the swimmers' poses, and especially in the hand-on-hip, thrust-buttock pose of the beautiful nude male at the apex of the compositional pyramid. It is a pose that has been identified as a kind of secret marrano code, representing—to those in the know—male love in a culture that forbids it. The thrust buttock of the boy does seem to belong, if not to a secret language, at least to an easily overlooked history of homoerotic poses: it resembles the pose of both Donatello's and Verrocchio's "David"s, for instance. (The Eakins nude has also been used, appropriately, on the cover of a Penguin edition of Whitman's collected works.) All Eakins' studies of the male nude have about them—in their seductive hush, even their simple frontality—a powerful charge of desire, and you can argue that the Philadelphia bourgeoisie, sensing the presence of a code, even if they couldn't figure out the precise meaning of the message, acted oppressively. They knew that there was an Other in there somewhere, and they threw it out.

But if it's not wrong to see Eakins in terms of a homosexual tradition, it is limiting. To miss seeing the appetite for men's bodies is to fail to accept Eakins; to make that appetite into an identity is to fail to understand him. To try and place him in another apostolic succession, the



"I'll level with you. It's just a matter of time."

• •

FAR AWAY

When I answered that I came from "far away,"
The policeman at the roadblock snapped, "Where's that?"
He'd only half heard what I said and thought
It was the name of some place up the country.

And now it is—both where I have been living
And where I left—a distance still to go
Like starlight that is light-years on the go
From far away and takes light-years arriving.

—Seamus Heaney

newly created one of misunderstood gays, is to once again make him into a waxwork. Passions can stand outside social roles; that's what makes them passionate. Except for Susan Eakins' one ambiguous reference, there isn't a single record or report of actual homosexual practice on Eakins' part. This may be partly a result of the primness of the time, but surely not altogether. Obviously, a hidden homosexual life in nineteenth-century Philadelphia would not leave much of a record behind; yet, especially in the case of someone as well known as Eakins, such a life would be unlikely to go completely unremarked. Homosexuality back then—at least in artistic circles—was probably not as unmentionable as we like to imagine. One of the impressive things about Walt Whitman is that he did what he wanted to do and said what he wanted to say, more or less at will, and on the record. (Perhaps that was what Eakins admired about him.) And though Walt Whitman was hardly Vincent Astor when it came to respectability, he wasn't an outcast, either.

Despite the photographs, and despite the friendship with Whitman, the evidence is all about Eakins' entanglements with women, not men. An old-fashioned Freudian would probably talk about latency and transference (Eakins did to his niece what he couldn't do to boys); a newfangled Foucaultian would argue for dialectic oppositions in the creation of desire. It's also possible that Ella Crowell and Lilian Hammitt were simply telling the truth about Eakins, and that we ought to feel more for them than for their abuser. If one accepts that notion, Eakins becomes a villain along the lines of Virginia Woolf's half brother George Duckworth, who took advantage of his position to molest her for years.

It seems more likely, though, that Eakins will be remade as a new kind of hero, trendily fascinated by "androgyny" and "gender reversal"; he may now become the beneficiary of postmodern sentimentality, as he was previously the beneficiary of modernist sentimentality. Modernist sentimentality is the sentimentality of the overt: it believes that, if you can just show things—people, bodies, paint itself—as they "really" are, the world will improve. Postmodern sentimentality is the sentimentality of the hidden: it believes that if you can enumerate all the secret conspiracies that keep people from expressing themselves, and study the hidden codes with which they signal their despair, some kind of comfort can be found. When we assemble what we know about Eakins—the love of men's bodies, the lust for women's, the brutality, the tenderness—it is no help to maintain that some of these elements reflect the patriarchal, white-male bad Eakins, while others reflect a gay, subversive good Eakins. The patriarchal authoritarianism is as much a part of the identity as the homoerotic longings.

Surveying the record, you are inclined to come to the conclusion that the important thing about Eakins' secret—for his art, at any rate—was that he never really wanted to know what it was. Whatever fires burned within him—innocent or licentious, straight or gay—he wanted to keep them damped, and he did. The driven, coarse qualities of the secret photographs are exactly what *don't* appear in the paintings. When he lamented, in reference to the scandals, "Was ever so much smoke for so little fire," he obviously meant it. What happens in Eakins' pictures is less a sublimation of buried passion than an expression of his clenched determination not to be fully expressed. Eakins' emotion was masked in life, and it remains masked in his art. What is impressive is how haunting and detailed that mask still is. Eakins may have been "in denial"; his pictures show that that is not a bad place from which to make art. There may have been a fire somewhere, but his subject was all smoke.

From Rembrandt to Cézanne, bearishness has been the aging artist's occupational hazard, in the way that excessive sociability is the occupational hazard of the aging writer. When indignity was piled upon scandal, Eakins became bearish to the point of becoming a kind of recluse. His career was hardly over; there were people still eager to buy an Eakins, and to see one. But he had slipped back into the pack. He commuted to New York in the nineties, and taught for a while at Cooper Union. He exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893; and he had a one-man show at a Philadelphia gallery in 1896, which was mostly ignored by the local press. That was the only one-man show he got. The scandals, stretched out over a long time, seem to have left Eakins in a kind of limbo. Some of his troubles—the Hammitt episode, for instance—got into the papers. Others—the Ella Crowell tragedy—didn't. But since a lot of what happened remained rumor, as it has to this day, Eakins became a kind of target, and people could project on him almost any sins they wanted. Eakins wasn't finished as an artist, or even as a society artist. Right to the end of his career, he continued to get occasional commissions from society people. But in a time and place that valued respectability he was no longer respectable.

Fortunately, his father had left him some money, so the decline in his reputation didn't mean a terrible decline in his fortune. He had the house on Mount Vernon Street, and a small private income. And he had Susan. She was a model wife to a man with troubles, supporting him through the worst, and even preparing a lengthy, dignified defense of his conduct in the Ella Crowell affair. In the past, Susan Eakins has been seen as a kind of dowager empress of American art—the perfect widow. In the light of what we understand now, her portrait needs a little more shading. She obviously knew all about the private posing—she participated in it herself, in fact—and must have sensed that her husband, though certainly not the cloven-hoofed satyr of the Philadelphia imagination, was not quite the innocent scientific realist he claimed to be, either. Reading between the lines in her letters, and looking at Eakins' photographs of her, one has the sense that she trusted him in the knowledgeable but unquestioning way that married people can: she had *chosen* to believe in him, and that faith could survive his lapses and her doubts.

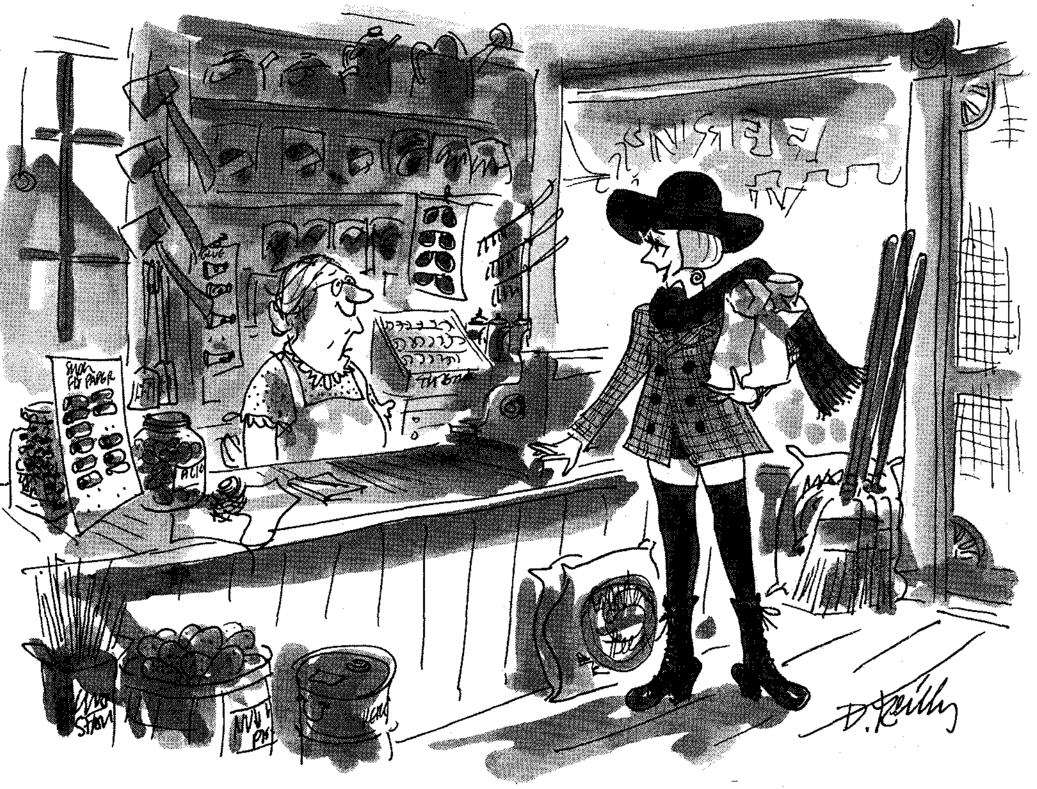
By the early nineties, Eakins, no longer a local hero, became a bit of a local character, and even at times a local eccentric. His bearishness turned into simple bitterness. "My honors are misunderstanding, persecution, and neglect, enhanced because unsought," he wrote in 1894. Like Auden a century later, he offended people by the simple, disarming practice of wearing his carpet slippers upon what one biographer calls "inappropriate occasions." When the Academy finally agreed to show one of his pictures, after having rejected it for a decade, Eakins, it is said, appeared for the opening on a high-wheeled bicycle, wearing red bicycle pants. And in private he became, if anything, even less guarded in his behavior. He would ask women to pose nude, or appear before them only half-dressed himself. Once, he showed up stark naked in front of a girl who was posing for Samuel Murray. "I don't know if you ever saw a naked man before," he announced. "I thought you might like to see one." (Her reply is unrecorded.)

The light dimmed in Eakins' painting. He stopped painting outdoors in Philadelphia, and the purposeful, aristocratic scullers and rowers were replaced as athletic subjects by boxers, caught in moments of exhaustion and defeat. The two best of his boxing pictures, "Taking the Count" and "Between Rounds" (which shows a weary fighter collapsed on his stool), replace the virginal, austere world of the river with a smoky, honky-tonk world of jeering, amused spectators and beaten small-time pugs. The most memorable figure in all of them is the referee in "Taking the Count": dumb, distracted, and without enough intelligence to do the counting out with any enthusiasm. You can see in him Eakins' unconscious image of his own accusers.

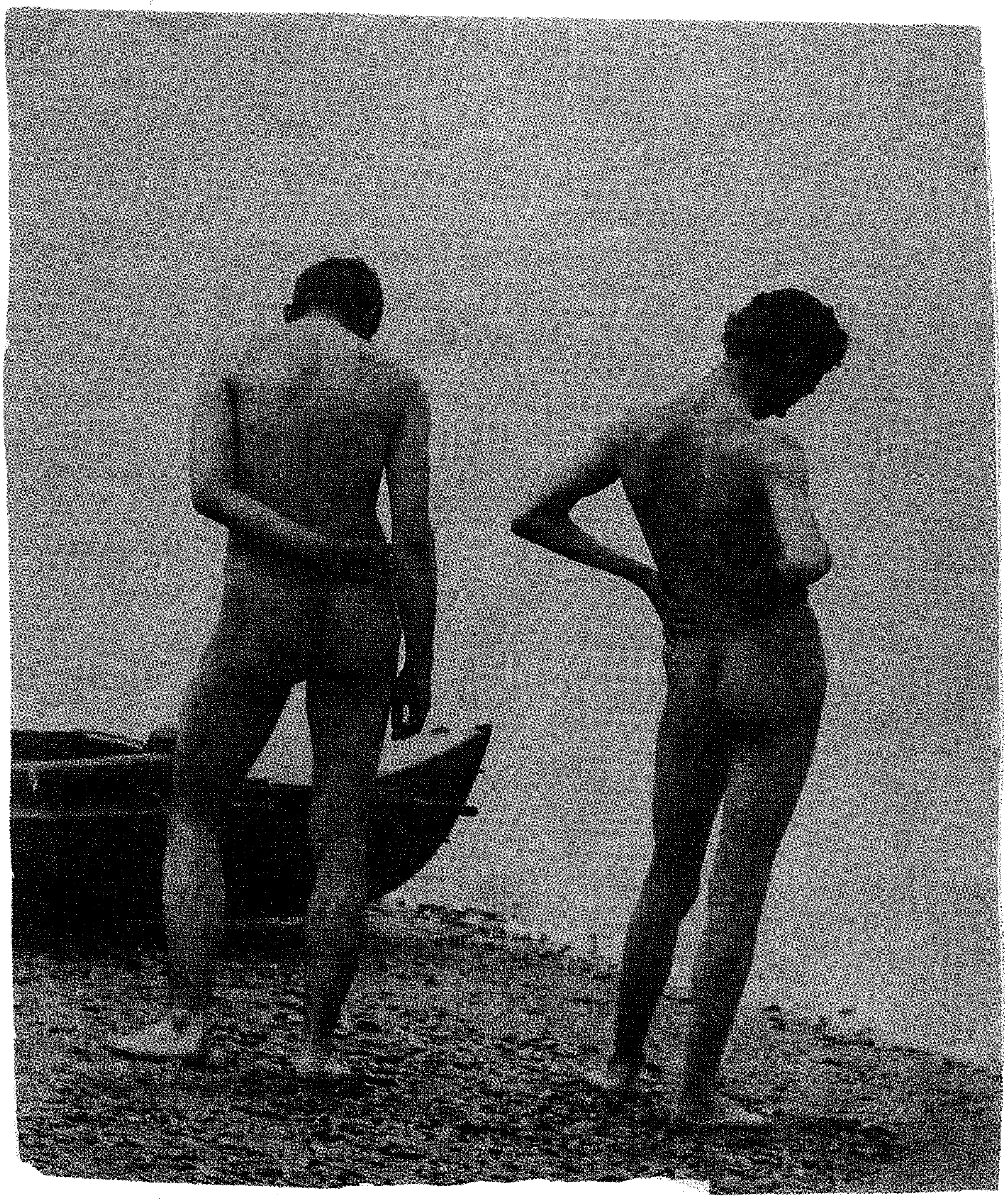
Mostly, Eakins painted portraits. It is a necessary piety of American art to admire the late Eakins portraits indiscriminately. But this requires an effort of belief; one of the things that made the river pictures so wonderful was that they found a vein of melancholy where there seemed only to be play. The late portraits find melancholy just where you would expect to find it: in the dimly lit parlors of the educated bourgeoisie. They use a conventional, Rembrandtesque rhetoric conventionally. He also painted a series of portraits of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Philadelphia, which are painful to look at. Eakins must have thought that they gave him the occasion for the kind of authoritarian grandeur that Velázquez had managed with his Pope; but the Roman Catholic Church in America was already a cautious, prosperous, lower-middle-class bureaucracy, and his monsignors just look like high-school principals. In a catalogue essay accompanying the London show, one scholar reproduced pictures by obscure European contemporaries of Eakins, as little known here as he is there, and managed to suggest, kindly, that Eakins' late manner is really a predictable little manner of the second rank of Western painting of the time.

But on one occasion, in a quickly painted picture, Eakins came as close as he ever would to levelling with himself. He did this in a small self-portrait, now in the Hirshhorn, in Washington. It was painted as the study for a "diploma picture" for the National Academy of Design, in New York. (Eakins was inducted in 1902—probably from his point of view, about twenty years too late.) Every new member had to submit a portrait, and Eakins chose to paint his own. In a single sitting, he put down a face that confronts the academicians, his accusers, and mankind generally—a face in which contempt, hurt feelings, grandiosity, insecurity, and intimidating sensuality are equally mixed. He must have thought it too strong by half, because the finished picture he actually sent to New York is much more ordinary: the face an artist puts on to meet the world.

The only picture of Eakins' late years that achieves a genuinely new and distinctively American manner is a one-shot portrait that he painted in 1905 of Rear Admiral George W. Melville. Melville



"Great news! Our helipad is finished, so we'll be year-rounders now."



Eakins' platinum-print portrait of himself (left) and his student J. Laurie Wallace was one of many photographic studies he made for the 1883 "The Swimming Hole." The student's stance resembles the pose of both Donatello's and Verrocchio's "David"s.

had become famous for his heroic role in a failed North Pole expedition nearly twenty-five years earlier. Eakins painted him in a rigidly, almost absurdly frontal pose—as locked in place, one historian has remarked, as a Byzantine emperor, and with a scraggly mane of white hair serving as an improbable halo. The picture is uncannily similar, in format and emotional effect, to Chuck Close's first hyperrealist portraits—right down to the use of the brass buttons on Melville's uniform as a deliberately repetitive device. A passionate empiricism, invested in a descriptive art so seemingly self-sufficient that its effects first put us in mind of catalogues and technical drawings—that was Eakins' artistic secret, from beginning to end.

Eakins began to decline physically after his sixty-seventh birthday and had stopped painting by 1913. The awards and attention had begun to return, but by then it was too late to help. One of his pictures of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, that of Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, won the Temple Gold Medal at the Pennsylvania Academy, which seemed to Eakins, understandably, to be "a heap of impudence." (On this occasion, too, he rode over to the Academy in his shocking bicycle costume.) He picked up the medal and, before riding home, sold it, contemptuously, to the Mint, where it was melted down. He died on June 25, 1916. The pictures in his estate were appraised at less than three thousand dollars.

Susan Eakins stayed on in the house on Mount Vernon Street. She began to paint again—she had given up her own career to assist his—and a few of her late self-portraits have a strength and intelligence that suggest that in another and better time she might have become a first-class painter. Mostly, though, she devoted herself to his memory: encouraging exhibitions, letting carefully rationed bits of biographical material out to the people who in the first quarter of the century increasingly became interested in Eakins. She tried to set them straight and make them see Eakins as he had taught her to see him: as a man of science, an observer, a student of nature. She helped Lloyd Goodrich with his pioneering biography of Eakins (though she afterward observed tartly that "when a man cannot understand the greatness of Gérôme I cannot think he understands Eakins"). The letters in "Writing About Eakins" show that she was still defending his memory as late as 1936. "I hardly know how to describe my husband," she wrote. "He was welcomed by men of science. Dr. Gross admitted him in the Clinic. He saw that the young Eakins' interest was to learn."

Susan died in 1938, at the age of eighty-seven. Her ashes were buried alongside her husband's in what is now a run-down neighborhood of West Philadelphia. Their grave was unmarked until 1983, when an anonymous admirer donated a plain granite headstone. The cemetery overlooks the Schuylkill River, where, in the distance, the rowers still go by.

WHERE, in the light of the new biographical details, does Eakins fit into the history or the "canon" of American art? The overpraised, ascetic Saint Tom of Lewis Mumford, who once called the 1886 incident "a morally significant act in the service of scientific verity," and of Elizabeth Johns, who at the end of her 1983 study compared him to Carlyle, Baudelaire, and Emerson, seems a little unreal now—a figure created in part to fill the need of modern American art for a granddaddy who stayed home instead of emigrating to Paris or London. But losing Eakins from the apostolic succession of American modernism doesn't mean losing him for American art. Not all apostles need be saints. Eakins seems now to matter less as a protean master figure than as a looker-on, like Hawthorne—as one of the makers of our local melancholia.

If there is a lasting truth that Eakins' intense friendship with Whitman gives rise to, perhaps it has less to do with sexual politics than with the oscillating moods of American empiricism. Why does the passionate faith in things for their own sake, which is so ecstatic in Whitman ("Happiness not in another place, but this place . . . not for another hour, but this hour"), turn so sad in Eakins? Eakins believed in the here and now, but he didn't get the happiness. Those endless lists of things in Whitman feel cheering, while the inventories of things in Eakins' paintings make us feel blue. Perhaps it is because, in writing, the nouns invest things with a human confidence—just by being named, these things become part of our invented world and put under our power. Things painted for their own sake pass out of our control, back into a world of mute out-thereness.

Edmund Wilson made, in "Patriotic Gore," a sturdy, useful general distinction between the two groups that emerged in American culture after the Civil War. One group (Twain, Ambrose Bierce) developed a style that was chastened and decisive, stripped down: they found the world too accelerated to allow for waste space or second thoughts, and saw themselves as men of action, inventorying the new world around them. The other group (Henry Adams, Henry James) were defeated by the energies of that world, and had to go to Europe to practice a nuanced, self-regarding art. What makes Eakins so odd and ornery was that he was the first American to be both decisive *and* defeated—to catalogue the new world of American things and to be exhausted, rather than invigorated, by the inventory. In this sense, he still comes by his modernity honestly. It took the First World War to let an entire generation of American artists and writers feel what Eakins had come to feel naturally, as one man's misery. ♦

BOOKS ABOUT EAKINS

Writing About Eakins
by Kathleen A. Foster and Cheryl Leibold
(Pennsylvania, 1989)

Thomas Eakins: His Life and Art
by William Innes Homer
(Abbeville, 1992)

Eakins and the Photograph
by Susan Danly and Cheryl Leibold,
with Elizabeth Johns,
Anne McCauley, and Mary Panzer
(Smithsonian, 1994)

The Life and Work of Thomas Eakins
by Gordon Hendricks
(Grossman, 1974)

Eakins
by Sylvan Schendler
(Little, Brown, 1967)

Thomas Eakins and the Heart of American Life
edited by John Wilmerding
(National Portrait Gallery, 1993)

Thomas Eakins
by Lloyd Goodrich
(Harvard, 1982)

Realism, Writing, Disfiguration: Thomas Eakins and Stephen Crane
by Michael Fried
(Chicago, 1988)

Thomas Eakins: The Heroism of Modern Life
by Elizabeth Johns
(Princeton, 1983)

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART/DAVID HUNTER/McALPIN FUND

LETTER FROM HAITI

LIVES IN THE BALANCE

If President Jean-Bertrand Aristide is to rewrite the long, tortured, anti-democratic history of Haiti, he will have to navigate an almost impossible path between his conflicting goals of reconciliation and justice.

BY AMY WILENTZ

JACKSON JOSEPH loves President Aristide. In a small satchel, he carries with him a little laminated black-and-white photograph of the smiling President, which he hid in the rafters of his concrete house during the three years of what he calls *defakto-yo*, or the de-factos—the Creole name for the military government that took power after a coup d'état ousted Jean-Bertrand Aristide, in 1991. Joseph, forty-six, lives in a shantytown above the rambling, tightly packed Port-au-Prince neighborhood called Carrefour Feuilles, a neighborhood known for its ardent support of Aristide. In the old days, when Aristide was just a parish priest, Joseph used to go three or four times a year to hear him preach at St. Jean Bosco, a small church all the way across town.

Joseph's house is on a hill filled with squatters' shacks slapped up haphazardly on land that no one would bother claiming to own. The house is high enough up to make Joseph laugh and say, "It's out of town," as he treks up a rock-strewn road and a treacherous slope of clayey mud. But the place is also low enough that Haiti's rare but violent rains pour streams of mud under the walls and over the floor whenever they come. In mid-November, Tropical Storm Gordon wreaked havoc in Joseph's neighborhood. Some of his neighbors were swept away and drowned when the storm came rushing in, with thunder sounding like bombs dropped right on top of the city. All over town, the storm knocked out the electricity and pulled down phone lines. It killed as many as two thousand people nationwide.

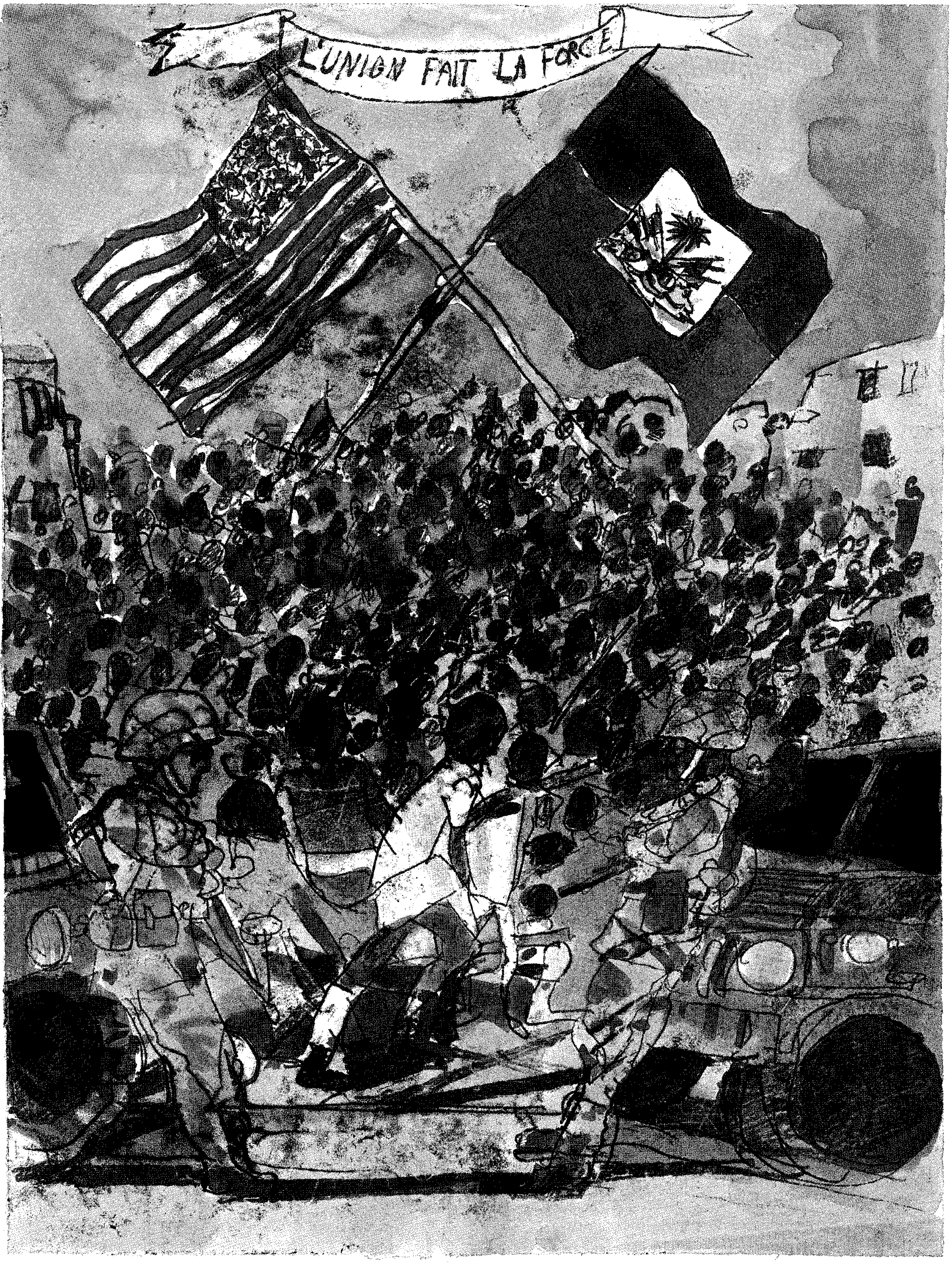
Joseph says he was trying to sleep and pray at the same time when the storm was at its height. "I heard a great crash. *Plomp!* I thought it was the house of one of the neighbors coming down. *Merci, Jésus*, I thought, for not taking mine. But when I awoke, I found I wasn't the lucky one after all. Gordon took my toilet. That's what made such a big crash." Joseph's outhouse had been carried off by the storm, and only a slight indentation in the ground indicated where it had stood, the proud result of Joseph's long-term investment and planning. "And a few wins at the lottery," he adds.

It was a storm that Joseph will not forget soon, and he has been through several, both meteorological and political. Joseph calls himself Lavalas, the name President Aristide gave the popular movement that brought him to power in 1990, in Haiti's first free and fair elections in its two-hundred-year history. The name is a Creole word meaning downpour, flash flood, deluge, tempest, or avalanche. The reason the name is so powerful is that Haiti's storms are so powerful. But it has other resonances as well. "*Nou se lavalas, n'ap pote ale*" ("We are the flood, we will sweep everything away"): these were the lines that inspired Aristide to choose the name Lavalas—lines from a 1987 song written and sung by militant peasant groups in Haiti's starving Northwest Province. Joseph doesn't know that. He tells me that Aristide called the movement Lavalas because "it comes from the Bible, and he is a priest." Joseph lives in a tiny, bare, three-room house with his five children and a young sister-in-law, who does the housework. His wife died five years ago. His youngest child, a son, was injured in an accident when he was five or six, and is brain-damaged. Now fourteen, he sits in the house naked, watching a fuzzy "Dick Van Dyke Show" on a battered black-and-white television, smiling to himself, ducking his head under his arm, venturing outside only once or twice a day to visit the outhouse. "Now he'll have to go back to doing his necessaries behind the house," his father says.

Meanwhile, Joseph is out pounding the streets, hoping to make enough money to rebuild the latrine. Here and there, he may find a day job tinkering with plumbing in an old house that someone has just come back from Miami or New York to rent, even though he has no training in this line of work. He is so illiterate he can't even write his own name, so, in spite of all the time and energy he spends on job hunting, he'll never really be able to get a better job. Sometimes he does a little *komès*, or business, acting as middleman in low-level transactions, like getting a dozen brooms of a particular kind from a particular maker to a particular buyer. He is also hoping somehow to get his elder son, who is nineteen, into the new Haitian police force, but then so is every other Haitian parent. Mostly, though, Joseph loses money.

Sometimes he loses money at the cockfights, sometimes he loses it at the *borlette*, or lottery. In Haiti, lottery tickets are sold at little stalls called *borlettes*, or banks. There is no other kind of bank for the common people. Every deposit they make at the "bank" is a gamble. The *borlettes* are operated as chains: there is Kéké Borlette, Toto Borlette, Fraternité Borlette, Abdallah Borlette, Celeste Borlette, Mon Rêve Borlette, Solution Borlette. Each chain is owned by one person. In the days of François (Papa Doc) Duvalier, the *borlette* was often run for the profit of a coterie of the President's friends, who were told, sometimes by the President personally, what number would come up—or, in Haitian parlance, what balls would fall. The Haitian *borlette* is still occasionally overtaken by bouts of corruption, but you can bet on the New York numbers in Port-au-

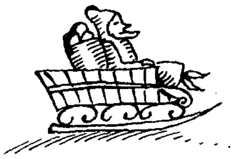
ROBERT ANDREW PARKER



Aristide's supporters are jubilant and proud about his return but are terrified that in the long run it will not mean much for them. They also wonder what will happen when the Americans leave—and what, exactly, they are doing there.

Prince and be fairly sure that the thing can't be rigged. Joseph is philosophical about the *borlette*, which he loves. "When I have a lot of money to bet, I lose," he says. "When I have next to nothing, I win."

Jackson Joseph is not his real name; he doesn't want to use his real name, because he fears retribution from the paramilitary thugs who roamed Carrefour Feuilles in the years following the coup d'état. It's not as if he were an activist, or an outspoken Lavalassien. He's just an average Aristide supporter, who voted for Aristide. But he's still scared. "You never know what's coming," Joseph says. "The de-factos haven't been gone long. Their people are still around, with their guns. The Americans aren't staying forever, you know." Already, foreign troop strength has been reduced by more than two-thirds, to just under six thousand. Only 19,065 weapons have been recovered by the multinational forces, or M.N.F., and a substantial number of them came from the Haitian Army. International estimates are that some two hundred thousand guns may still remain in the possession of Haiti's paramilitary forces. Joseph doesn't know the facts and figures; he just knows what it feels like to be a Haitian on the streets of Port-au-Prince these days. "It's better, but I still don't really feel safe," he says. "Those people have death in their blood."



JACKSON JOSEPH is like a lot of Haitians. Members of no political party, but self-avowed Lavalassiens, they are jubilant and proud about Aristide's return but are terrified that in the long run it will not mean much for them. Many carry a picture of Aristide just like Joseph's in their pockets, treasured in secret over the years. It's a nice black-and-white photograph. Aristide is smiling broadly, with his crooked teeth slightly visible, and the Haitian flag is draped behind him. At thirty-seven, he looked painfully young. The picture reminds you of his nickname, Titid, which has connotations of smallness and cuteness.

People flip the little laminated card at you unbidden, as if to prove that they were good guys, or as if, somehow, it would make them eligible for a rice distribution or a job—where before it made them eligible for death. In other countries, the king's picture hangs high on the living-room wall, or an enlarged photograph of the President peers out from behind the merchant's back as he tallies the bill. Having people whip out this small studio photograph from among their old dirty Haitian gourde bills is both disarming and disconcerting. It's a familiar gesture, like taking out a credit card, or showing a picture of a child to a stranger. You almost feel like asking how old he is. Yet this is their hero, their leader.

During the two months since he returned to Haiti, their hero has been living in four offices at the National Palace, except when he manages to get to his personal residence, in Tabarre, on the outskirts of the capital, every other weekend or so. In the palace, he has no personal rooms. There is his formal office; the office behind that, where he has an executive's glass-topped desk, and where he meets more informally with his staff and his Cabinet; his inner, private office; and then the Presidential staff's inner office. The residential floor of the palace, decorated in the nineteen-eighties in sleek Riviera chromes and beiges by Michèle Bennett-Duvalier—then the wife of Jean-Claude, scion of the dictator—was destroyed by the de-facto regime and is in the process of renovation. Aristide sleeps in his private office on a pull-out couch. Next to the couch are two hanging plastic closets. Under a black plastic sheet behind the desk in the inner office are the suitcases that he brought with him from three years of exile in Washington.

"I still haven't had time to unpack," he says, smiling at the situation. In the bathroom, he points out a small sleep-over futon scrunched up behind the door. "That's what I slept on for the first week," he says. There is no bathtub or shower in the bathroom; he uses the sink. In his formal office, the desk has been moved. Instead of sitting behind the desk with his back to the window, he now sits with his back to a corner of the room, his desk at an angle. It makes the room less stiff. "That's not why I did it, though," he says. "I had it changed because sometimes I like to work late, and it made me nervous to sit there at night with the office lit up and my back to that window."

The window is protected by bullet-proof plastic.

"Still," Aristide says, shrugging.

Like Joseph, Aristide is worried about guns.

THE great task confronting Aristide during the rest of his term, which officially ends on February 7, 1996, is to lead Haiti through a difficult transition period to a stability and a democracy that can endure once the M.N.F. has left the country. In order to do that, he has focussed his Presidency on what he calls the "twin issues" of reconciliation and justice. "We shall prepare the coffee of reconciliation through the filter of justice," he said, before his return, in one of his characteristic sound-bite proverbs that leave reporters scratching their heads. Reconciliation means not seeking revenge against those who supported and financed the coup against him, or against the military regime of the past three years; it means working *with* them. Justice, on the other hand, means seeking legal action against those who committed crimes against the Haitian people during the past three years.

Unfortunately, the twin themes may prove to be radically incompatible in Haiti. Some of the supporters of the coup with whom Aristide is supposedly seeking reconciliation are perpetrators of human-rights abuses for which he is seeking justice. With as many as two hundred thousand guns still in the hands of Haiti's paramilitary groups and other individuals, any political conflict could turn bloody.

In Haiti, people manage to juggle this sense of impending doom with a gush of hopefulness. In fact, that's the normal state of things, with the balance sometimes shifting toward doom, and then, suddenly, toward hope. Things are certainly different and more hopeful in Haiti under Aristide than they were under the de-factos. People who used to rush to almost bare markets in the afternoons in order to make sure they could be safely tucked inside their homes before darkness fell are now out on the street until all hours of the night. The markets, fuller now that the trade embargo against Haiti has ended, sizzle and squawk with life. In the shantytowns, domino games go on until the small hours, and some of the *borlettes* are lit up past midnight. A man no longer has to be afraid that the woman on his arm will be squired away by some paramilitary *attaché* who is too powerful to be refused, or that he himself will be beaten for walking past police headquarters. Mothers don't go to sleep scared that their children will be shot through the walls of their tin-and-cardboard shacks. Human-rights organizations and political parties—and even, in some pacified areas, peasant groups—can now hold meetings that are not overshadowed by terror.

Symbolically, the most important public step that Aristide has taken toward reconciliation was a morning reception he threw a month after his return, for what in Haiti is called *la bourgeoisie* and in the United States would be called the aristocracy or the upper class or the élite. He invited four hundred members of this stratum of Haitian society—in other words, virtually everyone in it. If a member of the élite wasn't there, he was certainly related to someone who was.

The parade of the M.R.E.s—in American Embassy parlance, the Morally Repugnant Élite—began at the palace gates, where each guest presented his or her invitation to Gladys Lauture, a middle-aged, upper-class matron and loyal friend from Aristide's clerical days, whom he teasingly calls *le responsable en chef du chef d'état.* It was a lineup of some of the lightest skins in Haiti, the bluest eyes, the blondest hair. "Now we know why we call 'em the mulatto élite," one foreign correspondent said as the guests filed by, quietly, relaxed yet dignified. Much of the blood in the veins of the élite is French and African, but there is also an Arab component, from the Lebanese and Syrians who descended on the Caribbean at the end of the last century. A good number of those in the *défilé* looked like elegant sheikhs in business suits: handsome, arrogant, imperious, mustachioed, peering down their noses at Mme. Lauture, the palace security men, the American soldiers, the press corps, holding their invitations in an offhand manner, walking, heads high, through the metal detector as if it were the gate to their own royal abode. "One thing you should never forget about the mulatto élite," the same correspondent said, "is how much better they think they are than both blacks and whites." The men were wearing Armani, their wives Miami.

These were, of course, the people who had most strongly opposed Aristide as a Presidential candidate and had helped fund and organize the military coup against him. Many had also been financial backers of the de-facto regime. Some had been openly and vociferously anti-Aristide from the beginning—his worst enemies. There was Dr. Réginald Boulos, who was alleged to have employed several agents of FRAPH at his large clinic in Cité Soleil, the densely populated, low-lying shantytown on Port-au-Prince's outskirts. FRAPH, the Front for the Advancement and Progress of Haiti, is the paramilitary group that terrorized the pro-Aristide slum for two years. There was the son of a well-connected mulatto family that had paid a Washington public-relations consultant and lobbying firm to work to get the economic sanctions lifted and to plant anti-Aristide stories in the American media—stories about psychotic behavior, institutionalization, and dictatorial tendencies.

Inside the Salle des Bustes, the receiving hall of the palace, where the heads of ousted and assassinated leaders look bleakly at each other across a wide expanse, chairs had been set up in rows, and the élite sat down and began to gossip. It was like a Daumier cartoon: the slicked-back hair of the men, the intense concentration, the feeling that something private and corrupt was under discussion, the lined faces, the chairs shifting as people leaned over to talk to acquaintances they hadn't seen in ages, women kissing the air.

Waiting for the President to speak, the élite chatted and exchanged news; it was like the precious half hour of socializing before services begin in New York on Christmas Eve at St. James Church, or on Rosh Hashanah or Yom Kippur at Temple Emanu-El. They were all from the same class; they all had the same values; they had all gone to school together; everyone had married or divorced everyone else; everyone's children were at nursery school together; they were trading nannies. This was a clan. Yet these were also the most dangerous people Aristide had so far invited to the palace.

They were also the people most necessary to his plan for Haiti—the people he now has to tiptoe around if he is to get the economy working, the people whose coöperation he needs in order to push the country "from misery to dignified poverty," as he likes to say. They control

"Well, hey, Robin—it sounds like we're about ready for your suits to come over here and talk to mine."

about eighty per cent of the Haitian economy.

Aristide spoke to them in French. He likes to speak French to the Haitian aristocracy because he was brought up to believe that the élite does not think a black peasant like him can ever learn French properly. He spoke warmly to them, telling them that it was "a joy to find ourselves together . . . at this summit of unity. With you, with the government, with the people, we are going to create the stability that is indispensable for economic growth. . . . Without you, we cannot succeed. We are making our way hand in hand. We are investing our capital of confidence in you."

He segued from this to his campaign slogan, the Creole hurrah with which he once closed all his speeches: "*Sèl nou feb. Ansanm nou fò. Ansanm, ansanm, nou se lavalas.*" ("Alone, we are weak. Together, we are strong. Altogether, we are Lavalas.") Shock spread over the faces of the audience—"*We* are Lavalas?"—and then they gave the President a ringing round of applause. It did not mean that Aristide had won them over. It simply meant that in Haiti you must applaud the President. A few minutes later, Aristide welcomed them all into a red-carpeted room above the Salle des Bustes, and there he greeted each one personally, holding each by both hands, kissing them, embracing them, with a smile and a joke and a few personal words for each of them. If the M.N.F. had been sweeping their houses for arms while they were at the palace, the event would have been a perfect mix of reconciliation and justice.

RECONCILIATION is not naturally Aristide's forte; in fact, he gained the Haitian people's respect and undying affection when he was a parish priest precisely because he preached justice to the exclusion of reconciliation. He spoke out plainly against all forms of corruption, incompetence, and cruelty, and never offered his hand to the bad guys—the Duvalierists, the Tontons Macoutes, the *attachés*, or whatever nickname of the moment the people had bestowed on the right-wing paramilitary forces—or to the regimes that manipulated those forces. The words "reconciliation," "compromise," and "concession" were not in his political vocabulary. The idea of actually kissing his enemies is new to him, although he has preached this Christian gospel many times. ("Christ says, 'Love your enemies,' " Aristide once told a group of amused American university students on one of his speaking tours during exile. "Well, I love the Pope *very* much.")

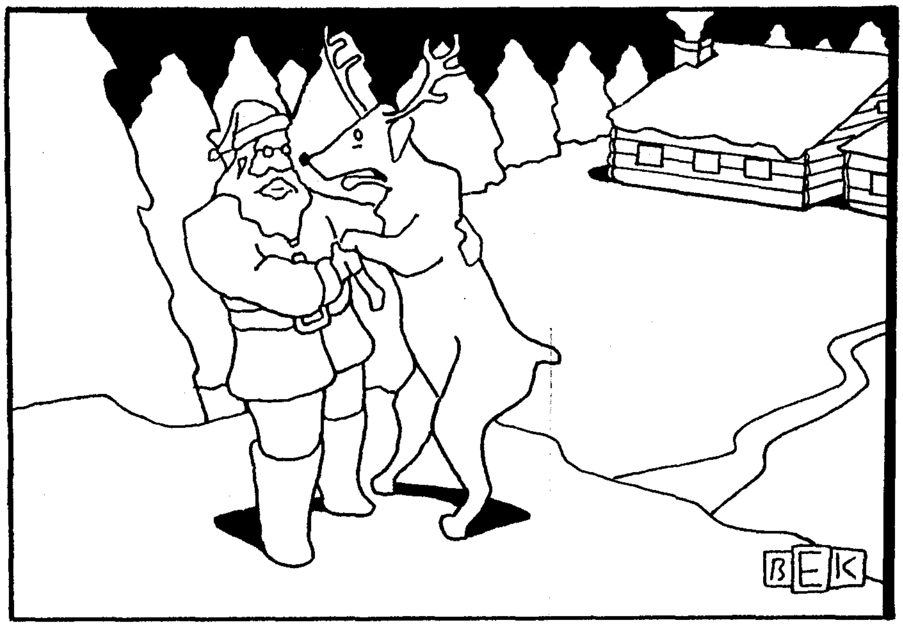
But he is a practical man. In order to get back to Haiti from exile, he had to change, or at least profoundly modify, his style. It was hard enough for Washington to get up the nerve or the will to restore a *former* militant anti-American liberation theologian to power on a nearby Caribbean island. Thus, before his return to Haiti and since, Aristide's refrain has been reconciliation, a word that he has repeated so often that it almost sounds like a joke. For those who knew him in the old days, surrounded by crowds, in close physical contact with his people, wearing a guayabera and jeans and a Casio digital watch that used to go off annoyingly every half hour, and raging against the authorities, it's quite a shock to see Aristide today, standing on the steps of the National Palace in his businessman suit, with his gold watch glinting, speaking from within a two-thousand-pound transparent bulletproof shelter that the press corps calls "the glass coffin," urging his supporters who straggle behind the distant gates of the palace to seek reconciliation with the Haitian Army, among other noted enemies of the Haitian people.

"This is a necessary transitional stage," he says. "I want to show that I can transcend." It is evening at his white, lit-up residence out at Tabarre. He is sipping a Pepsi, and has removed his jacket for once because of the heat.

One transcendental, transitional event he points to with particular pride is a visit he paid last month to Cap Haïtien, in the north, with the American Ambassador, William Lacy Swing, during which he embraced the conservative and unpopular Archbishop François Gayot. "The people don't just see me embracing him," Aristide says. "They see *him* embracing *me.*"

He goes on to say, "It hasn't been hard for me to embrace my former enemies, because, frankly, I had a lot of practice with all this in Washington, negotiating for my return."

Aristide rejects the implications of some critics that he is allowing himself to be used as a pawn in someone else's game. Still, he wants to insure that his gestures to the élite, the Army, and the Catholic hierarchy do not alienate him from his political base and the source of his strength as a leader: the people. Already, his politicking with appointments is seen by some of his oldest supporters and former ideological comrades as betrayal, pure and simple, rather than as part of a political strategy. The leftist newspaper *Haïti Progrès*, which once strongly supported Aristide, calls his new government a Ministry of Macoutes—a reference to the Duvaliers' notorious band of brutal paramilitary enforcers. Aristide's hard-line supporters cannot accept even temporary alliances with the thugs and their friends, because such ar-



"No, this is crazy. We mustn't."

rangements stink of capitulation, or, worse, forgiveness. Most of them believe that Aristide should have broken with the Americans while he was in exile and should have remained abroad, providing moral leadership for a resistance movement in Haiti.

Aristide disagrees. "Really, this is something I *have* to do," he says of reconciliation. "I have no choice. Haiti has no choice. I *want* to do what I am doing. The Americans are *the* factor in this hemisphere. If I had failed at negotiating with the United States, Cédras would still be here. People would still be dying by tens and twenties. I can't come back here as President and preach revolution. To move on, you have to be willing to tolerate certain aspects of the past while establishing a state of law that will not permit abuses now or in the future. I want to change Haiti."

Aristide believes that his policy of reconciliation will not hurt his standing with the majority of the Haitian people. "Ah, no," he says, with a brisk shake of the head. "The Haitian people know me too well. When I see these old friends face to face, one on one—the ones who criticize me—they realize that I have not really changed. I've just, you know, 'mellowed.' " He laughs.

Unsmiling then, he goes on, "You know what I like to say—'I am what I was in order to become what I will be.' " It's a riddling, Christ-like line, another head-scratcher. He sips his Pepsi. Still, just to make sure he's not losing popularity, he has pointedly begun to get back in touch with his old constituency. So far, he has held receptions for popular organizations (youth groups, women's groups, student groups, church groups), for trade unionists, and for the handicapped. At Christmas, he will receive the poor at the palace—whatever that means in a country where almost everyone not in the élite is living in poverty.

"This is making the bourgeoisie very jumpy," says Rénald Clérismé, a Haitian anthropologist who is a former Roman Catholic priest and a friend of Aristide's. "You see, they don't just want reconciliation. They simply won't feel comfortable unless Aristide is completely in their pocket." Using a common Haitian term for the élite, Clérismé adds, "Any contact with the people, even the people in wheelchairs, makes *la classe* nervous. *La classe*, after all, is *la classe*."

In other words, every step toward the one sector is perceived as a step away from the other.

ARISTIDE is just getting used to the idea that he is back in Haiti. This Haiti, however, is not the Haiti he left so hurriedly the night the coup was unfolding. Now, from the palace to his residence, and on all other trips, he takes American transportation, most often a helicopter. He is surrounded at every moment by his own private security people and an American security team made up of tough professionals contracted by the United States government. At his house in Tabarre, he's not allowed to keep the door open for more than fifteen seconds as he says goodbye to guests. He's not allowed to stand by the window at night when the lights are on.

In Tabarre, he receives formal delegations downstairs, others in an alcove on the second floor. The spacious, brightly lit alcove overhangs the central area of the house—a vast circular living room. Aristide designed and began building the house in 1989, after his religious order expelled him for preaching "class struggle," and he was forbidden to say Mass in public. The structure was conceived, he said then, as a sort of personal church, where people could gather and where he could address them in large numbers. After the coup, the building was looted and soiled and burned out by *attachés*. But since Aristide's return the interior has been redecorated by Mme. Lauture.

The upstairs rooms are airy and sparsely furnished. In the President's room are empty bookshelves, a big bed covered in virginal white eyelet, a glass-topped desk, a television, and two bulging briefcases filled with work for the weekend. Bob Boyke, who was sent by the State Department to train Aristide's security guards, says that the first time Aristide returned to the residence he "actually ran upstairs and jumped up and down on the bed like a kid, he was so happy to be home."

Aristide's house is still so new to him that he can't find the right switches for lights and overhead fans. From an upstairs terrace he points to small palms lining the driveway and says, "I just put

VIXEN

Comet of stillness princess of what is over
high note held without trembling without voice without sound
aura of complete darkness keeper of the kept secrets
of the destroyed stories the escaped dreams the sentences
never caught in words warden of where the river went
touch of its surface sibyl of the extinguished
window onto the hidden place and the other time
at the foot of the wall by the road patient without waiting
in the full moonlight of autumn at the hour when I was born
you no longer go out like a flame at the sight of me
you are still warmer than the moonlight gleaming on you
even now you are unharmed even now perfect
as you have always been now when your light paws are running on
the breathless night on the bridge with one end I remember you
when I have heard you the soles of my feet have made answer when
I have seen you I have waked and slipped from the calendars
from the creeds of difference and the contradictions
that were my life and all the crumbling fabrications
as long as it lasted until something that we were
had ended when you are no longer anything
let me catch sight of you again going over the wall
and before the garden is extinct and the woods are figures
guttering on a screen let my words find their own
places in the silence after the animals

—W. S. Merwin

"Grandpa Windsong, tell us another story from the sixties!"

• •

those in. Someday they'll grow, if God is willing." He says he recently negotiated the purchase of his neighbor's house, and then had it razed. "That was a house full of spies," he says, smiling. "I had built myself a church, but my enemies were living in the sacristy." One of his security details roams the upstairs terrace. Outside are perhaps a dozen men from the 10th Mountain Division of the United States Army, who confiscate a visitor's penknife before permitting entry. Yet Aristide is still concerned about security. "I had really beautiful white wrought-iron grillwork over all the open areas, and it's been removed," he says disapprovingly. "All you have to do to get in now is climb a wall. After my security goes, anyone will be able to get in."

"I just hope he wears his bulletproof vest," Boyke says.

This is the place to which the forty-one-year-old Aristide hopes to retire after his term is up. "I just want to sit around, read, see my friends, play the guitar, compose songs, and write poetry," he says. It's hard to imagine Aristide adjusting to the slower pace of the life he describes. In ten years of being a highly visible political figure, he has never managed to calm his life down to regular human scale, except for a few empty months in exile that he found very bleak, far from Haiti. "Sometimes," he says, "I look out the palace window at the people walking around outside, the cars, and I imagine what normal life is like, having dinner, walking through the neighborhood, seeing your family, being relaxed with friends, driving yourself. I like to imagine it, even if I can't do it."

Aristide talks about retirement as if it has always been clear that he will quit the Presidency when his five-year term officially ends. But many of his supporters, including his Washington lawyer and lobbyist, Michael Barnes, have said that he ought to get three more years in office—the years he was deprived of by the coup. Aristide himself, however, rejects the idea of staying on. He believes that prolonging his term might convey the impression that he subscribed to Haiti's long tradition of *la présidence à vie*. And beyond that, he says, "I think there is more grandeur in stepping down. It's the constitutional thing to do and it's the statesmanlike thing to do." His advisers also say it is the practical thing to do, because by February, 1996, the Haitian economy is probably not going to be any better off than it is now.

With little more than a year to go, Aristide knows he must focus on what is really important to him. On his desk at Tabarre sit two manila envelopes brought home from the palace for the weekend. One contains lists of phone numbers—his own, his staff's, his secretaries', his ministers'—because, like him, all these people have just returned to Haiti, and their phone numbers are new and otherwise unobtainable. The other envelope contains color Xeroxes of photographs of Father Jean-Marie Vincent, a confidant of Aristide's who was assassinated in the weeks leading up to the President's return. That this is one of only two dossiers on his desk at home is testimony to how much Aristide cares about bringing to justice the killers who worked with impunity in the past.

BUT the road to justice, like every other road in Haiti, is paved with gaping potholes. On one recent cheery, bustling morning on Grande Rue, Port-au-Prince's main street, a crowd gathered. (The whole of Grande Rue is so crowded, though, that it's hard to tell one discrete crowd from the whole pulsing mass.) Raymond Kelly, New York City's former police commissioner, who is now the head of the M.N.F.'s International Police Monitors in Haiti, was driving by, with his deputy, Paul Browne, who had been one of his aides in New York.

"What's happening here?" Kelly asked his translator, noticing the crowd with a professional policeman's wary eye.

"We've got a lynching situation here, sir," the translator said.

Wearing yellow Police Monitor caps, which distinguished them from other white men, and carrying only sidearms, Kelly and Browne—the former small and wiry, the latter big and bearish—leaped out of their jeep and rushed into the crowd, which was joking and curious at its periphery but angrily jeering at its center. The crowd parted to allow the two armed white men in, and within a minute Browne and Kelly emerged with a heavyset, distraught-looking, slightly bloodied man between them. Kelly hustled the man into a waiting armored car that had been called to the scene, and jumped in behind him. Browne and the translator followed in the jeep.

The crowd applauded the Americans

and the arrest of the man. But about a mile away, near the airport, Kelly released him. "What are we supposed to do?" Kelly says afterward. "We can't let them kill him, and I have no grounds to hold him. There are no fingerprints on file here. We're only holding people who are a threat to the security of the M.N.F." He shrugs.

Justice, Kelly acknowledges, is not easy to achieve in Haiti, and the Americans have proved of little use in pursuing it. Many civilian thugs are still out in the streets, with their swaggering ways and their long history of abuses. In the old days, the people would have got rid of them with *déchoukaj* the minute power changed hands. *Déchoukaj*, which means, literally, "uprooting," has become traditional in Haiti when power shifts away from dictatorship. The people go into the streets to search out individuals they consider agents of the falling regime's evil. Usually done by a crowd, *déchoukaj* takes the form of lynching, looting, and burning.

When the Americans came to Haiti in mid-September, they quickly got rid of the military regime and sent its members into exile. The Americans' very presence calmed the streets both in the capital and in the provinces. But, for the United States forces today, being in Haiti is fraught with dilemmas. Though the Americans were willing to take the big step of a military intervention, they were not willing to take the smaller steps that would help prevent violence over the long term. For a few weeks, they incarcerated thugs taken into custody by Haitian crowds and chased down arms caches—but no longer. Avoiding disarmament is now strict United States policy in Haiti, and detainees are being released. Sources in the United States Army say that disarmament is too dangerous and conflicts with the tacit American goal of leaving Haiti without a single American fatality. At the same time that President Clinton's spokeswoman, Dee Dee Myers, declared, "We are going down there . . . to guarantee civic order," an American Embassy official was saying that United States troops would not interfere in "Haitian-on-Haitian violence."

In the past six months, Aristide has spoken out at length against *déchoukaj*. But when the Duvalier government was falling, in 1986, he implicitly endorsed the practice, even entitling one of his books "A Hundred Verses of Déchoukaj." (It is actually a collection of incendiary quotes from the Bible.) Haitian observers over the years have defended *déchoukaj* as a natural reaction of the people to the lack of a judicial system in the country. But during the negotiations for Aristide's return it became clear that rejecting *déchoukaj*—which had long been viewed as mob justice by the American Embassy in Port-au-Prince—was to be a part of reconciliation, and, because Aristide rejected *déchoukaj* so publicly and vehemently from exile, there was almost none of it upon his return.

For two months, crowds like the one on Grande Rue have been capturing *attachés* and delivering them to the M.N.F.—assuming that they were remanding their quarry to custody. But by early December the M.N.F. was holding only twenty-two Haitians nationwide, even though it is estimated that between two hundred and three hundred suspects had been handed over. In addition to the nameless hundreds, the M.N.F. has released both Max Paul, the preternaturally corrupt former chief of the port, who was a close associate of the former de-facto strongman Michel François, and Roméo Halloun, who was a member of the brutal Black Ninjas, General Raoul Cédras's personal bodyguards. Haitians are not yet completely aware of this practice. When they do figure it out, they are likely to feel tricked, by both the Americans and Aristide.

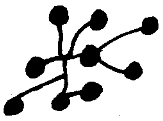
Although Kelly concedes that Haitians have a legitimate grievance against their former tormentors, he and most of the other American officers stationed in Haiti believe that many of the acts of *déchoukaj* they have witnessed are personal vendettas.

"Like 'Someone stole my pig,'" says Major Tee Gonzales, who is with the Special Forces in Fort Liberté, a town in Haiti's north, near the border of the Do-

"Dad, when did you realize you weren't, you know, exactly studly anymore?"

minican Republic. To an American like Gonzales, "Someone stole my pig" sounds like a complaint both petty and purely personal. To a Haitian peasant, however, the loss of one pig can mean the loss of three children's schooling for a year. The Manhattan equivalent, in private-school terms, would be the theft of about forty-five thousand dollars. The theft of livestock is a major crime in Haiti's countryside, and goes unpunished only when the perpetrator is so powerful that he cannot be called to justice. When he is the rural sheriff, say, or one of the rural sheriff's cohorts. Or if he is with the Army. Or if he is related to someone in the Army. In Haiti, pigs are so political that in attacks on Aristide supporters in the countryside the Army killed animals as well as people.

Many such gaps in cultural and historical understanding exist between the Americans and the Haitians, and interpretation can be half the battle when you are mixed up in another country's affairs. The Special Forces have made many mistakes when it comes to justice in Haiti, even at its most rudimentary. They have served arrest warrants against Lavalas political activists—warrants issued by de-facto-appointed magistrates who are still serving but will eventually be relieved of their duties. The Special Forces serve the warrants because the documents appear to be legal. Thus the soldiers are abetting, at least temporarily, the old regime and its interests.



"Look," says Ambassador Swing, a genial North Carolinian who was Ambassador to South Africa at the time of Nelson Mandela's release. "Of course the people fear that if the paramilitary is not completely dismantled while we're here it will come back. But we can't go house to house. We depend on human intelligence for this, if people walk in and tell us something."

In other words, there is not only a failure to communicate but also a problem of motivation. Why are the Americans in Haiti? If they are not willing to take action to dismantle the paramilitary groups, what hope can there be for Haiti's future? Ambassador Swing seems to think that good will and Presidential outreach can do the trick.

"We are now at the 'Hard Work of Democracy' chapter in Haiti," he says. "There is a confluence of elements that represents a challenge, and an impressive array of international support. But Haiti's economy is in shambles. Its civil society has been weakened. The question is: Can you bring all that good will together in a package that will help develop the true rule of law?"

In response to questions about disarmament, the Ambassador says, "*Security* becomes less important with time, as it becomes a matter of fact. If Aristide's policy of bringing the nation together works, and you train a public force . . . then the issue shifts to socioeconomics."

Many Haitians are anxious about what form Swing's "public force" may take. The Army is not a beloved institution in Haiti. The country's Army barracks and police stations have always been painted a severe ochre that marks the buildings and sets them apart. It is an ugly color, not quite yellow, not orange, not really mustard. No one in Haiti would think of putting it on anything nonmilitary, and the uniformity of its use on the barracks and headquarters gives these buildings an austere and domineering cast. In every little town in Haiti, there is a yellowish building, much feared, much avoided. The Forces Armées d'Haiti, or FAd'H, are universally detested.

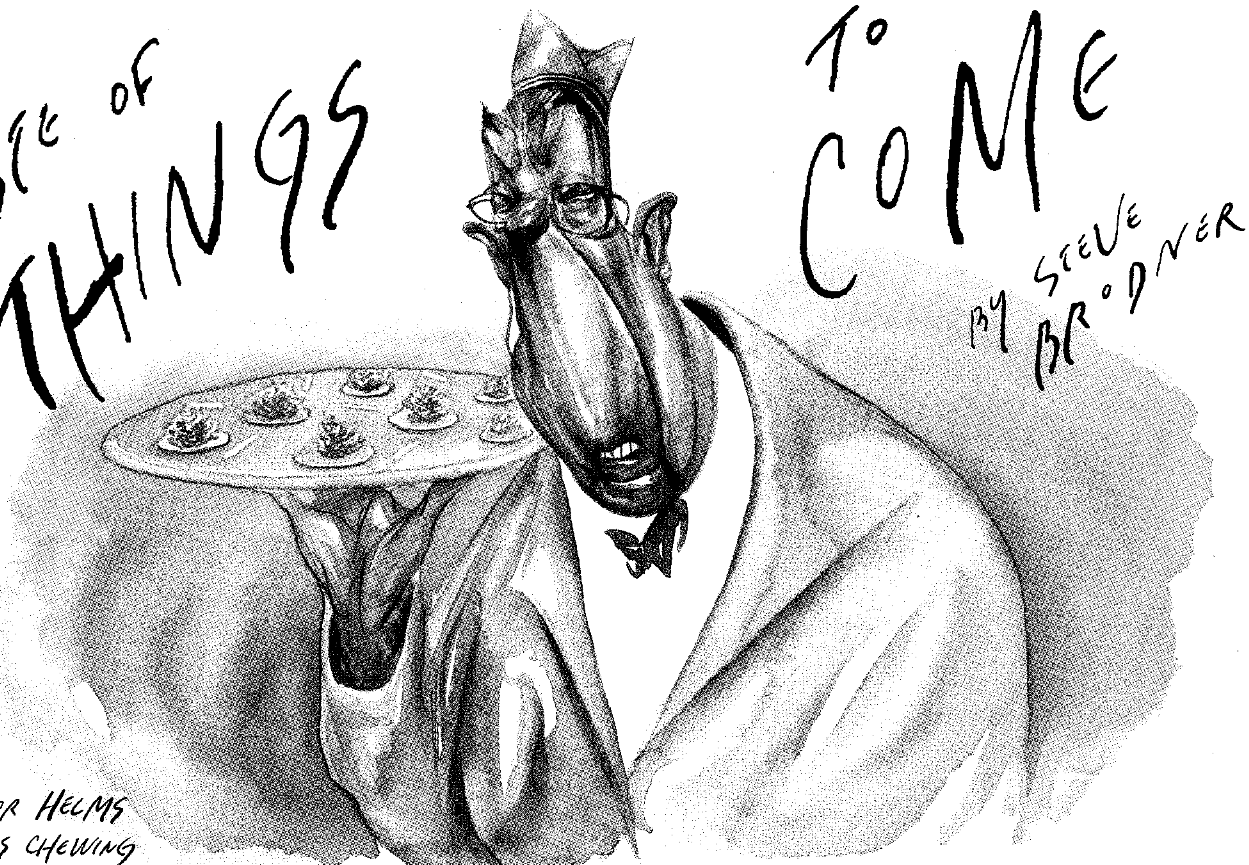
Now the Americans are painting all these buildings white. With characteristic Yankee insouciance, the work is proceeding in slapdash style but inexorably, much to Haitian amazement. "I passed the Cafeteria three times yesterday without realizing it was there," a Haitian student said. The Cafeteria is the Haitian nickname for the downtown Port-au-Prince police station, where the famously brutal Michel François served as chief before fleeing into exile at the beginning of October. Ray Kelly points to the repainted Cafeteria and other gleaming-white barracks as one of the Americans' most important achievements in Haiti so far. The new façades of the buildings, he says, "are both symbolically and substantively important."

Still, they are just façades. A more literal manifestation of the term "whitewash" would be hard to imagine. Inside the buildings are many of the same men who were there before the M.N.F. arrived in Haiti and reinstated Aristide. Among these FAd'H soldiers are people who committed gross human-rights violations, according to Necker Dessables, who runs Haiti's Justice and Peace Commission, which, along with a few other Haitian groups, managed to investigate human-rights abuses during the violent three-year period following the coup against Aristide. Haiti's Army and its police force were full of thugs. One man in uniform told a pregnant woman he was beating that he would "make her shit that baby." She lost the baby. He threw the fetus into the barracks' latrine. Another forced an Aristide supporter to eat dozens of posters of the President that he had been pasting up, and then had him beaten so hard that his buttocks were shredded and he died. Another raped the wife of a newspaper seller and forced the man himself to eat shit. Rape became a common form of political repression, but rape was straightforward compared with other methods that were used. In at least two instances, according to Dessables, mothers were forced to have sex with their sons in order to save the boys' lives. Regularly, soldiers, policemen, or their civilian henchmen killed Aristide supporters and then slit their faces off with machetes. All told, about four thousand people were killed in Haiti between 1991 and 1994, while more than a quarter of a million were living in hiding.

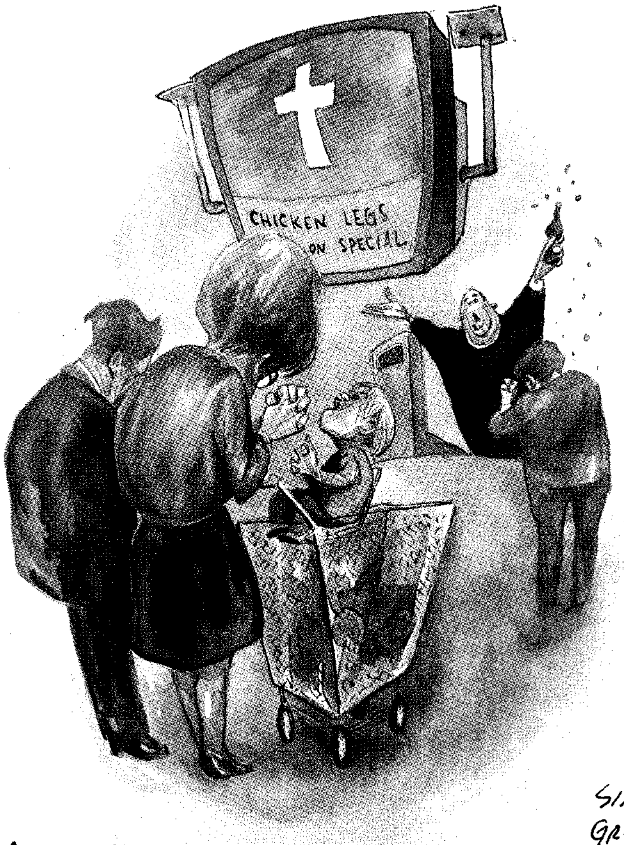
Slowly, the men who made up the FAd'H, including the police, are being vetted for human-rights violations—and on other bases as well—as they are considered for future service in a reorganized, separated, retrained, and downsized Army and police force. To the disgust of many human-rights advocates and progressives in Haiti, the vetting committee—in another bow to reconciliation—consists of six FAd'H officials. By the end of November, out of thirteen hundred and fifty soldiers and officers whose records had been examined, only about a hundred and fifty were excluded. According to Aristide's plan, when all the vetting and recruitment and training are finished, the new Haitian Army will consist of fifteen hundred men and women; the final police force will stand at about four thousand, all either retrained or newly recruited and trained. The old soldiers from the FAd'H who are vetted out and who decide that it's safe for them to remain in Haiti will be retrained for other jobs, according to

A TASTE OF THINGS TO COME

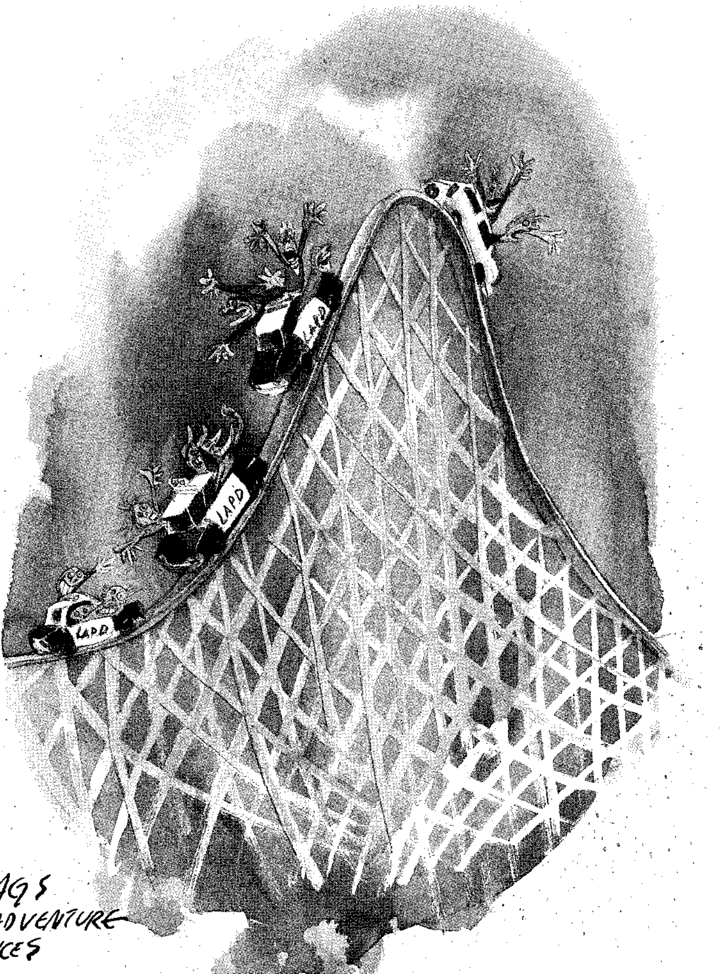
BY STEVE BRODNER



SENATOR HELMS DECLARES CHEWING TOBACCO A VEGETABLE FOR SCHOOL LUNCHES.


CHICKEN LEGS
ON SPECIAL

CONGRESS ENDORSES SUPERMARKET PRAYER.


LAPD
LAPD
LAPD

SIX FLAGS GREAT ADVENTURE INTRODUCES O.J.: THE RIDE.

VACATION

I love the hour before takeoff,
that stretch of no time, no home
but the gray vinyl seats linked like
unfolding paper dolls. Soon we shall
be summoned to the gate, soon enough
there'll be the clumsy procedure of row numbers
and perforated stubs—but for now
I can look at these ragtag nuclear families
with their cooing and bickering
or the heeled bachelorette trying
to ignore a baby's wail and the baby's
exhausted mother waiting to be called up early
while the athlete, one monstrous hand
asleep on his duffel bag, listens,
perched like a seal trained for the plunge.
Even the lone executive
who has wandered this far into summer
with his lasered itinerary, briefcase
knocking his knees—even he
has worked for the pleasure of bearing
no more than a scrap of himself
into this hall. He'll dine out, she'll sleep late,
they'll let the sun burn them happy all morning
—a little hope, a little whimsy
before the loudspeaker blurts
and we leap up to become
Flight 828, now boarding at Gate 17.

—Rita Dove

United States military spokesmen. Where they will find those other jobs in the destitute Haitian economy is another question.

As Aristide goes about the tricky business of downsizing the Haitian Army and sending corrupt or dangerous officers off to posts as attachés in foreign embassies, justice is emerging as the next big test of his administration. Certain killings that took place under the de-factos will become test cases for the new Haitian judicial system, which so far barely exists. A new Supreme Court has been named, but the rest of the bench must be appointed. The rural sheriffs' system, which Aristide has abolished, must actually be demobilized; prisons must be modernized and made secure; new lawyers must be trained. It's a daunting and expensive job.

At the end of September, Father Jean-Marie Vincent, whose photographs Aristide carries around with him, was ambushed and shot at the wheel of his car, just within the gates of the residence of his religious order, the Montfortains. Vincent's was the final grandiose political assassination by the de-factos and the only killing of a priest. On the night of his murder, Father Vincent was returning late—during the de-facto years, eight o'clock was late and dangerous—from his sister's birthday party, where the family finally drank a bottle of champagne they had been carefully saving in the back of the refrigerator to celebrate Aristide's return. Another priest, entering the residence right after the killing, found the body and rushed inside to alert his colleagues. They fled to a hiding place, fearing a repetition of the Jesuit killings in El Salvador.

Minutes after Vincent was shot, the Montfortains' gateway filled with armed civilians, who seemed to be searching for spent cartridges. Next, Captain Jackson Joanis, of the FAd'H, appeared on the scene. Within ten minutes, an ambulance and a justice of the peace also arrived. Soon after, the police showed up and impounded Vincent's car. The priest's body was taken to the morgue for an autopsy. A colleague of Father Vincent's later said dryly, "It was the most efficient operation of the judicial and police system that I have ever witnessed in Haiti."

Today, people are wondering how the Vincent assassination—and also the earlier killings of Guy Malary, Aristide's Justice Minister, and Antoine Izméry, his financial backer—will be handled by the judicial system under President Aristide. An Aristide who is seeking reconciliation with the remnants of the Haitian Army is going to find it difficult to prosecute all the military men involved in all the killings and corruption of the de-facto years. These three big cases should provide signposts to what kind of balance Aristide wants to strike between justice and reconciliation, and to how investigations into the four thousand other killings under the de-factos will be pursued.

So far, little has been done to revamp Haiti's judicial system. "It's not as though we have a whole array of incorruptible lawyers waiting to enter the courts here," President Aristide says. "In fact, there are very few, and one of our main objectives is training." A "truth commission"—modelled to some extent on the one that worked in El Salvador—is being formed to pursue investigations of human-rights abuses and make judgments as to guilt or innocence. This is intended to encourage families of victims to bring charges against suspects. But conditions have been unstable in Haiti for so long that even Father Vincent's family is reluctant to take any steps without strong support from the Montfortain Order. No one wants to come forward with a complaint against Captain Joanis only to discover the next day that Joanis is the head of a new military junta. To date, the government itself has refused to press charges against anyone. Active prosecution might conflict with its aim of reconciliation.

At the Ministry of Justice, in the former Hôtel Sans-Souci, on the Avenue Charles Sumner, dozens of complainants wait in the open-air lobby for an appointment with the minister. Many are peasant farmers from around the country, dressed in their church clothes and sitting rigidly on wooden benches. "I am taking time off from my plot of land to come here, and my family is alone, and I spent too much to get here," says Mikel Louis, a peasant from Petite Rivière de l'Artibonite who supported President Aristide. Louis and a dozen other peasants who have accompanied him to Port-au-Prince are here at the Justice Ministry to file a complaint against the justice of the peace in their town, who, they say, "hunted down peasants from Lavalas, had them arrested clandestinely at night without a warrant, took a lot of money off them, and had them beaten." The justice of the peace, Louis says, is controlled by three landholding families in the area who over the past three years refused to allow Lavalas peasants to till certain disputed lands. In the conflict, Louis and the other peasants alleged, more than twenty-five people have been killed. Stories like these are told by peasants all over the country. "It is the Justice Minister's responsibility to correct the situation," Louis says.

Upstairs, on the second floor, is Minister Ernst Mallebranche's office. On the door to his antechamber is a handwritten sign that reads "*La tenue de ville est obligatoire pour toute rencontre avec le ministre.*" Translated, it means "Proper dress is required for all meetings with the minister," but there is something about the phrase "*la tenue de ville*"—literally "city outfit"—that conjures up an old Haiti of bustles and neckties and waistcoats and redingotes. The peasants downstairs are not wearing ties.

The tall, white-haired Minister is ensconced in a big, old-fashioned salon with open windows, arranged like a living room except for a huge desk, at which he sits doing business under a small official photograph of Aristide. This office contains one file cabinet. His secretary's office contains two file cabinets. "The Minister is really tired," the secretary says, although he has been in office only a month. Mallebranche crosses the room with a slow but erect walk, and sinks into a couch. He has the precise diction of an old-school French teacher, and as he formulates his long and elegant statements he plays with a rubber band. When he speaks, he appears to be dictating.

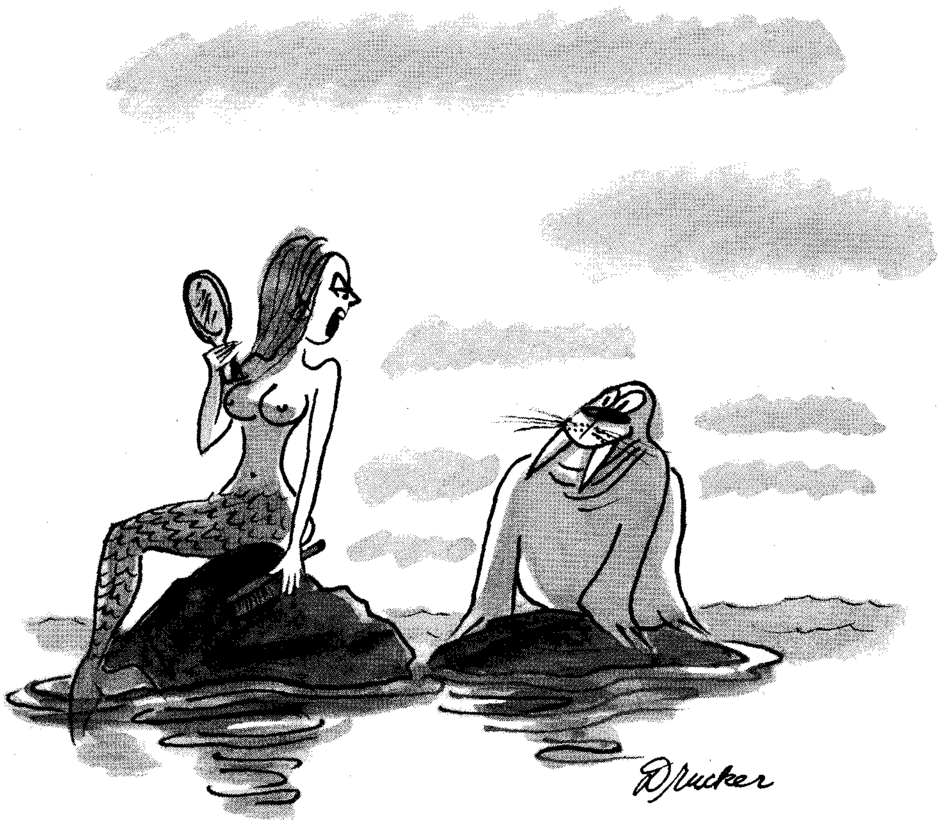
"This is a judicial system that urgently demands reform," he says, "both from the point of the view of staff and from the point of view of certain outdated texts that are no longer relevant. We must also regain control of the penal system, which shames Haitian justice. We recognize that the current penal system is degrading. We must give to those who are serving sentences a chance, upon their leaving prison, to reinsert themselves in the social life of their community. Within our prisons we would like to have libraries, cinemas, television, vocational schools, and literacy programs." He looks up as though what he is saying were realistic or reasonable.

The Minister says that he has heard nothing about the peasants of Petite Rivière, who have been in the lobby since eight that morning. It is now almost two in the afternoon, and their lawyer has been trying for hours to deliver their complaint. "The Justice Ministry is a house that is open to everyone without distinction," Mallebranche says. "I hear all grievances. For peasants, I understand, and do not demand a jacket and tie. But I have been at the Quai d'Orsay, I have been to the White House, and there I could not permit myself not to be well dressed. I do not understand why the same standards should not apply here."

Mallebranche refused this post when it was offered to him by President Aristide before the coup d'état. Some Haitians suggest that this earlier refusal is one reason Aristide chose to appoint Mallebranche this time around—a matter of pride. "I agreed this time because I wish to render service to the country," Mallebranche explains. "The President has a clear and distinct will to work for reconciliation. The Aristide who is here now is a new individual. He is not the same person who was overthrown in 1991. His government is not content with simply proclaiming that there can be no democracy without a proper, independent, and enlightened justice. We must raise salaries for the bench and for magistrates. After all, we are not mystics but creatures of the earth." Collapsing further into the couch, he elaborates on the philosophy behind pay raises. "In the City of God, the practice of virtue requires a certain economic well-being."

Translated from the Haitian, this means that if you don't pay judges well they'll take bribes.

ALTHOUGH Haiti's first freely and fairly elected President has been back in office for two months now, Haiti doesn't much feel like a country about



"Buzz off!"

IF THIS VEHICLE IS BEING OPERATED IN A DANGEROUS OR RECKLESS MANNER PLEASE CALL 800-[illegible]-5353
Levin

• •

to blossom. It doesn't look like a place on the verge of a new era or like a country into which hundreds of millions of dollars of foreign aid are flowing. The reasons for this are plain. The new era will be slow in coming if it comes, and the promised hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign aid have yet to materialize. Although there is a new calm in the streets, although the everyday, matter-of-fact killings and rapes have ended, Haiti is still a country at the very end of its rope. Its physical plant is exhausted. Streets and buildings are crumbling. The ruins of a pharmacy that exploded in an accident two years ago on Grand Rue are still standing, and the street market throbs in and around the building's base. Municipal workers, trying to clean up Port-au-Prince for the first time in three years, are using household brooms whose heads fall off. They are patching potholes with pebbles. In a city piled high with garbage, there are still only a couple of working garbage trucks.

One thing that is much improved since the Americans arrived is the quality of garbage. Down on the Boulevard La Saline, next to the sea and across from the now defunct Kuwait City, where black-market gas was sold for exorbitant sums during the international trade embargo, is the Port-au-Prince dump. Boys from Cité Soleil hang out here, waiting for drops. When a garbage truck comes in, the place turns into a scene from the gates of hell. In ninety-degree heat, hundreds of lithe, scrawny boys in rags leap on top of the steaming garbage while it is still in the truck. The faster you get to the stuff, the better your pickings. The truck barrels up onto the growing mountain of refuse, and, heedless of its human cargo, proceeds to dump its load, depositing boys and muck and tin and rot without distinction onto the hissing, stinking, fly-ridden earth. The bigger boys jump as the load gets dumped, but the little ones often end up beneath the mess, and injuries are common. Those not too busy wrapping their bleeding heads with pieces of plastic run off with their precious load, holding it close to keep it from the other boys.

Before the Americans came, the boys found maggoty meat, bits of cardboard, the skins of fruit.

"Pig food," one boy said.

Now, with the United States Army dumping its leftovers, the pickings can sometimes be delectable, unheard-of treasures like a can of fruit cocktail, or a can of cooked chicken. Or freeze-dried coffee, shrink-wrapped and looking as if it had come from what the Army calls Meals-Ready-to-Eat. When the soldiers are not snacking on Pringles, they eat MREs, packaged in dark-brown plastic. MRE, on which the Morally Repugnant Élite is a play. (It's jarring when an officer asks, "Would you like an MRE?")

"Is it true you just put boiling water on the powder and it turns into coffee?" another boy asked, looking at a packet.

A POWDER that turns into a cup of coffee seems curious and miraculous to the average Haitian, who is used to filters and boiling water. No more curious and miraculous, however, than the overnight transformation of a country with a long, sad history of dictatorship into an exultant democracy. Aristide's return and its implications seem incredible and magical, like a conjurer's trick, with all the connotations of possibly being false and ephemeral. The need for troops from elsewhere and the miragelike presence of the Americans in the midst of Port-au-Prince's decrepitude give Aristide's infant democracy an aura of what Haitians call *bloff*, meaning something comically bogus, partaking of the artifice of bluffing.

"After the rule of the tyrant," Graham Greene wrote in his foreword to a 1968 book about Dr. Duvalier, "Haiti ought to be given the chance to be ruled by heroes." To the masses of the Haitian people, Aristide is certainly a hero. But as President, as a man involved in politics in Haiti, what distinguishes Aristide from his predecessors is not heroism or bravery or courage but, rather, his novel idea of using power to do good. Because he is a figure so emphatically out of step with Haitian political tradition, he has become central to Haiti's future, to the possibility of a genuine new era in Haiti. As a personality and a political phenomenon, he is at the tumbling center of the scary Haitian fun house.

Although Aristide is a bibliophile and carts volumes around with him in his two big briefcases, there is only one book on display in the house at Tabarre. It's a scrapbook of photographs put together for him by the Clinton White House.

"It's full of memories," Aristide says,

flipping through the pages. “Ah, the Vice-President. His wife is an angel.

“And here are the twins,” he says laughing, as he comes to a picture of himself and President Clinton. “I told Clinton that was my nickname for us. He roared. He just burst out laughing.” And there they are, the tall, broad white man with a full head of hair and the tiny balding black man, arm in arm in front of the White House, on Aristide’s last visit there, the day before his return.

“Look, they chose this one so dramatically,” Aristide says. It’s the last picture in the book—a black-and-white one, reminiscent of the photograph of John and Bobby Kennedy in the Oval Office during the Cuban missile crisis. Aristide and Clinton are walking down a hallway, the door open before them, letting in light. They are almost in silhouette, but you can see Clinton’s hand on Aristide’s back, as if he were giving him a little push.

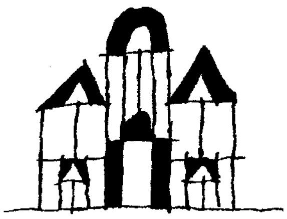
Aristide laughs again as he looks down at the photograph.

“You know what Clinton’s saying here? He’s saying, ‘Go *home!* Get *out* of here! Goodbye!’ ”

At Boléro, a popular restaurant in the exclusive suburb of Pétionville that is recommended to visitors by the American Embassy, the élite meets for pasta. Here, the wealthy class mingles with Embassy people and bureaucrats from foreign governmental aid organizations, and now with the investors, nongovernmental technocrats, heads of institutes, and foreign adventurers who have begun to invade Aristide’s new Haiti in search of fun and project funding. Over there at a table is Florence, a Haitian woman with long, straight hair a bit reddened. She looks like Michèle Bennett Duvalier, only more so, in a ribbed tank top and a flared miniskirt, sitting with her hair pulled back and eating shrimp with an effete, cross-legged man who doesn’t want to identify himself but looks familiar, perhaps from that morning at the palace. Tonight, he has discarded Armani in favor of Banana Republic togs—photographer’s vest, chinos, Top-Siders with no socks. Florence, who used to date Michèle Duvalier’s father, the reputed drug trafficker Ernst Bennett, has survived that *scandale*. Florence is a businesswoman.

Some of the waiters at Boléro are black, but, at least this evening, none of the patrons are. There are a few Haitian intellectuals, with flowing gray locks and paper-bag skin. The parade of Boléro clients continues: a security guy from the palace, without his menacing shades; white women in prim nun dresses with dropped waists; French Embassy people, in chic *tropique* wear; all the fat white rednecks from God knows where doing God knows what in Haiti, but probably, to judge by their unvarying baseball caps, involved somehow in Baptist missionary work; and all the mulattoes speaking Parisian French, chattering and jabbering away, while the black cook with a cold, who is visible in Boléro’s exposed kitchen, coughs cheerfully on the entrées and a battalion of skinny black cockroaches climbs up the kitchen’s low wall, looking for crumbs.

“We want Titid to be our President for life,” says Martine Pierre, a young woman in a crowded neighborhood in Cité Soleil. She is wearing a bra and a wraparound rag, and is fixing the hair of one of her friends. Ten or so more young people are sitting in front of her house, on a porch made of cardboard. The roof is tin. The house has one room, the size of a walk-in closet. Unlike Jackson Joseph, the people here in Cité Soleil are eager to give their names, because, early on, United States troops took some of their worst tormentors—military men—into custody, and they haven’t seen them since.



“We don’t want to lose Titid now,” Martine Pierre’s friend Yolette Antoine says. “They beat us. They killed us. My husband died from a heart attack brought on by tear gas during the coup d’état. Now I’ve been walking around for nineteen days in a row, up and down the city, and I can’t find any washing to do, or any work at all. I know how to embroider and sew, but there is no work.”

“FRAPH burned down my mother’s house and my father’s house, because we were Lavalas,” Necker Consayant, a young man in sunglasses, says. He has tucked a blue comb in his hair. “They arrested me and held me for five days. They made me give them thirty dollars for my freedom. What is justice? I want my thirty dollars back, I want my five days back.”

“I want my husband back,” Yolette Antoine says.

“I can go see a boyfriend in Nazon,” Martine Pierre says, brooding. “He might give me a couple of bucks.”

“It’s God and Aristide who have brought me out of hiding,” Necker Consayant says. “If Cédras was in power, the minute you left us they’d kill us for talking to you.”

Yolette Antoine brings out one of the laminated photographs of Aristide.

“I hid this for three years,” she says, turning it over in her palm. “We don’t need any other President. He’s there until he dies. He’s our President. We put him there. And let me tell you this: no one will vote for a new President if Aristide doesn’t choose that guy.”

“I always say ‘Thank you’ to Bill Clinton,” Consayant says. “After God, it’s Bill Clinton. Bill Clinton is a Haitian.”

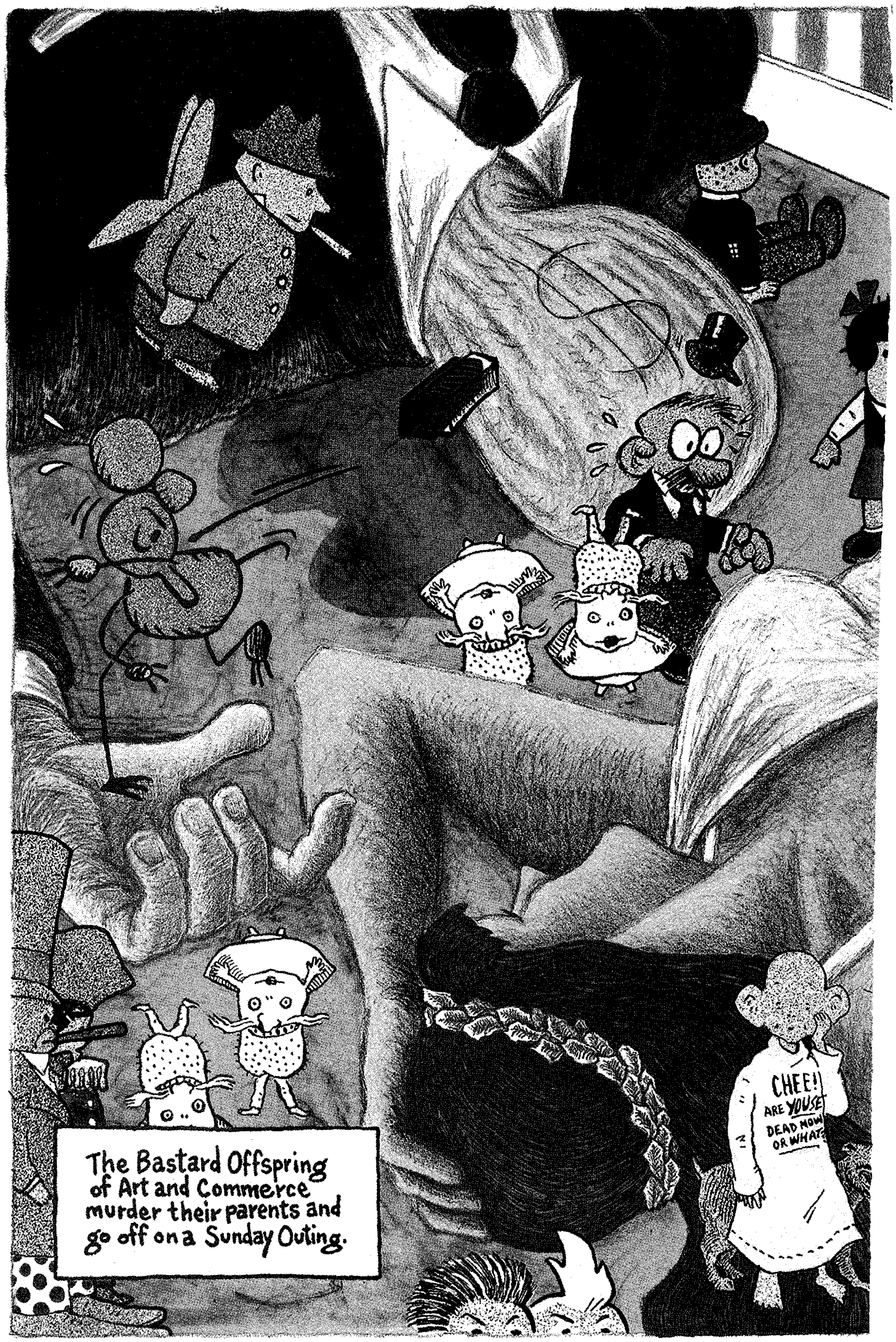
Finished giving speeches, the group offers a tour of the zone. The backs of Haitian shantytowns are called “corridors,” because here paths twist and wind among the tin and cardboard walls of houses squished together and nearly tipping over. The corridors in Yolette Antoine’s neighborhood seem more spacious than usual, because some houses have disappeared entirely.

“Here’s where one FRAPH house was,” a young man says. “We burned it down. That’s justice.”

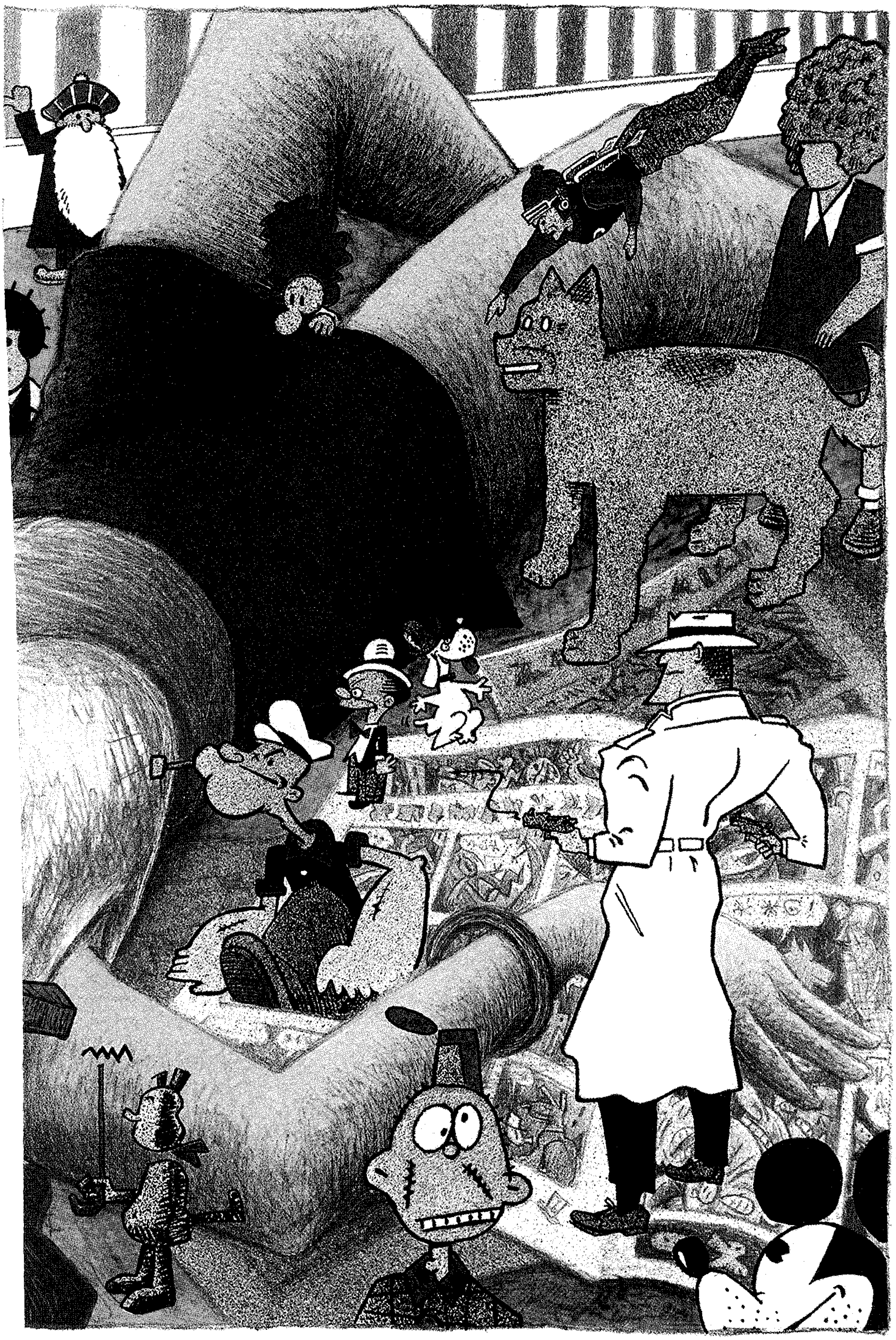
“Here’s where another one was,” another young man says. They point to what are faintly discernible dirt-and-ash squares on the ground, though Tropical Storm Gordon has done a lot to cover up the traces.

“Look over there,” someone says, pointing to a small mound in another burned square. “She died yesterday.” The mound is the grave of a two-year-old girl named Hélène, whose parents did not have enough money to pay for a spot in the cemetery.

“They’ll dig her up,” Consayant says, as if he were referring to some odd religious practice. But then a few scrawny pigs that roam the neighborhood come around the corner of the corridor and begin sniffing and rooting at the mound. “They always do,” he says. ♦


The Bastard Offspring of Art and Commerce murder their parents and go off on a Sunday Outing.
CHEE! ARE YOUSE DEAD NOW OR WHAT?

A hundred and one years ago, Joseph Pulitzer developed color presses so that The World could bring famous European paintings to the masses. The result was a polychromatic eyesore—but the presses were perfect for printing color cartoons.



Art Spiegelman

FICTION

SHAKTI

BY VIKRAM CHANDRA

WE had been talking about Bombay that evening. Somebody, I think it was Khanna, was telling us about Bahadur Shah, who gave the island to the Portuguese for their help against the Moghuls. "At the beginning of everything great and monstrous," said Khanna, "is politics."

"You're forgetting the other half," Subramanium said. "Remember, the Portuguese gave the island to the British as part of Catherine of Braganza's dowry."

"Meaning what?" I said.

"Meaning this," said Subramanium. "That the beginning and end of everything is a marriage."

WHAT you must understand about Sheila Bijlani is that she was always glamorous. Even nowadays, when in the corners of parties you hear the kind of jealous bitching that goes on and they say there was a day when she was nothing but the daughter of a common chemist-type shopkeeper growing up amongst potions and medicines, you must never forget that the shop was just below Kemp's Corner. What I mean is that she was a shopkeeper's daughter, all right, but after all, she saw the glittering women who went in and out of the shop, sometimes for aspirin, sometimes for lipstick, and Sheila watched and learned a thing or two. So even when you see those early photographs from the Walsingham School—where she was, yes, the poor girl—what you should notice is the artistic arrangement of the hair, which she did herself, and the shortness of the gray skirt, which she achieved every morning with safety pins when she reached school. Even in those days there was no argument that Sheila had the best legs at Walsingham, and so when she finished with college and next we heard that she was going to be a hostess with Air France, it all made sense, I mean who else would you imagine pouring champagne for a movie star in some Frenchly elegant first-class cabin or running down the steps of the Eiffel Tower, holding her white stilettos in one tiny and graceful hand—it had to be Sheila.

Air hostessing in those times didn't mean tossing dinners at drunks on the way back from Dubai or the smell of a Boeing bathroom after a sixteen-hour one-stop from New York. Remember, travelling abroad was rare then, and so all the air hostesses were killingly beautiful and St. Xavier's graduates, and they all had this perfume of foreign airs which they wafted about wherever they went, and Sheila was the most chic of them all. It could break your heart, the way she smoked a True, placing it ever so delicately between her lips and leaving just a touch of deep deep red on the very tip. And the men came around, the princes and the *jamsahebs* in their convertibles, promising adventure, the cricketing knights in their blue blazers of glory, the actors' sons offering dreams of immortality. We used to see Sheila then in a flash as a car roared around the curve on Teen Batti, and we would sigh because somewhere there was a life that was perfect and wonderful.

So we were expecting a prince for Sheila—at least, a flashing star of some sort—but she disappointed us all when she married Bijlani. He was U.S.A.-returned and all, but from some place called Utah and what was electrical engineering anyway when you had Oxford cricketing royalty on the phone—but Sheila liked Bijlani and nobody knew why. He was square and, later, fat and mostly quiet and he told everyone he wanted to make appliances, which was all very well and good, but four-speed electric mixies weren't exactly dashing, dammit. They met at a party at Cyrus Readymoney's and Bijlani was sitting quiet in a corner looking uncomfortable, and Sheila watched him for a long time, and when she asked, Readymoney said, "That's Bijlani, he used to be in school with us but nobody knows his first name. He wants to make mixies." Then Readymoney, who was dressed in black, snapped his fingers and said, "Let's boogie, baby," but Sheila looked up her nose at him—what I mean is she was a foot shorter than him but she somehow managed to look him up and down like he was a worm—and she said, "Why don't you go into a corner and squeeze your pimples, Cyrus?" and then she went and took charge of Bijlani. Now, you must understand that when nowadays you see old Bijlani looking hugely regal in a black silk jacket it all started that night when Sheila took him out of his corner and tucked in his shirt at the back and took him around, never mind his sweating, and kept him by her side the whole evening. I don't think he ever tried to understand the whats and whys of what happened, I think Bijlani just took his blessings gratefully into his bosom and built mixies for Sheila. Everyone made fun of him at the start, but they went and got married, and people rolled their eyes, and a year passed and then another and another, and then they suddenly reappeared with an enormous flat on Malabar Hill, and there was a huge intake of breath clear down to Bandra, and now the story was that she had married him for his money. If you tried to tell someone that the first mixie was built with Sheila's money from a thousand trips up and down an Air France aisle, the next thing you heard was that she was paying you in cash and kind, and more, to say nice things about her. Her success drew out the venom up and down the coast of Bombay, let me tell you, it's a wonder the sea didn't curdle and turn yellow.

SO now Sheila was on the hill, not quite on the top but not quite at the bottom either, and from this base camp she began her steady ascent, not quickly; she had patience and steadiness. It was done over years, it cost money, and the hill resisted, it fought back right from the start. In that first year Sheila threw cocktail parties and lunches and Derby breakfasts, and it became clear to her that the top of the hill was the Boatwalla man-

FILIP PAGOWSKI

sion, which stood on a ridge surrounded by crumbling walls, overlooked by the frame of a new apartment building coming up just above. The mansion wasn't really on top of the hill, and it was dingy and damp, but Sheila knew it was where she had to go to get to the real top, the only one that mattered. For that first year Sheila sent invitations to Dolly Boatwalla every other week and received typed regrets one after the other, she saw Dolly Boatwalla at parties, and finally she was introduced under an enormous chandelier at a plastics tycoon's birthday party. Dolly Boatwalla was long and horsy-looking, she looked down an enormous nose and murmured, "*Ha-aaloo*," and looked away into the middle distance. Sheila understood that this was part of the rules of current diplomacy and was happy all the same, and even when the next weekend at the racecourse somebody by mistake introduced them again and Dolly said "*Ha-aaloo*" as if for the first time, Sheila didn't mind a bit and took it as part of her education. Sheila smiled and said, "You look wonderful, what a lovely scarf." She was willing to let Dolly have her way, and if Dolly had been a little less Boatwalla and a little more sagacious, she could have adopted Sheila and taught her and patronized her in a thousand little ways, but Dolly saw only a little upstart, which Sheila was, Dolly didn't see the ferocious political will, that hidden glint. This is how wars start.

How it all really began was this: finally Dolly accepted one of Sheila's invitations. Actually she had no choice but to accept, which may be why she went from being coolly condescending to openly sarcastic. And it started. What happened was that Sheila had finally been able to join the Lunch Club. Not many people in Bombay knew that the Lunch Club existed. Most of the people who knew what it was also knew that they couldn't be in it. The women in the lunch club met once a month for lunch at one of the members' houses. After lunch they played cards. Then they had tea and went home. That was it, nothing very exciting on the face of it, but if you knew anything you knew that that was where marriages were arranged and sometimes destroyed, deals were made, casually business was felt out, talk went on about this minister in Delhi and So-and-So's son who was school captain at Mayo. It was the real stuff, you know, *masala*-grinding, how the world works. So Sheila's name came up, naturally, several times, and, every time, Dolly sniffed and said, Not our type, really, and that finished off Sheila's chances. But then Sheila made friends, fast ones, and they pushed it, they liked her, for her money, for her nippy wit, for her snap, and maybe it was also that some of them were tired of Dolly, of her Boatwalla sandwiches served soggy but with absolute confidence, of her pronouncements and the delicate way she patted her pursed lips with a napkin after she ate pastries. So they insisted, and it was clear there would be either agreement or a direct struggle, and Dolly decided that it wasn't worth risking defeat, so finally she flung an eyebrow toward the roof, sighed, and said, "All right, if you must, can we talk about something else, this is really so boring."

So this was how they all gathered at Sheila's home. Her new house, that is. It was a white two-storied mansion, really, with a bit of lawn in front and a little behind, and of course even though it was big money for the time it was nothing on the sprawling Boatwalla jungles from colonial times, when you could buy land on the hill for nothing. Still, a house was something, actually it was a lot, and the Lunch Club oohed and exclaimed as they came up the short flight of stairs and into the front room, Sheila had it absolutely right, there were the big double doors inlaid with brass and then a carved wooden elephant's foot with walking sticks in it and a Ganesha that was chipped and old and gray stone and it had to be some major antique, two huge plants on either side, and a diffused white gleam through a skylight, and in the halo, changeless and eternal as the day that Bijlani threw his future kingdom at her feet, was Sheila, her skin glowing, her hair as dark as a Malabar wave on a moonless night. She welcomed them silently, smiling as they chattered around her, she led them through a long hall, past a study with a huge brown desk and a brass lamp, past a room full of leather-bound books and brown-and-red Kashmiri rugs, and finally into the dining room, where on a stone-topped dining table gleamed twelve place settings in silver. Here, finally, Sheila spoke her first words of the afternoon, "My son," because a young boy was standing near the table peering at the fantastic ikebana flower arrangement at its center. Sheila ruffled his hair, and he turned his head to look at her, and the ladies murmured. He was certainly very good-looking. Bijlani's stolid bulk had passed into a sort of slow, unblinking expressiveness in his eyes, a kind of silence, and he had Sheila's sharp features. "Say hello," Sheila said, and he did, shaking hands with each one of them. Mani Mennon laughed over her shoulder as he gravely bowed over her hand, and she said, "Better watch out for this one." Meanwhile Sheila leaned into the corridor and called, "Ganga! Take Sanjeev to his room, will you?"

Ganga came in, a short wiry woman with her hands still wet from dishes. She had her red sari pulled between her legs and she pushed back a strand of loose hair with one hand. As Sheila walked Sanjeev to the door, Ganga took his other hand, and they smiled at each other over his head. "Isn't he so cute?" Mani Mennon said, and as she did, Sheila turned and saw the look on Dolly's face, a kind of absurd pursing of the nostrils, an unmistakable look of offense, as if she had just begun to smell something bad. As everyone went toward the table, Mani Mennon hung back and whispered at Sheila, "She has *French* maids." It was true. They weren't actually French, usually Keralans, but all the same the petits fours at the Boatwalla Mansion were served by maids in black dresses and those frilly things around their heads. Mani Mennon rolled her eyes. She was Sheila's main supporter in the Lunch Club, her sponsor, and she hated Dolly Boatwalla but was absolutely silenced by her, robbed of speech and presence of mind by Dolly's height and ruthlessness and way of commanding a room. Mani Mennon was short and funny and plump and couldn't think of any reasons why she should be silenced by Dolly, but always was anyway. "Boatwalla bitch," Mani Mennon hissed. Sheila shrugged and took her calmly by the elbow and led her to the others.

"Have some quail," she said. The food was unusual, small and spicy, made by a Lucknow cook from a Nawabi family. The tastes were light and chased each other across their palates with such foreign essences that they had to exclaim that it was all perfect, because they had never tasted anything like it be-

GIFTS OF WORDS

The original RIVERSTONES™ by Penelope Naylor make great gifts for garden & home. "One would serve well as a cornerstone for any of a wide range of individual or collective enterprises." (*The New Yorker, 12/2/91*). Each unique, natural stone is deeply inscribed. Choose IMAGINE, LOVE, HOPE, WELCOME, LAUGH, DREAM.

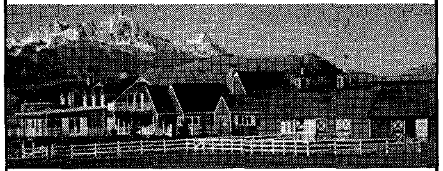
SMALL (6"-8")... $55 LARGE (12"-15")... $75
MEDIUM (9"-11") $65 X-LARGE... (by request)

Add $15 per stone for shipping & handling.
Full refund guaranteed.
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
Stoneworks Gallery
P.O. BOX 35-Y · TUXEDO, NY 10987
CUSTOM ORDERS WELCOME

FREE CATALOGUE · 1 800-STONE-08

RANCHO ALEGRE

A most elegant small country inn in Jackson Hole



Highly personalized, modern facilities; Haute Cuisine, 7 fireplaces surrounded by period antiques, 3 living rooms, library and exercise room with sauna and Jacuzzi. Exquisite views of the entire Teton and Snake River range. X-Country on 50 private acres, 3 miles from Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Full Breakfast and Dinner included in the rates.
307-733-7988 for brochure.

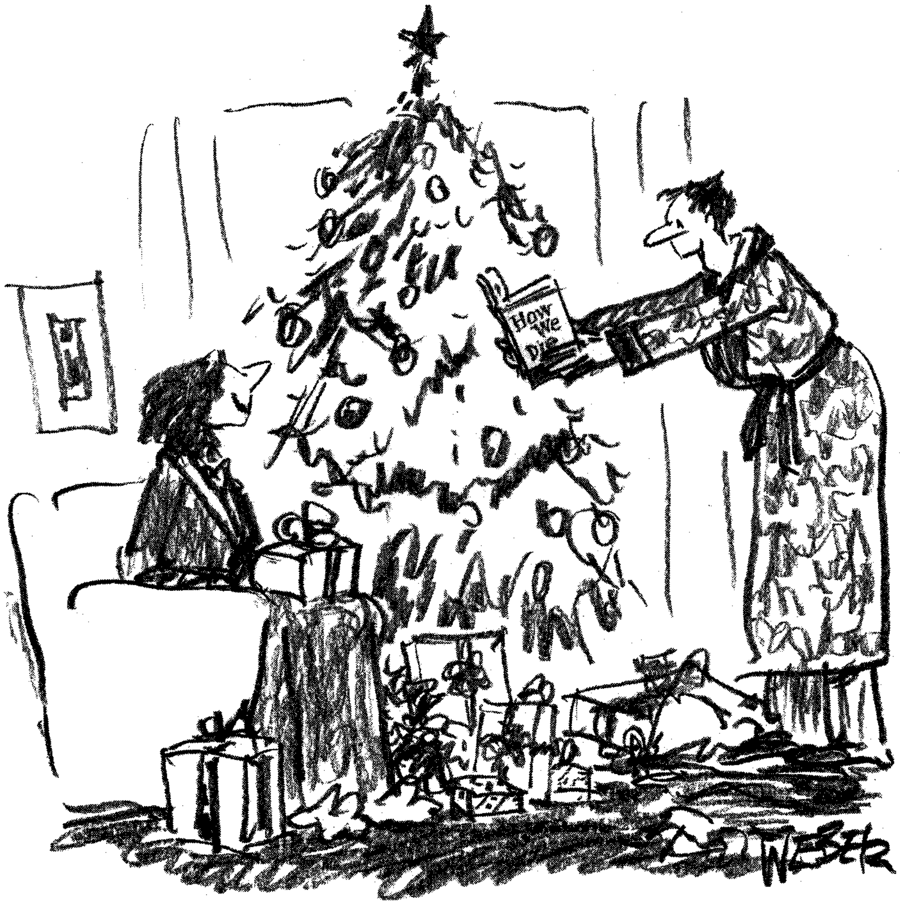
FREE CATALOGUE
MINNETONKA MOCCASINS
CALL 1-800-603-0003
Handsewn in the U.S.A. Hundreds of styles.
WORLD TRADERS®
Bar Harbor Rd., Box 158-6
Brewer, ME 04412

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only **28 pounds.** For **less than $800** you can buy more than a canoe.
Call toll-free 1-800-354-0190.

Wüsthof-Trident
6" Cook's Knife ~~$65~~ *$39.95*
Classic, White Classic or Grand Prix
S&H $4.75
CT Res. $2.68 Sales Tax
Professional Cutlery Direct
(800) 859-6994
Free catalogue of great savings on fine European cutlery
Dept. NY14C, 170 Boston Post Rd., Ste. 135, Madison, CT 06443

fore. Dolly held a silver fork at an angle and sawed at a tiny wing, and even she was puzzled and pleased, you could see that. Afterward they sat on the sofas, luxuriously sunk in the pillows and lingering over the sweet dish, a concoction of almonds and cream so light you barely felt it on the tongue. Dolly began to be funny. She sat on a couch by herself, one leg bent over the other, in her cream pants suit, all long lines from the silk sheen of her leg to the nose, which was a little bony but very elegant. She told cruel little stories about people they all knew. All the stories were about people doing silly things or embarrassing themselves or just being stupid and not knowing about something that everybody knew. Dolly had a great sense of timing and was a good mimic and it was impossible not to laugh at her stories. The women sat in a little semicircle around her and laughed. Sheila laughed, and Mani Mennon laughed. Mani Mennon whispered to Sheila, "She must tell stories about me, too," and then she laughed at a story about a Punjabi woman at the club who pronounced *pizza* the way it was written and who dressed her daughters in too much gold.

Finally everyone grew quiet in an afternoon haze of contentment. There was no doubt it had been an enormously successful lunch, and Dolly had been allowed to dominate it completely. Now it was almost over, and there was a quietness in the air as everyone relaxed with the thought that it would actually finish without any horrendous tension, and as they walked toward the front door everyone was exhausted from the relief and strange disappointment of it all. Then Mani Mennon startled everyone by squeaking, "Hussain!" They were passing by the room with the bookshelves, and what Mani Mennon had noticed on the wall opposite the hallway was a large canvas, the chariot of the sun, gold and red. She went fluttering into the room with her arms held out, and stood swaying in front of the painting. It was quite overwhelming, with its rich swirl of color and the horses as if they would burst from the canvas, and everyone clustered in front of it. Dolly hung back in the hallway, but then everyone crowded forward and she was alone, so she came forward reluctantly and stood behind them



" *'How We Die'—fabulous!*"

all. "It's your second one, isn't it, Sheila?" said Mani Mennon. "It's wonderful. Look at those yellows." And then, seeing Dolly behind the others, she said, smiling, "It's a Hussain, Dolly."

Dolly tilted her head back. "Is it?" she said. Her head tilted further. "Oh. Is that what it is?" She smiled. "Freddie has a few of those at his office."

Sheila was standing next to her. Without a word, Sheila turned and walked back into the hallway. They followed her, and she walked to the door, opened it, and held it open. They walked past, saying thank yous, and she smiled, but her eyes were opaque and she never took her hand off the doorknob. Dolly walked past and murmured, "Thank you so much, darling." Sheila shut the door and the click was very firm and crisp and everyone knew then that something had started.

SHEILA sat in her office among the books and tried to think about what she had felt in that moment. It hadn't been anger, more a kind of recognition. In that instant she had felt suddenly outside of her body, standing somewhere else and looking at both of them. What she had seen was that she was herself perfect—she was petite, she had an acute sense of color and line and so her clothes fell on her exactly and well, her features were small and sharp, her hair was thick, and her vivacity came from her intelligence. Dolly was not perfect, she was long everywhere, she was sallow, she wore old jewelry sometimes missing a link here and there, today she wore a tatty green scarf over her shirt, and that was just it. Sheila was perfect, and she knew that however hard she tried she could never achieve the level of careless imperfection that Dolly flaunted. It had nothing to do with perseverance or intelligence and it took generations. It couldn't be learned, only grown with the bone. It was absolutely confident and sure of itself and easy. Dolly had it and she didn't: looking at it honestly, Sheila knew this. She knew it and she was absolutely determined that if it took her the rest of her life she would defeat Dolly. That it had come to open conflict she knew, and she would not stand losing.

"*Mem Sahib.*" Ganga was standing in the doorway, leaning against the side, a hand cocked on her hip. She was wear-

Breguet
Since 1775

Then, as today, those who shape destiny are quick to pursue that which cannot be imitated, or easily obtained. Legends have sought this watch. Napoleon, Wellington, and the crowned heads to England, France, Italy, Spain and Russia.
So masterfully designed, so rarely seen, that each is still individually numbered on the dial.

18K gold, moon phase calendar watch. See-thru sapphire back reveals hand crafted movement. $28,750.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332

NordicFlex Gold...the best choice for building a hard body.

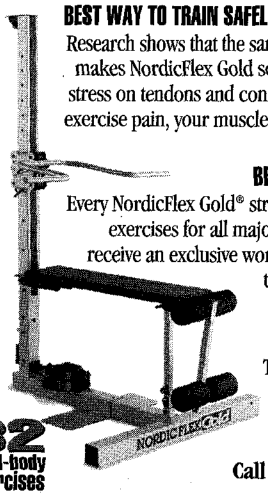
BEST WAY TO ACHIEVE THE RESULTS YOU WANT.
Research proves that isokinetic resistance gives you a fast, more effective workout because you're working each muscle to virtually 100% of its capacity. And only NordicFlex Gold features a patented isokinetic resistance system to match your strength throughout the entire range of exercise motion. Ordinary strength training machines only match your strength at your weakest point during each exercise and can't give you fast NordicFlex Gold results!

BEST WAY TO MAINTAIN FORM AND TECHNIQUE.
NordicFlex Gold features the ergonomically correct linear motion recommended by exercise physiologists. Other machines let you cheat, misdirecting your effort, reducing exercise effectiveness and increasing the risk of injury.

BEST WAY TO TRAIN SAFELY, REDUCE RECOVERY TIME.
Research shows that the same isokinetic resistance that makes NordicFlex Gold so effective, also reduces the stress on tendons and connective. And with less after-exercise pain, your muscle recovery time is shortened and you stay on schedule.

BEST TOTAL-BODY WORKOUT.
Every NordicFlex Gold® strength conditioner provides exercises for all major muscle groups. Plus, you receive an exclusive workout video and a complete training manual to help you refine and customize your individual workout.

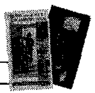
The choice is yours. Build a hard body with "The World's Best Strength Conditioner™."
Call 1-800-441-7890 today.



32 total-body exercises
30-DAY IN-HOME TRIAL!

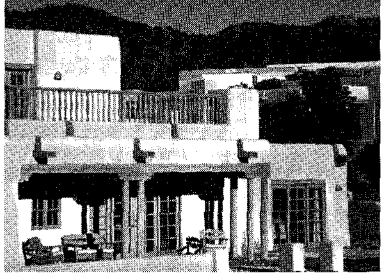
FREE Video and Brochure CALL 1-800-441-7890 Ext. FJKA5

or write: NordicTrack, Dept. FJKA5, 104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318-2355
☐ *YES, I want to learn about the industry leader. Send me a FREE brochure and VHS videotape.*
Name________ Street________
City________ State____ Zip____ Phone (   )________



NORDIC FLEX Gold
Best of all...it's from NordicTrack, a CML Company!
©1995 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.

Settle the West.



And settle for the best.

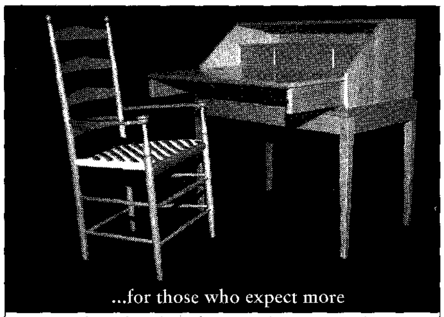
Enjoy country club living with golf, tennis, swimming & dining in a luxurious gated community just 3 miles south of the historic Santa Fe Plaza. Two-, three- & four-bedroom, award-winning homes feature complete exterior maintenance & 24-hour security. From the high $300,000s to the mid-$900,000s.

1-800-548-6990

This is not an offering to CA, NY, NJ or IL residents. Sales can only be made in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

QUAIL RUN
SANTA FE

3101 Old Pecos Trail
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87505

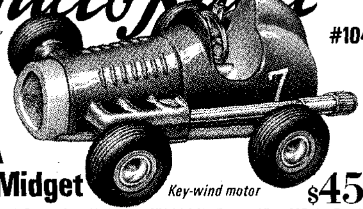


...for those who expect more

Michael Charles Cabinetmakers

Fine Hand-Crafted Furniture

Color Portfolio $5 (203) 350-0230
3 Taber Road Sherman, CT 06784



MicroRacer™

3.25" long

#1042

USA
1/4 Midget

Key-wind motor

$45.00

Lilliput P. O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447 Pay by Visa, MC, AmEx, check.
Call 800-TIN-TOYS Fax 702-463-5581 Shipping $6 ea. In NV add 6% tax.

"The arbiter of taste..."

A smashing gift.

GARY GALYEAN'S
GOLF LETTER
THE INSIDE REPORT ON WORLD GOLF

Sample upon request.
Our 5th year. $78.

800-320-6450
P.O. Box 3899, Vero Beach, FL 32964

ing a dark-red sari with a gold-stamped border. Ganga was dark and very thin, she flung herself at her work with such velocity that it was necessary to put the glassware by the side of the washbasin—otherwise, as she sped through the plates, crystal would inevitably crunch somewhere in the pile. Ganga had been recommended by Sheila's next-door neighbor. She worked, as nearly as Sheila could tell, in another dozen houses up and down the hill, and she sped from one to another without a pause the entire day, after which she stood in a local train for an hour and fifteen minutes to get out to Andheri, where she lived. It had taken Sheila six months to get her to eat lunch, which she did squatting in a corner of the kitchen and holding a plate directly in front of her face for greater efficiency.

"It was a good lunch?" Ganga said.

"Yes," Sheila said. For the first year they had known each other, Ganga had been courteous but dry, her face always expressionless and impossible to read. Then one day, on her way out, seeing Sheila sitting at her desk in the study as usual, she paused in the hallway, her whole body still pointed at the front door, to ask, What do you do in here? Accounts, Sheila had said, for our business, pointing at the ledgers piled up and the sheets of paper that folded out to cover half the room. Ganga had nodded silently and gone on her way, back up to her normal speed with the first step, but since then, she would stop in the doorway, one foot in front of the other, leaning sideways, one elbow angled out, and they would talk for a few minutes.

"Well," Sheila said. "It went well."

Then they talked about their children. Ganga had a daughter named Asha. Then Ganga tightened her *dupatta* about her waist and it was time for her to leave. "Going," she said, clipping the word now, and she went.

WHEN Ganga got home it was seven-thirty. She put down a small packet of *jira* and set about making dinner. There was a single light bulb in the single room, and Asha was sitting under it studying, or at least flipping the pages of a book. Asha was dressed in a flowered shirt and a skirt that reached to her ankles. Her hair was pulled back and neatly oiled, and around her plait she wore a single string of white *mogra* flowers. She was sitting cross-legged with her spelling book in her lap, her chin in her hands, and now she darted a quick look from huge brown eyes at her mother.

"All right, all right," Ganga said. "Come eat."

They sat near the doorway and ate from brass plates, which were old but shiny. Outside, people were still passing, and occasionally somebody would say something to Ganga. The lane was narrow, and whoever walked by had to brush close to the door. Across the lane, there was a narrow gutter which flooded in the rains, and behind that more shacks made of wood, cloth, cardboard, and tin. Later, when it was dark, Ganga would sit in the doorway and talk to her neighbors. Most of them were from the same village in the Ghats near Poona, but to the left, where the lane curved, it became a mostly Malayalee locality. Today they mostly talked about a man in their own community who drank so much that he finally lost his watchman job. "He's a fool," Ganga said. "You always knew that." It was true. They had all known him and they had always known that.

Ganga had arrived in Bombay eleven years before with her husband, who had come back to his village to marry, and since then she had lived in the same place. Ramesh, the husband, had been a millworker in the days before the labor disputes and the big lockouts. He was a Marxist, and he was killed, stabbed, in a quarrel with another union the year after Asha was born. Ganga remembered him mostly as a melancholy sort of man who seemed to cultivate his own sadness. It was only in the month after his funeral that she found out that he was said to have killed two men himself in the same union fight. But anyway, now the mills were closed and the years had passed. Now it seemed that Ganga was going to move, and this was the news she had to give to her neighbors. Two stops up on the Kurla line she had found an empty plot, and she planned to build her *kholi* there.

"*Pukka*?" said Meenu, her neighbor,

her voice a little breathless, because brick would cost more, and everyone knew that Ganga worked so much that she must have money, but nobody knew how much.

"Yes," Ganga said. "Ten thousand for the land, five for the construction."

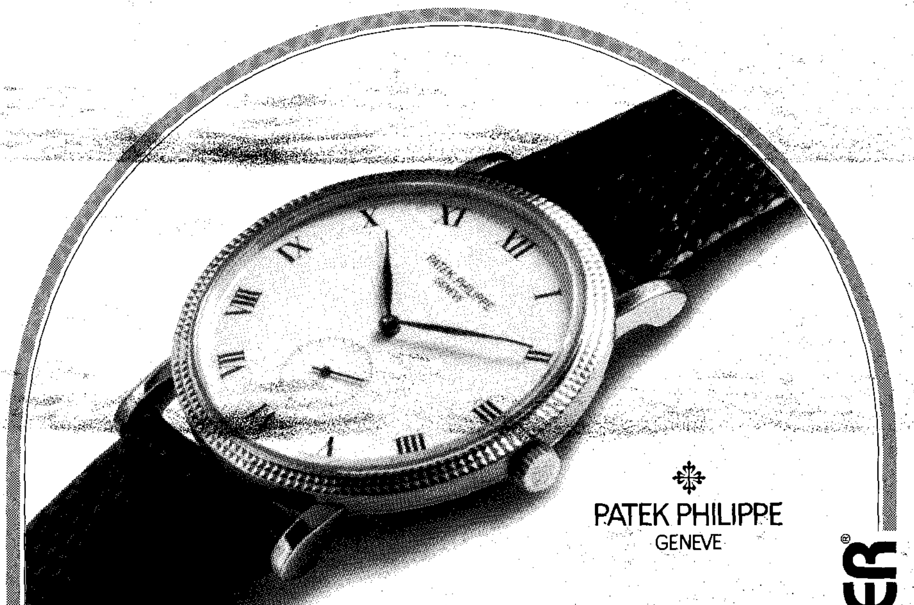
"Fifteen," Meenu said.

"Yes," Ganga said. "I don't have it."

"How will you manage?"

Ganga shrugged. She didn't tell them what she planned, because she wasn't sure she would get the money and she didn't want to sound sure before she was. That afternoon it had occurred to her to ask Sheila for a loan. Sheila had said that the lunch had gone well, but the concentrated expression on her face, the set of her shoulders as she sat among her books was not that of a happy woman. Looking at her then, Ganga had realized that this was after all a woman of business, somebody who wanted things from the world, and had realized that she should ask Sheila for the money. She wanted to wait for a few days, let the thought sit in her stomach, because she had learned from the world to be careful when one could, since often there was no time for care. Now she had a month from the owner of the plot to come up with the money, and so she waited for a week. It still made sense, so one day after lunch she asked Sheila, and Sheila said, "Of course," went into the bedroom for a few minutes and came back with a stack of notes. It was no fuss. They talked terms, and it was decided that Ganga was to pay it back monthly over six years.

But leaving was a fuss. They had lived in that nameless lane for a long time, Asha since she was born, and Meenu organized the people up and down the street to give them a sendoff. They rented a television set and a video player and they watched films all night long, and it was very very late when Asha finally fell asleep with her head in her mother's lap. Ganga sat in the darkness, an arm over her daughter, and felt the loss as a tightness in the stomach, a kind of relentless wrenching, and the colored light from the screen flickered on her face as she wept. But the next day, when they loaded up their belongings into a handcart, she was crisp and organized, and she led the way, holding Asha with one hand and a bundle with the other and tireless in her stride, until the men



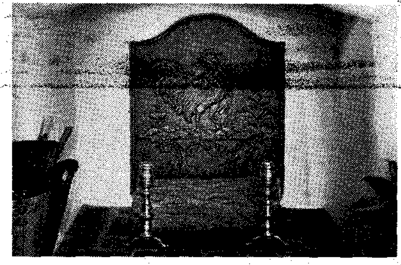
PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

A PATEK PHILIPPE DOESN'T JUST TELL TIME,
IT TELLS SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.
Elegant, distinctive classic dress watch. Completely handcrafted in Switzerland. 18K, $7,850.

Watch enlarged to show detail.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332



F·I·R·E·B·A·C·K·S
The classic way to protect your fireplace

A beautiful, hand-cast Country Iron Foundry Fireback will protect the back wall of your fireplace from dangerous and costly heat damage, while radiating more heat into your home.

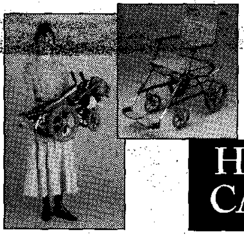
Our catalog, containing 35 antique and contemporary designs, is available for $2.00 (refundable with purchase).

Dept. N412, P.O. Box 600, Paoli, PA 19301
(610) 353-5542

THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY

GIVE A CAT A LAUGH
– with Dick Shapiro's amazing Video
Catnip – a 25 minute movie cats watch and love. A howl of a gift for cat owners.
Just $19.95
plus $4.00 s/h
VISA MC AMEX
ORDER TOLL FREE
CAN. 1-800-268-9323
U.S. 1-800-268-1630
DICK SHAPIRO'S CATS
#105, 10 Wynford Hts. Cr. Don Mills, Ont. Can. M3C 1K8

WILDERNESS WATERS
Natural history wilderness float trips on a selection of the finest British Columbia and Yukon rivers. Each a unique experience highlighting a different combination of landscapes, waters and ecosystems. Sunny forests, fjords and canyons. Glaciers, wildflowers & grizzlies. Musk ox, narwhal & gyrfalcon in the Arctic.
CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS • 1-800-898-7238
#402, 9571 Emerald Dr., Whistler, BC, Canada V0N 1B9 (604) 938-6651



Remploy
Stowaway
Transport

Have Chair
CAN Travel

Perfect for trips over the land, on the sea or in the air, the Remploy Stowaway folds into an extremely small package with minimum effort. It is lightweight and easy to handle, yet exceptionally strong and durable.

Call today for information!
1-800-CHAIRS-9 (242-4779)
VISA, MASTERCARD, DISCOVER accepted.
Insurance billing assistance available

HEALTH
Rebus Health Products, Inc.
2223 E. Hill Road, Grand Blanc, MI 48439

TRY A LITTLE Tenderness!®

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!

#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS, each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.95 shipping/handling*)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!

OFFER (valid in U.S. & Canada) EXPIRES 1/31/95
*(Outside mainland states, Ontario and Quebec, additional shipping applies.)
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)
Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD4124 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

Now with bookshelf or drawers.
Our desk... still stands alone.
Stand-up desks and stools hand-crafted to your height in oak, walnut, mahogany, cherry and black deco.
The Stand-Up Desk Co.
5207 Baltimore Ave.
Bethesda, Md. 20816
For free brochure:
(301) 657-3630
ASK ABOUT OUR NEW DICTIONARY STANDS!

personal insights on
Türkiye
Yacht cruises & tours of Turkey
Recommended by NY Times & Fodor
Club Voyages / 908-291-8228

Florida Gulf Coast Vacation Rentals
Longboat Key ▪ Marco Island ▪ Naples
CALL FOR OUR FREE CATALOG!
LBK 1.800.237.9505 Naples/Marco 1.800.828.0042

pushing the handcart leaned against it and begged for mercy.

THEIR new *kholi* was small, but during the rains it was dry, and Ganga kept it in good repair. There were some two-storied houses on their street, built very narrow on tiny plots, and at the end of the lane there was a grocery shop built like a cupboard into a gap between two walls. Also there was a *pan* seller who sold cigarettes and matches and played a radio from morning till night. Their years in this street were ordinary, and Ganga continued her work as before, coming and going with a regularity that her neighbors began to depend on.

Finally, what disturbed their life was Asha's beauty. When she was fifteen a local bootlegging *tapori* fell in love with her. He was at least ten years older than she was, a grown man with some reputation in his chosen trade of gangsterism and with some style, he wore tailored black shirts always, and he fell in love with her ripeness. She was not tall, but there was a certain weight about her body, a youthful heaviness that she made a great show of hiding. She was a student of the movies, and always had flowers in her hair, white or yellow ones. His name was Girish, and he fell in love with a glance that she threw at him coming out of a morning show of "Coolie." After that he spent his time sitting on the raised platform at the end of their lane, waiting for her to pass, polishing his dark glasses on his shirt. When she did, she never looked at him, but the force of his yearning caused her to duck her head down and blush darkly, amazed and a little frightened and feeling something that was not quite happiness.

Ganga knew nothing about this until the neighbors told her. She had seen him sitting on the platform, spreading out a handkerchief before he sat down, but she had paid no attention, because it had nothing to do with her. The evening when she found out, she sat in her doorway for a long time. When she shut the door, she came in and found Asha sitting on her charpoy, reading a film magazine. As she watched, a wisp of hair fell across Asha's cheek, and the girl pushed it back behind her ear, only to have it fall forward again. Idly, Asha flicked it away, the hair was heavy and thick and dark brown, and as Ganga watched her daughter's fingers move across her cheek and linger, the danger of it all pressed her heart like a sudden weight. She knew instantly and completely the violent allure of the black glasses, the coiled stance that projected danger, the infinitely dark and attractive air of tragedy.

"Tomorrow I will take you to your grandfather's," Ganga said, louder than she had intended.

"What?" Asha said. "In the village?"

"Don't argue," Ganga said. "You're going."

But Asha wasn't arguing, she was silent, caught somewhere between heartbreak and relief. Her sobs that night in her bed weren't full of grief, or even of sorrow, but of the tension of weeks. She left quietly and obediently with her mother, and in the train she smiled at the mountains and the zigzagging ascent of the tracks and the birds floating in the valley below. But in the village—called Asan—she grew sulky at the endless quiet of the long afternoon. Ganga was in no mood for sulks, having spent an unexpected two hundred rupees on the tickets, and she put Asha to work straightaway, in the kitchen and with the cows in the back. Ganga's father was small and very lean, as if every last superfluity of flesh had been burned away by season after season of a farmer's sun. She had brought him two shirts from Bombay, which he would wear on very special occasions. She spent two days in the village, straightening out the house and seeing to the repair of a waterway that came down the hill into their land. When she left, she hugged Asha briefly, and she felt the youthful sigh more than she heard it. "Don't be silly," Ganga said. "What have you seen of suffering yet?"

It was afternoon when she opened her door in Bombay. She went in and put down her bundle, smoothed her hair once in a single movement, tucking back and tightening all at once, and then she reached forward for the *jhadoo*. She was sweeping under the bed with it when she heard the voice: "What have you done with her?"

When she turned he was looming in the doorway, tall and silhouetted. The sunlight was blinding behind him, and she could see the glint of the perpetual dark glasses at the sides of his face.

"What—" she began, and then her throat closed up from the fear. She stood holding the *jhadoo* in front of her with both hands, handle up, clutching it.

"If you married her to someone else," he said hoarsely. "If you married her." He moved in the doorway slightly and Ganga's head reeled, her eyes dazzled. "If you married her I'll kill you and her. And myself."

He came in, closer to her, and now she could see him clearly. "Where is she?" he said. "Where?" But his head was moving from side to side and she understood that it was very dark in the *kholi* for him. He reached up and took off the glasses and she saw his eyes, red-rimmed. He was very young, and under the sleeve of his black shirt his wrist was thin and bony.

She spoke: "Don't you have a mother?"

A tear formed slowly and inexorably on his eyelid and rolled down his cheek, and she knew he could do exactly what he had said. She looked at him, into his eyes, and the seconds passed.

"Go home," she said.

Another moment, and then he turned and stumbled out of the doorway. She stood still, holding her *jhadoo*, for a long time, looking toward the door, until the light changed outside and evening came.

On the hill, it was generally agreed that the Shanghai Club was Sheila's masterstroke. There was a whole faction that insisted that Mr. Fong was only a front man, that the money behind Shanghai was actually some of the Bijlanis' industrial lucre, that, having diversified from mixies into plastics and transportation and pharmaceuticals, they had resources to spare. Of course, there was no proof for any of this, but what was clear and needed no proof was that the whole thing started when the Bijlanis were blackballed at the Malabar Gym. Sheila and Dolly had conducted a ruthless but fiercely polite war for years, in which the victories were counted in receptions given and famous writers annexed and huge sums collected for causes, and the casualties were the bruised egos of the partisans of either side, who cut each other in Derby boxes and flicked razor-sharp looks over shoulders at openings. But there were some rules, a certain code of conduct that kept it all civilized until the incident of the blackball.

The Bijlanis had applied for membership to the Malabar Gymkhana, a little

Audemars Piguet

ONLY THE FEW WILL OWN A CEO DUAL ZONE

For the few who cross the Atlantic as often as they cross the Potomac. Dual zone watch with automatic movement; power reserve and date. Available in 18K gold or platinum. From $16,000 to $26,500.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK • GENEVA
PALM BEACH • BAL HARBOUR
SOUTH COAST PLAZA

Seventh Avenue & 34th St • Madison Avenue & 52nd St • Madison Avenue & 59th St
SHOP AT HOME: (212) 758-6234 • 1-800-348-3332

IN 13 DAYS YOUR WIFE CAN BE SEEING ANOTHER MAN.

You. What you'll learn will help you exude confidence. Physical well being. Be in control of your medical future. From chronic problems like heart disease and others that demand you take steps now to reduce your risk. It's a program you'll only find at one of the top five medical centers in the country. Duke University Medical Center. Call 1-800-235-3853 today.

DUKE CENTER —FOR— LIVING

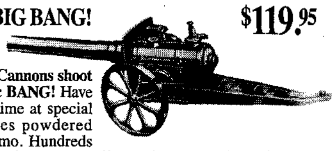
A Prescription For Healthy Living.

INN ON THE ALAMEDA

"That Enchanting Small Hotel in Old Santa Fe"

- Between Canyon Road and the historic Plaza
- Complimentary Gourmet Breakfast
- Southwestern Hospitality
- Charming Rooms and Suites

800-289-2122

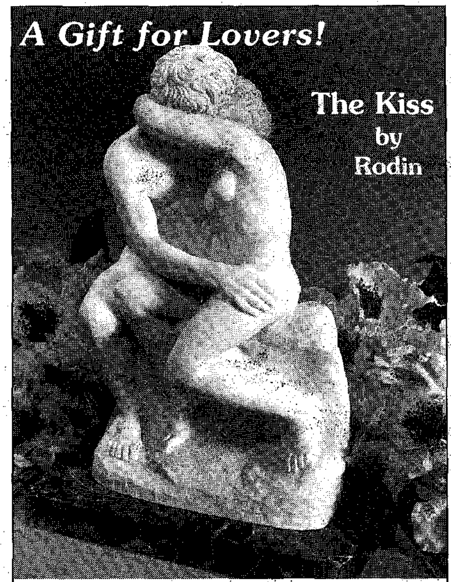


Celebrate July 4th & All Events
CARBIDE CANNON
BIG BANG! $119.95

Mammoth Cannons shoot with terrific BANG! Have a bang-up time at special events. Uses powdered carbide ammo. Hundreds of shots for few cents. All metal construction with large, rugged cast-iron wheels. Machined brass mechanism for easy loading and firing. Authentic turn-of-century design. Handsome decor when not in use. Made in USA to last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes: 9" cannon, **$49.95 postpaid;** 17" cannon, **$89.95 postpaid;** 25" cannon (shown here) with rapid firing and automatic loading, **$119.95 postpaid.** The larger the cannon the louder the bang! **Carbide ammo, about 100 shots, $6.00; 3 packs for $15.00.** Send check, money order or call. Visa, MasterCard accepted by mail or phone. Give card number & expiration. Money-back guarantee. Send for **FREE CATALOG!**

The Conestoga Co., Inc., Dept NY, PO Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016

★★ **Call 1-800-987-BANG (2264)** ★★



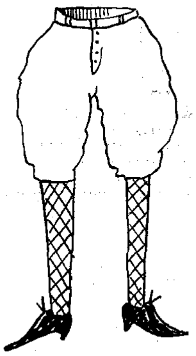
THE KISS. One of the most romantically appealing statues ever created. With perfect balance Rodin combined spiritual and physical love in a lover's embrace. Handcrafted in bonded marble or bonded bronze. 10" bonded marble on marble base $183 ppd; 14" bronze patinated bonded stone without base...$298 ppd; 14" bonded bronze...$686 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. **120 page artbook color catalog of 350 items $6.**
ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #241
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

• Longboat Key • • Palmetto •
Sashay On Our Shores
Over twenty miles of the sandiest, whitest beaches this side of heaven. Come dine in our restaurants overlooking the Gulf — shop our stores & golf our courses. Call now for free visitor information.
1 800 4-MANATEE
BRADENTON
&FLORIDA'SGULFISLANDBEACHES
Box 1000, Bradenton, FL 34206
Bradenton Beach • Anna Maria • Holmes Beach • Anna Maria Island

THE BEST IS HARD TO FIND!
That's *our* job. We seek out the very best from small rural, family-owned operations. Cheeses, apple butter, varietal honeys, smoked fish, jams, mustards, spices, and more! All made the old fashioned way.
DISCOVERY KITCHEN
Write or call for free catalog:
P.O. Box 6325 Woodland Hills, CA 91365
(818) 887-2007

PSV
A Romantic Private Island Hideaway
Petit St. Vincent Resort *800-654-9326*
Grenadines, West Indies *Fax 513-242-6951*

belatedly but they were busy people, this was understood, and their son was now old enough to want to play tennis and rugby at the Gym, and the passing of the application was a foregone conclusion. And then came the blackball, which was actually not a black ball but a little slip of blue paper at the quarterly meeting of the membership committee, and the blue paper had on it the single word "No." Everyone looked at each other, astounded, but they all avoided looking at Freddie Boatwalla, because the process was of course anonymous but of course who could it be but him? There was nothing to be done about it, the rules were clear and ancient and unamendable, a blackball was a blackball, if you weren't in you were out, there was no middle ground. The chairman burnt the slips according to rule, but those who saw that one said the letters were blocked out and firm, and even before the meeting was over the members were talking about the indisputable fact that Freddie had after twenty years of membership suddenly put himself up for the committee—why now unless there was a plot, a plan—and that this was an unprecedented escalation. Freddie left the meeting without talking to anyone and afterward he was seen drinking a stiff whiskey-and-soda downstairs in the Jockey Bar. The bartender said he had come in and made a phone call first and then asked for his drink. Sitting outside on the long patio with the lazy ceiling fans and the field beyond, the commentators related this and said no more, the implications were clear.



Now everyone waited for the inevitable response from Sheila, and nothing happened. It was unbelievable that she had accepted defeat, and yet this was what some believed, and others insisted that it was merely a tactical feint, this doing nothing, watch and wait. The months passed, and in the fullness of time a Mr. Fong announced that he was going to start a place called the Shanghai Club, and nobody noticed. No one knew who Mr. Fong was, and there was no reason for anyone to ask, and nobody was interested in his club. Then it was known—nobody knew where this came from—that the Shanghai Club would admit only women as members, and furthermore only by invitation. That to do the inviting there was a committee of ten prominent women who were to remain anonymous—and suddenly the phones started ringing all over Bombay. Who was the committee? Nobody knew. Then the first invitation arrived, in a plain white envelope without a stamp, hand delivered at the house of Bubbles Kapadia, of the Ganesha Mills Kapadias. "We are pleased to offer you a charter subscription to the Shanghai Club," it said. "We request the pleasure of your company at the opening on January 26th." At about the same time, in what must have been a sublimely managed leak, it became known—seemingly in the exact same minute—from Nepean Sea Road to Bandra that Sheila Bijlani and Mani Mennon were one-fifth of the committee, and that only a hundred memberships were to be offered. Now there was wild conjecture, endless lists were drawn up and debated, memories were searched for histories of friendship and betrayal, and suddenly that plain white envelope was the most coveted thing in the city. Mr. Fong received so many calls that he changed his home number seven times, and still he was woken up in the middle of the night by desperate pleas from councilmen and captains of commerce. "I'm afraid I can't do anything about it" was his standard reply. "I don't control the committee. They tell me what to do." The Chief Minister himself made a resigned call to Mr. Fong on behalf of the Storrow toothpaste heiress, who sent a hundred and fourteen baskets of fruit to various houses in a scattershot attempt to flush out the committee. Nothing worked.

The white envelopes came in a trickle through October and November, and nobody could tell where one would show up next, and the exact count was tabulated and maintained with increasing tension as the months passed. Those who got one let it slip casually: "Oh, guess what was under the door today?" And those who didn't affected not to care: "I can't believe everyone's so crazy about this stupid Mr. Fong's club." Some pretended to sniff at the kind of people who were getting invitations: a policewoman—an inspector, but still; a documentary filmmaker; several journalists, some of them of the television variety. And when Ramani Ranjan Das, the erotic poetess, was invited, a whole faction of the Gym set, at the very north end of the patio, declared very dramatically and at great length that they were withdrawing from the Shanghai race, until Bubbles Kapadia asked how they knew they were in it. In the dead silence that followed, Bubbles flicked her ashes onto the table, drew long and at great leisure on her green cigarette holder, then got up and turned and disappeared in a great white cloud of triumphant smoke.

Of course Dolly behaved as if the Shanghai Club did not exist and never would. It was at the Gym, at lunch, that somebody first brought up the subject in front of her. The words dropped, and suddenly silence spread around the table like a ripple. Everyone waited, but Dolly was staring into the middle distance, her eyes calm and genial, absolutely imperturbable, as if she were suddenly a stone-deaf idol, elegantly dressed. She had not heard it, even though the softly spoken words were heard from one end of the oak table to the other. After a while she picked up her knife and fork and cut a tiny little piece of quiche and ate it slowly and with pleasure. As the weeks passed and the hysteria mounted and the rumors flew and everyone talked about nothing but the Shanghai Club, she continued not to hear anything. She was absolute and unshakable. The commentators argued: she must really be upset, some said, she must go home and cry in the bathroom. Nonsense, said the other, stronger, school of thought, it is all truly beneath her, she doesn't care a whit. As January 26th drew nearer, she grew more and more to resemble a kind of stately ship in sail, constant and beautiful, unmoved by choppy waters, and her supporters grew delirious with admiration. It was true: she was magnificent in her dignity. One of the north-patio commentators said, in a tone that mingled exactly equal amounts of envy and quiet pride, "After all, she *is* a Boatwalla."

All this was true until the evening of January the fifteenth. Bijlani came home, drew Sheila into their bedroom, locked the door, and related a strange and wondrous tale. He had been sitting, as was his custom, on the balcony of the Napier Bar above the Dolphin Club swimming pool, sipping at his nightly Martini. He did this every evening after his fifteen laps and massage, with the cane chair creaking gently under his bulk and the breeze in his hair. On this evening, he was startled out of his meditation by a man's voice: "Hello, T.T." Bijlani had acquired, over the years, with his increasing financial weight, with his famous and many-faceted magnitude, a name and a dense, magisterial composure. So his quick turn of the head, his spilling of his drink, was unprecedented but understandable—the man who stood uncomfortably over him, shifting from leg to leg, was Freddie Boatwalla.

Bijlani waved him into a chair, and when he sat Bijlani could see his face clearly in the light from the door. Freddie had always been thin, but now, in the single light against the darkness, he looked like a paper cutout, one of those black shadow figures from another century, nineteenth or maybe eighteenth or something. Bijlani knew the Boatwalla shipping company had been through some ups and downs, but who hadn't, it was no cause for this kind of deterioration. Bijlani waved to a bearer. "Drink?" Bijlani said.

"Thanks, old boy," Freddie said. "Gin-and-tonic." He crossed his legs, and Bijlani had a moment of hideous, bilelike envy: Freddie's crease above the knee was absolutely straight, without needing a tuck or pull or even a pat. The white pants fell just so, like everything else. His name was actually Faredoon Rustam Jamshed Dara Boatwalla, but he had always been Freddie, son of Percy Boatwalla, grandson of Billy. There had been a great-grandfather, whose name Bijlani could never remember but who stood in full life-size glory in a niche near Crawford Market, haughtily ignoring the pigeons swarming around his feet.

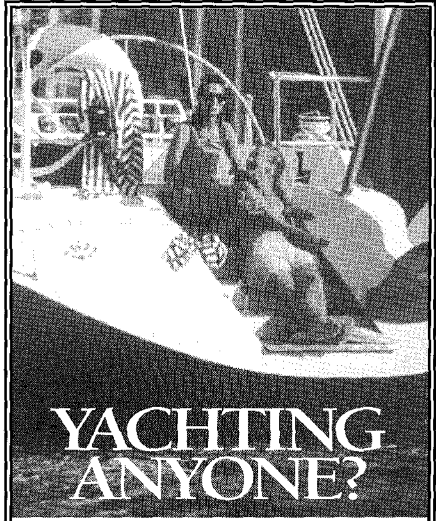
"Nice evening, isn't it?" Freddie said.

"Very." Bijlani was remembering the story about Freddie that everyone told again and again, that he had in the golden days of his youth bowled out Tiger Pataudi twice in two consecutive innings during a match at Cambridge.

"Heard about your pharmaceutical deal with the French. Good show," Freddie said.

"Thanks."

"We've been thinking in that direc-


YACHTING ANYONE?

It's the *ultimate* escape vacation. A leisurely sail through the islands of paradise aboard your own magnificent private yacht. No crowds. No tourists. No set itineraries. Sun, swim, snorkel, windsurf, island explore. Sit back, be sinfully pampered, and savour one of the most relaxing, romantic and unique vacations imaginable.

Call your travel professional.
Or call us at
1-800-437-7880
and we'll make all
the arrangements.

The Moorings®
Preferred Yachting Holidays

BAHAMAS • CARIBBEAN • SOUTH PACIFIC

High water in spout: Rainy/Storm
Low water in spout: Sunny/Fair

RISE & FALL

Brought over by the Pilgrim Fathers from 17th C. Holland, the Weather Glass still fascinates with its effectiveness and simplicity. The hand blown 10" glass shows the weather accurately hours in advance. Comes with 12" brass/copper bracket and storycard. Historical, interesting, conversational.
WG005 - Gift boxed - $34.95 (+ 4.50 S&H)

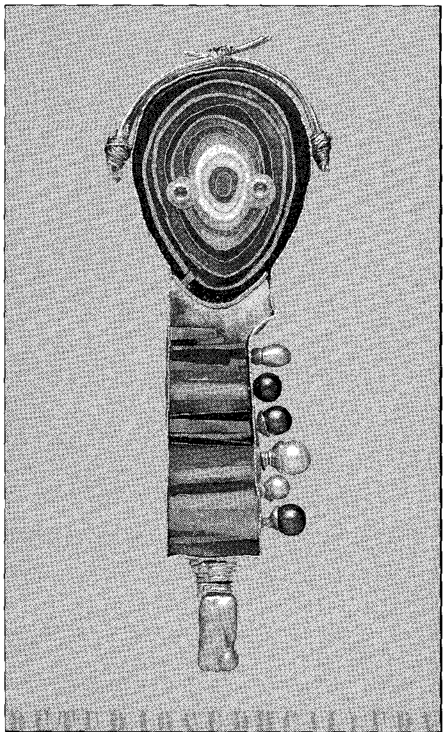
➛ *To order:* **1-800-895-3050** ➛

TRADING STORIES
P.O. Box 604 • Cottage Grove, OR 97424
TALES AND TREASURES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Teak & Painted Mahogany Furniture
Interior & Exterior Use
Free shipment from stock
Country Casual
17317 Germantown Rd. Suite 205
Germantown, MD 20874 - 2999
64 page colour catalogue $3.00 1-301-540-0040

1995 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions
"For art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art . . ."

The only annual guide to over 1,000 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad . . . only $15
RECOMMENDED BY THE NY TIMES, THE WASH. POST, VOGUE, AND GOURMET
CALL 1-800-2-LOVE-ART
MGP, INC. P.O. BOX 25369,
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007

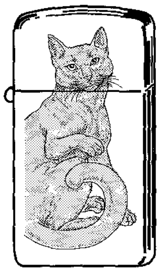


December 1, 1994 to January 14, 1995

WILLIAM HARPER:
Jasper's Variations and Faberge's Seeds

Peter Joseph Gallery
745 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10151
(212) 751-5500

THE BARRETT-SMYTHE FINE ART COLLECTION



Thirty-eight intricately detailed signature designs by globally renowned artist Jon Robyn presented on the world-famous windproof lighter.

Zippo

To place an order or request a free Zippo Barrett-Smythe catalog, call 1-800-335-5994

HIEROGLYPHS
PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE JEWELRY
Translate Anything into Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphs
SS Pendants from $40 • 18k from $150
Free Color Brochure includes Alphabet
Pendants • Rings • Bracelets • Earrings
1-800-237-3358
Call Toll Free or Write:
Discoveries
(est. 1980)
526 N. Fayette St.,
Alexandria,
Virginia 22314
Cartouche spells 'Joan'
HANDMADE IN EGYPT ©

MOVING TO SEATTLE?
Buyer's Market for Lake Washington
Waterfront. Western views!
Barbara Waterhouse Fulp (206) 654-3415.
Coldwell Banker Bain Associates.
Estates from $1,000,000–$10,000,000.

tion ourselves. International hookups. Collaborations."

"Yes."

"Negotiating with an American party, ourselves. Difficult."

"Really?"

"Oh, very. Arrogant sods. Full of themselves. But really it's the only way."

"I'm sure."

"Change, you know. Adaptation."

"Absolutely."

Freddie's drink came and they sipped in a silence that was not exactly companionable but at least businesslike. Above them the lights of the tall buildings made a rising mosaic, and a swimmer's slow splashing in the pool beat a sleepy rhythm to and fro. Freddie put his glass down.

"Thanks for the drink. Have to be getting along. Dinner, you know." He stood up. "Can't stay away. Family. You know how these women are." He laughed.

Bijlani tilted his head back, but Freddie was against the door now and it was hard to make out his face. "Family," Bijlani said. "Of course."

"You know, old boy, you ought to resubmit."

"What's that?"

"Your application, I mean," Freddie said. "At the Gym. I'm sure that whole business was a mistake. Error. Lapse. Awful. Happens. Resubmit. We'll take care of it." And with that he was gone.

When Bijlani told Sheila about this conversation, she sat very still for a moment, so immobile that she might have been frozen. Then only her eyes moved, and she looked up at Bijlani. "How interesting," she said at last. "Let's go down to dinner."

That Freddie and T.T. had talked was known by everyone half an hour after it happened, and there was much speculation about what had actually been said. It was clear that some sort of deal had been made, that negotiations had happened, and now Dolly-watching took on a strange, fresh piquancy. When she received her white envelope, what would she do? Would she say something casually about the Shanghai Club at a lunch? Would she now hear the words that had rendered her deaf and blind? Everyone wanted to be there at the event itself, whatever and whenever it was, because it was completely unprecedented and sure to be delicious in many ways. But nothing happened. Dolly remained casually unaware and went about her business, and the days passed. It was now awfully close to the Shanghai opening and everybody was wound tight, what with fittings and appointments and plans. In those last few days you only had to say to someone, "Has anything happened?" and they'd know what you were talking about.

But of course nothing did happen. Sheila told no one anything either, she was infuriatingly and politely private and unrelenting. Only Mani Mennon knew, because she had been there on the afternoon of the twenty-third, in Sheila's study, looking through a list as Sheila worked with a calculator and her endless files. "*Memsahib.*" Ganga came in, picked up her half-pay from the desk, and paused long enough to watch Sheila make a notation in a long list of her installments. As Ganga left, Sheila smiled at her. The phone rang, and Sheila picked it up and said, as she had many times that afternoon, "Sheila Bijlani." Then there was a moment of silence, and Sheila stared at the receiver as the silence went on, from awkwardness into significance, and she looked at Mani Mennon and both of them knew instantly who it was.

"Hello," the phone finally said, a little static-y and hissy. "This is Dolly Boatwalla."

"How are you, Dolly?"

"Very well, thank you. How are you?"

"I'm fine."

There was another little moment there, and then Dolly cleared her throat. "I've been very busy, what with the children being at home. Trying to keep them amused is so trying. Freddie told me he saw T.T. at the pool."

"Did he? Yes, he did."

"Keeping fit, that's good. I have to practically send Freddie out with his clubs. Listen," now a little laugh, "have you heard anything about this Shanghai affair?"

Sheila took a deep breath. One by one, she relaxed her fingers on the receiver and settled back into her big leather chair. She wriggled her shoulders a little. Then, completely calm, she slowly said the word she had been saving for so long: "No."

"Ah."

Mani Mennon began to laugh into a pillow, holding it to her chest and shaking violently.

"Well, it was nice talking to you," Dolly said. "I hear the children coming in. I should go."

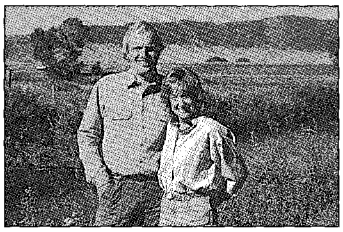
"It was nice," Sheila said. "*Namaste.*"

MR. FONG stood at the door of the Shanghai Club in a dinner jacket and a bow tie, his hair solid black and with a sheen, looking dashing and mysterious and exactly right. Inside, if you looked closely, you could see that the club was really a little too small, that the tables were the same kind that Bhendi Bazaar furniture-makers copied from Danish catalogues, that the drinks were a little diminutive for so much money, that everything was quite ordinary. But it was all transformed that night by an extraordinary electricity, a current of excitement that made everyone beautiful, a kind of light that came not from the dim lamps but from the air itself. Ramani Ranjan Das wore all white, white *mogra* in her hair and a white *garara* suit and a silver nose ring, and she came with a film director twenty years younger. The police inspector wore slacks and turned out to be quite charmingly shy. Sheila wore a green sari and came a little late. She and T.T. sat in the middle of the crowded, smoky room and the air was filled with a pleasant chatter against the faint strains of music, and though it was photographed and written about, nothing ever really caught that feeling. It felt new, as if something was starting, and it was somehow oddly sexy, at least six new affairs and two engagements started that night, but that wasn't all of it. It was the certainty of it, the feeling that for a few hours there was nowhere else in the world to be and nothing else to do, it was that cusping of time and place and history and power and effort that lifted the Shanghai Club that night into romance and made it unutterably golden.

WE thought then that Sheila was invincible, but we had forgotten that even the strongest will in the world is easily defeated by its own progeny. Inevitably, Sheila's son came back to Bombay a poet. Sanjeev had been gone a long time, first to school at Doon and then to the States—he went not to his father's college but to Yale, where he took many classes in photography and art history, and broke many hearts with a dark curl of hair on his forehead that gave him a look of sad nostalgia. He had learned to ski, and had an easy physical grace that was quite different from his mother's nervous energy, her focus, and his father's thumping walk. He was indolent and he had a little smile just a little tinged with arrogance, but we all forgave him that because he wrote such lovely poetry. Mani Mennon was the first one outside the family to meet him that summer, and she watched him for a long time, and then she said to nobody in particular, in a tone of wonder, "You know he looks always like he's just gotten off a horse." When she said that, she had said everything. Bijlani said to Sheila, "I don't know what to say to him, and he's not quite what I expected, but he's very wonderful." Sheila nodded, overwhelmed by her love. She treated her son like a jewel, standing between him and the world, willing not only to give him anything but to take whatever he wanted to give, a poem if that was it. She already understood that getting what you wanted from

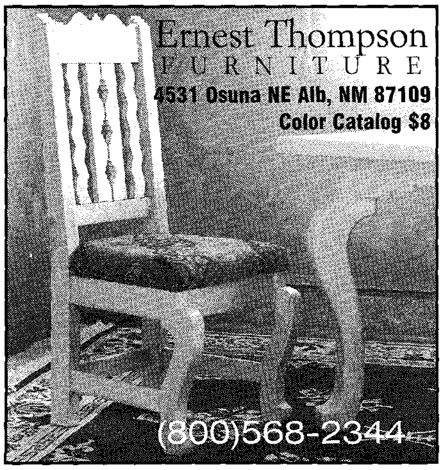
Return To Your Senses In
FLORIDA
For your free Florida Vacation Kit call (904) 487-1462 ext. 21

Pam & Bill Bryan's
OFF THE BEATEN PATH



Give us a call.
We specialize in creating
life-time memories of the Rocky
Mountain West. Tell us your hopes for
a western vacation and we'll make it
happen. Dude ranching and fly
fishing. National Parks and Indian
Reservations. Bear watching, rafting,
hiking, or skiing. Experience the
unique spirit of the West with
an itinerary we create together.
Join us, Off the Beaten Path.

109 EAST MAIN STREET, SUITE NY4X
BOZEMAN, MONTANA 59715
1-800-445-2295



What the World Reads

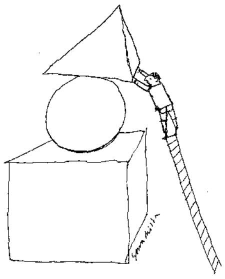
Clear, Concise, Smart.
All the World's News, plus
Finance, Travel, Fashion
and the Arts.

CALL 1-800-882-2884

INTERNATIONAL Herald Tribune
DELIVERED DAILY THROUGHOUT THE AMERICAS.

the world meant that your own struggles became grubby and irrelevant to your children, which was as it was, that was after all why you gave them what you didn't have. But like all parents she never really believed he would fall in love.

This is how it happened. A week after coming home, Sanjeev wandered away from the house, feeling rested in the body but exhausted by loneliness. He said later that he was discovering the strange terror of coming back to a familiar city and not knowing anyone, and he thought that seeing the playing fields of his childhood, the streets and the corners, would fill the gap in his heart. So he wandered off the hill and down to Pastry Palace, and as he crossed the flyover bridge he was trying to recall the excitement that once had really made the place a palace, that teenage feeling of seeing a cluster of friends and knowing that everything was possible. But now it just looked ordinary. It was disappointment that made him trudge on into the Palace, a bitter determination to see it all through.



So there are opinions and opinions about what happened next. Some say it was just this—that he needed a way to reconnect, you see, to hold on to something. Others contend contemptuously that it was just the narrative force of history that pushed them into their headlong affair, that it was the ferocity of the feud that made them long for each other. "What a bloody cliché," we heard on the balcony of the Gym. "What atrocious taste to allow themselves." The best of us believe that it was merely love. But, of course, nobody really knows what happened, except the essential facts, and they tell us precisely nothing: That afternoon, seated at Pastry Palace with her friends, was Dolly's daughter Roxanne, eighteen years old, finishing at Cathedral that year. She was a fair girl, with that milky Boatwalla complexion, dark straight hair, dark eyes, a little plump, sweet and quiet and a little shy, very charming but nothing spectacular, you understand. She and Sanjeev had known each other by sight before, but the last time he had seen her was when she had just turned thirteen. They talked, we know this for certain, but nobody knows what happened next—did they meet again at Pastry, how did they call each other, was it at a friend's house, what exactly went on? Certainly Sheila didn't know. What she did know was that three months later, at the end of the summer, Sanjeev told her that he wanted to marry.

When she heard who it was, Sheila didn't flinch. She asked calmly, "Did Roxanne tell her mother yet?"

"Yes," Sanjeev said. "We thought she should."

Looking at his face, Sheila suddenly felt old. He was confident of the future. He knew there was a problem, but of course he had the essential belief that the wars of the past were fought because of benighted ignorance, that good sense would after all prevail. She wanted to tell him that the past was responsible for him, for his beauty, but of course there was nothing to say, no possible way to explain. After a few minutes of her silence, he asked, "Are you angry?"

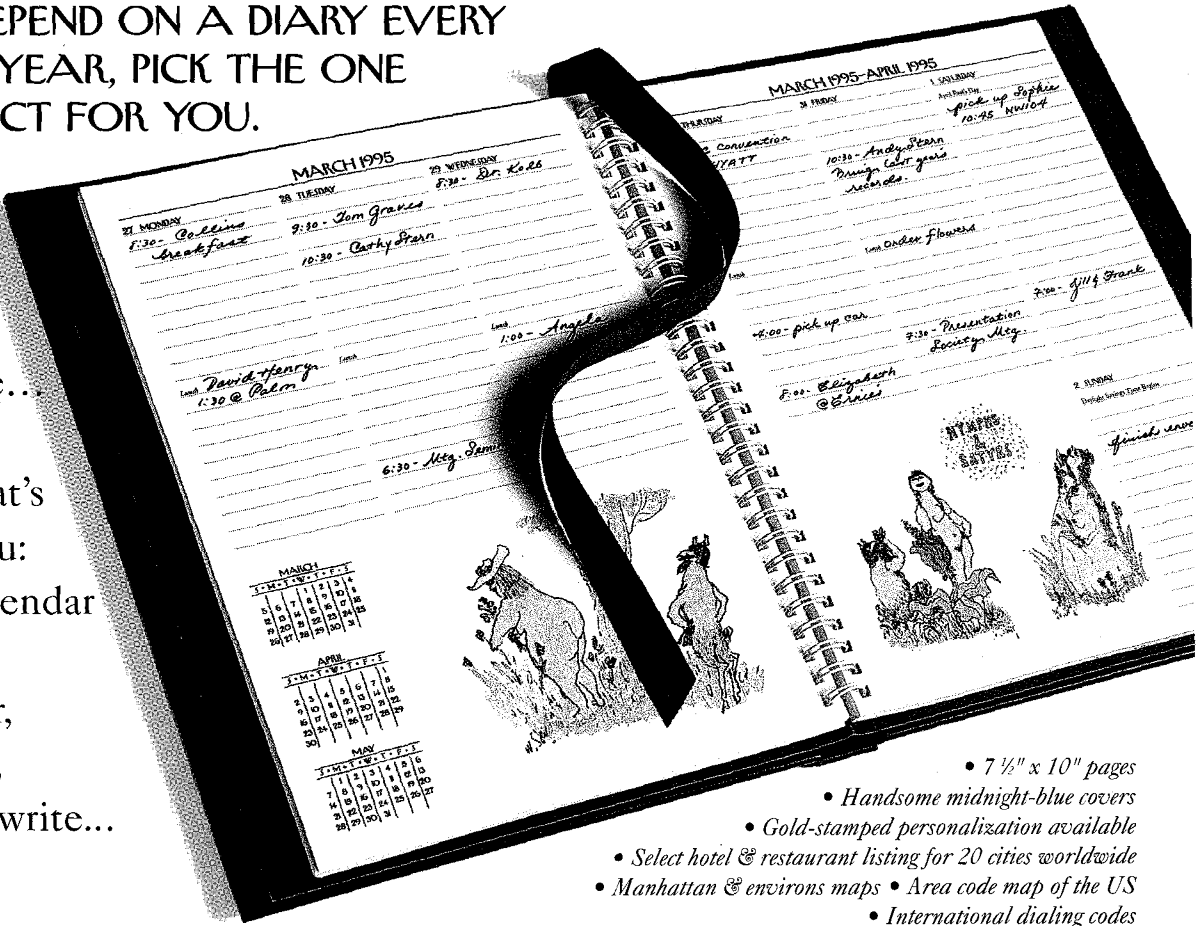
"No," she said. It was true; she was baffled. She had no idea what to do next. But as the afternoon passed, as she and Sanjeev sat together in her office, she couldn't endure doing nothing. She picked up her phone and began to make calls. After the first few it became clear that Dolly did know what to do: she had left the city with Roxanne. They had left by the four-o'clock flight for London. They had been seen being driven to the airport, and the report was that Roxanne had looked tearfully out of the window all the way, but this, Sheila was sure, was dramatic value added on as the story passed from phone to phone. In any case, they were gone.

Now Sanjeev looked stunned and wanted to go to London. "Don't be silly," Sheila said. "How do you know you'll find them there? And what'll you do when you find them, tear her away?" Dolly had two other daughters, one married in London, one in Chicago—Roxanne could be anywhere in the world.

So they waited. Sheila was sure that Dolly wouldn't leave Freddie alone for too long, not at this time, she would return soon. Sheila had no idea what she would do when Dolly did return, she thought about it often but could come up with no satisfactory plan. In the meantime she looked after Sanjeev, who was causing havoc as he suffered. He grew thinner, and, with the dark circles

THE PERFECT COMPANION FOR 1995

SINCE YOU DEPEND ON A DIARY EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR, PICK THE ONE THAT'S PERFECT FOR YOU.



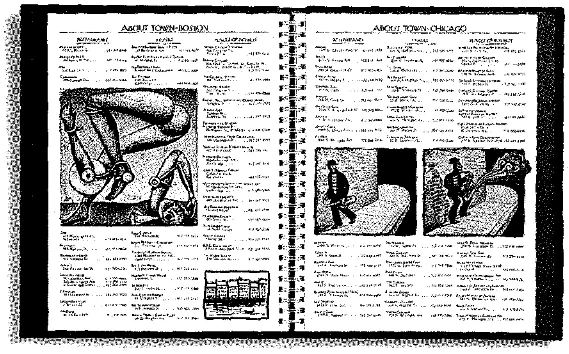
MARCH 1995
27 MONDAY
8:30 - Collins breakfast
28 TUESDAY
9:30 - Tom Graves
10:30 - Cathy Stern
29 WEDNESDAY
8:30 - Dr. Kolb
Lunch
1:00 - Angela
Lunch David Henry
1:30 @ Palm
6:30 - Mtg. Semi
MARCH 1995-APRIL 1995
THURSDAY
31 FRIDAY
1 SATURDAY
pick up Sophie 10:45 NW104
10:30 - Andy Stern
Lunch Order flowers
4:00 - pick up car
7:30 - Presentation Society Mtg.
7:00 - Jill & Frank
8:00 - Elizabeth @ Brice
2 SUNDAY
finish
NYMPHS & SATYRS
MARCH
APRIL
MAY

Bright,
attractive,
colorful, always
good for a smile...

Recognizes what's
important to you:
three-month calendar
on each spread,
a ribbon marker,
lie-flat binding,
lots of space to write...

- *7 ½" x 10" pages*
- *Handsome midnight-blue covers*
- *Gold-stamped personalization available*
- *Select hotel & restaurant listing for 20 cities worldwide*
- *Manhattan & environs maps*
- *Area code map of the US*
- *International dialing codes*

Knows all the right places to go
and how to reach them—restaurants,
museums, clubs, galleries, theatres.



ABOUT TOWN-BOSTON
ABOUT TOWN-CHICAGO

THE 1995 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY.

Send order to: The New Yorker, Box 10214, Dept. 236455-023, Des Moines, IA 50336

PLEASE SEND ME THE 1995 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

_______*copies at $24.95* _______*imprinted copies at $27.95*

For each copy, add $3.25 for shipping & handling within the U.S., $6.50 for Canada. Offer only available to U.S. & Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

☐ *Check or money order enclosed* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *VISA* ☐ *Mastercard*

Acct. # ________________ *Exp. Date* ________

Signature ________________

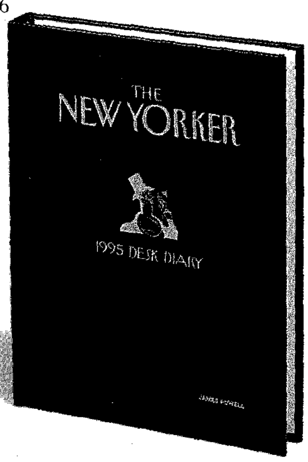
Name ________________

Address ________________

City ________ *State* ______ *Zip* ______

Imprint name ________________

Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.



THE NEW YORKER
1995 DESK DIARY
JAMES HOWELL

"Here's my card. Give me a call if you ever need a barfly."

under his eyes, his forelock of hair was completely irresistible, women old and young pined after him, they left him notes and waited for him in the pubs he was known to frequent, and they pursued convoluted paths to introductions to him, but it was all useless, he forgot them a minute after meeting them. He saw nothing and heard nothing except the memory of his Roxanne. Sheila understood that every minute he spent apart from Roxanne bound him more irrevocably to her, and she also understood that if she as a mother told him to forget her, Roxanne would become as unforgettable to him as his own childhood. Sheila had to keep quiet. It was a trap finely honed for her by the years of victory. Even now she had to appreciate the justice of its bitterness.

After sixty days, Dolly returned. Bijlani had friends at customs, so they knew even before she was through the green channel that she was back, that she had come alone on a Pan Am flight from Frankfurt. Sheila let forty-eight hours pass, and then on a Saturday afternoon she asked for the car. She sat by herself in the back as it went through a couple of turns, up a long slope to the left, and arrived at the Boatwalla mansion. She could have walked in about ten minutes, but in all the years they had lived so close to each other, she had never actually seen the mansion. The lane that ran up to the gate was shadowed with branches that came over high walls, so that when you actually got to the gate you were surprised by the expanse of lawn beyond. The gate itself was wrought iron, with some kind of coat of arms at the center, but Sheila noticed with a quick forward leaning of surprise that the marble on the left gatepost was unmistakably cracked. The car went by the gateman, who saluted the Mercedes and let it through without question, and as it swept around the circular drive she saw the whole place clearly for the first time—the white columns, the ornate windows, the façade with its grand curls and flourishes, all of it stained and patchy. The front door was opened, incredibly, by a maid in a black uniform, and suddenly Sheila had to hold back a laugh, but then she noticed that the woman had a head of white, very fine white hair, and that she was peering at her with a concentration that was absolute and unwavering.

"Please tell Mrs. Boatwalla that Mrs. Bijlani is here," Sheila said, stepping past her. The woman's stare held for a moment, her hand still on the doorknob, and then she turned and shuffled away. "Mrs. Bijlani," Sheila called after her curved shoulders, but the maid did not turn her head. The only light came through the open front door, catching a myriad of motes that barely moved. In the dim dark, Sheila could see two ottomans against the wall, under a picture of workmen toiling on a dock. The carpet was worn and, near the door, stained with patches of deep brown. There was a very slight smell of damp. There was no light switch that Sheila could see, and so she waited near the door. Finally a sibilant scraping came close and the maid appeared out of the darkness.

"Madame is not in."

"It's very important," Sheila said. "Tell her that it's very important."

"Madame is not in."

The woman was saying it without impatience, standing with her hands loosely holding each other in front of her white apron. Sheila had no doubt she would say it again. Sheila nodded and turned away. She heard the door click gently before she was halfway down the steps. As the car pulled away she looked back at the house, but there was no sign of life in any of the windows. Before the car went through the gate her strategy was clear in her head, fully formed. The thought came to her that way, precise and whole. She was going to buy the mansion. She would buy them out complete: lock, stock, ship, and house. Finally it came down to this vulgarity—that they had the pride and she had the money. She sat alertly in the back of the car that she had earned, paralyzed no more, her mind moving quickly. It was, after all, she thought, only inevitable. It was time and history.

SHEILA and T.T. sat together late that night, figuring the exact liquidity of their cash. That had always struck her as a strange phrase, because money was, if anything, hard, impersonal. But now she saw how it could be like a stream, unpredictable and underground, and she was going to turn it into a torrent that would flow up the hill instead of down, crumbling the bloody Boatwalla gate like paper. It was going to burst out of the hillside under the mansion like a fountain from the interior rock—surprise, surprise. It was two o'clock when they stared down at a figure at the bottom of a white pad, at the long string of zeros they had spent a lifetime accumulating.

"Is it enough?" Bijlani said, rubbing his eyes. "Is it enough?"

"It's enough," Sheila said. "Let's sleep." They went up the stairs to the bedroom, and Sanjeev's light was on under his door. She resisted the impulse to knock and went on, but when the lights were off she couldn't sleep. She could see the shapes of the companies they owned, how they fit together, and she moved the segments against one another like the pieces on a chessboard, looking for the nuance that would give them the edge four moves down. She got up once to drink water and was shocked by the hour gleaming at her from the bedside table. Again she tried to sleep, but now it was only the zeros that spun before her, symmetrical and unchanging. *Shunya shunya shunya*, the words came to her in her father's high voice teaching her some forgotten childhood lesson: *shunya* is zero and zero is *shunya*. She felt very tired.

The exhaustion passed, but something else remained. As they began their bid, which Sheila insisted was not hostile but necessary, as they began their slow and audacious assault on Boatwalla Shipping International & Co. (since 1757), she found that all the pleasure was gone. The takeover was the most complicated puzzle that she had ever faced, and she was perfection itself, her memory was prodigious, her stamina unquenchable, and her charm of course was gleaming and soft and unstoppable. But she felt the gears grinding inside her. She told herself to remember whom she was doing it for, after all; she looked at her son's face and remembered the way he had learned to walk by clinging precariously to her sari and his jerky little steps, but still every morning she lay awake in bed gathering the vitality, a little from here a little from there, for the great effort to get up and war with the day. But the only true thing was that her taste

Bach Forever

A day without WQXR is like a harpsichord without strings.
Tune your radio to 96.3 FM and hear for yourself.
A world of great composers will put you in a glorious
mood with one masterpiece after another.
Today and every day.

96.3 fm WQXR
the classical station

Trade your good year for a great one.

Change your spare tire with NordicTrack.
So you want to trim your waist. But you're not sure of the best way to do it. All it takes is a NordicTrack® ski exerciser and a sensible diet. Before you know it, those love handles will be a thing of the past.

Trim 3" in 12 weeks!
In recent studies, people trimmed over 3" off their waists in just 12 weeks* with NordicTrack. And they lost 18 pounds. It can work for you, too.

Burn more calories.
While steppers, treadmills and exercise bikes work just your legs, NordicTrack conditions all your major muscle groups at once. So you get a more complete workout. NordicTrack lets you burn an average of 890 calories an hour — even up to 1,100 an hour.

The New Year's resolution you'll keep all year long.
Once you try NordicTrack, chances are you'll stick with it. Studies show even after 5 years, 7 in 10 owners still use their NordicTrack an average of 3 times a week. So make this the year you change that spare tire. Call now!

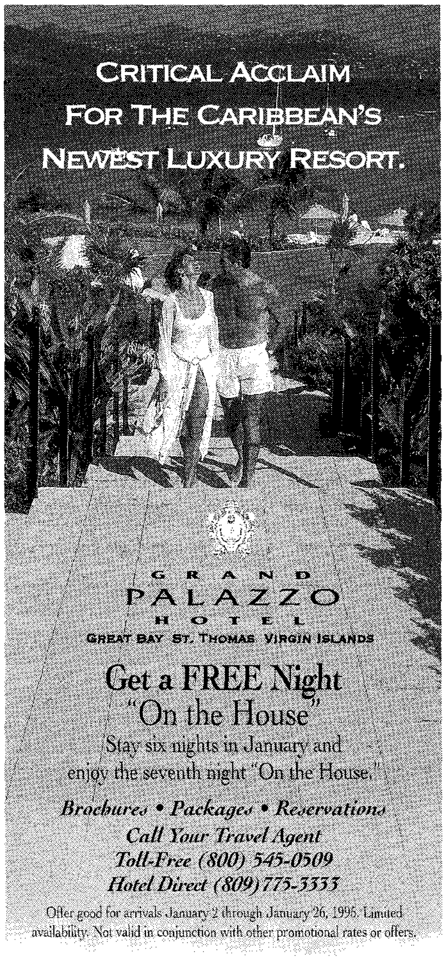
Take it off! Keep it off!

CALL FOR FREE VIDEO & BROCHURE
1-800-441-7891 Ext. 261A5

☐ Please send me a FREE video & brochure
My main fitness goal is (check one) ☐ Weight loss
☐ Shaping & toning ☐ Cardiovascular fitness ☐ Overall health
Name ____________ Phone ( ) ____________
Street ____________
City ____________ State ______ Zip ______
Call or send to: NordicTrack, Dept. 261A5
104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318-2355

NordicTrack
A CML Company
The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser®

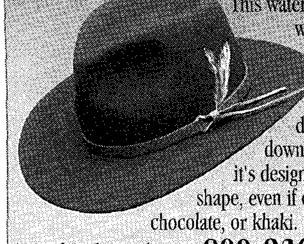
©1995 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.
*Results shown are averages. Individual results may vary.



CRITICAL ACCLAIM FOR THE CARIBBEAN'S NEWEST LUXURY RESORT.

GRAND PALAZZO HOTEL
GREAT BAY ST. THOMAS VIRGIN ISLANDS

Get a FREE Night "On the House"
Stay six nights in January and enjoy the seventh night "On the House."
Brochures • Packages • Reservations
Call Your Travel Agent
Toll-Free (800) 545-0509
Hotel Direct (809) 775-3333
Offer good for arrivals January 2 through January 26, 1995. Limited availability. Not valid in conjunction with other promotional rates or offers.



A Hat For All Reasons
This water-repellent 100% wool felt outback hat is trimmed in leather for dress-up, dress-down versatility. And it's designed to hold its shape, even if crushed! Black, chocolate, or khaki. $39.95 all sizes.
To order please phone: 800-936-5646
HARTFORD YORK LTD.
BURLINGAME CALIFORNIA

48,000 Patterns
China, Crystal & Flatware
Obsolete, Inactive And Active.
Buy Or Sell.
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 - Dept. Y015A
1-800-562-4462

Le Vieux Moulin
offers organized bicycle and walking tours in the beautiful Loire Valley from our charming French country estate. For brochure, call Le Vieux Moulin Bicycle Center — 1-800-368-4234 *in the US and* Canada; FAX 33-48-76-07-43 in France or write P.O. Box 4454, Vail, Colorado 81658

for the game in itself was gone. Suddenly it felt like work, but even when it was over for the day she could only sit silently, staring sometimes at the television, feeling lost. She tried to hide it, and Sanjeev, who had begun to write page after page of poetry, never noticed, but T.T. was uneasy. He said nothing but he looked wary, as if he had smelled something dangerous in the shifting air but wasn't quite sure what it was, where it came from, what it meant.

It was now, in this, Sheila's time of ashes, that Ganga came to her one Sunday. She was wearing a new, bright-blue sari, and with her was Asha, also in a sari, a green one. It was a formal call: they stood in Sheila's study, the mother a little in front.

"How pretty you look, Asha," Sheila said.

As the girl blushed, Ganga spoke. "She finished her nurse training last week."

"Very good, Asha!" Sheila said, touching her on the shoulder.

"She's getting married next month," Ganga said. "We came to give you the card. He's a schoolteacher."

Sheila took the envelope, which was huge, a foot square. Inside, the card was red, with a gold vine that went around the borders. It invited the reader to a ceremony and reception at the Vivekananda School Hall, Andheri.

"Will you come?" Ganga said.

Sheila was looking at Asha. For some reason, she was thinking suddenly about her first flight on an Air France plane, the leap of her stomach when the machine had escaped the ground. "Yes," Sheila said. "Of course."

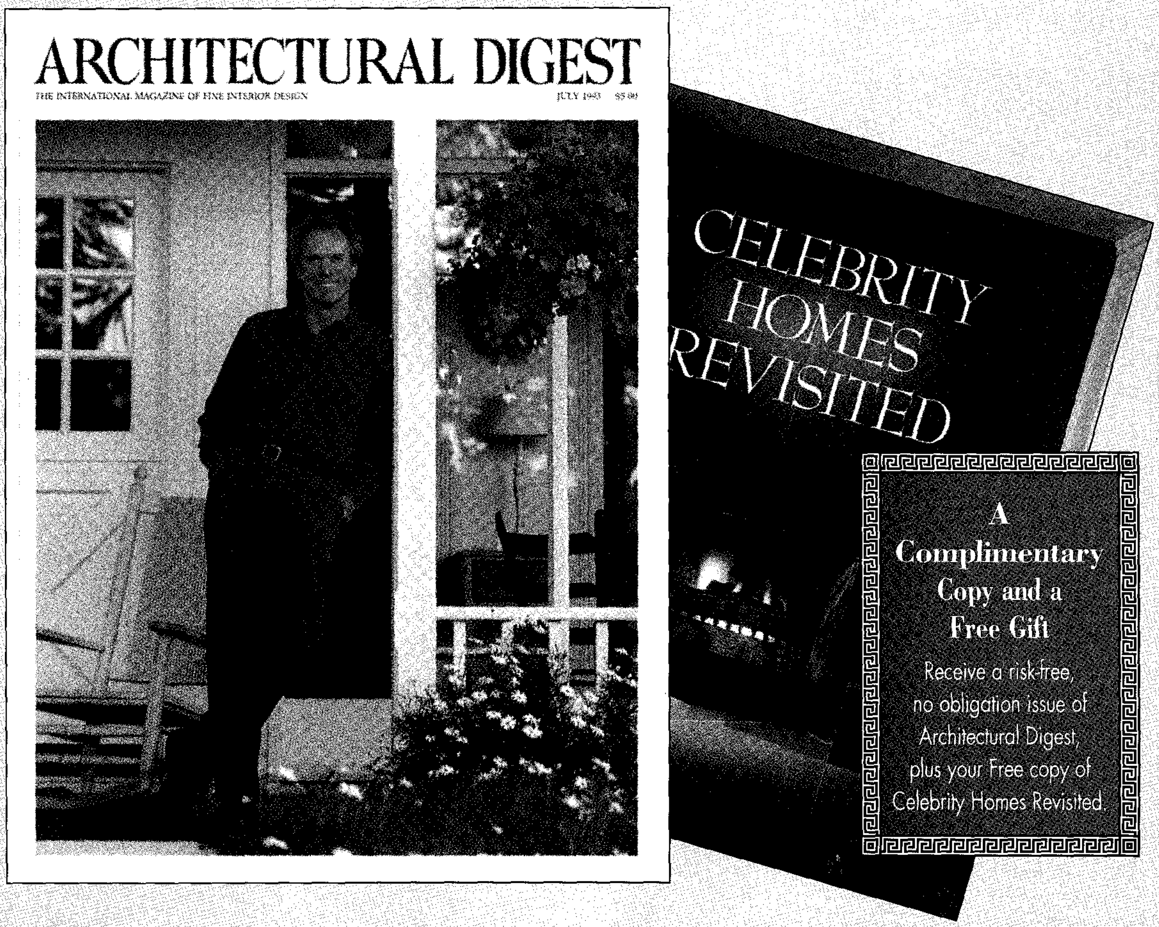
"Bring Sanjeev Baba, too."

"Yes, I will." Sanjeev hadn't left the house for days, even weeks now, and Sheila was sure she couldn't get him to come out of the edifice of his grief, she had already stopped asking him, but she said, "We'll all come."

Ganga nodded. "Come," she said to Asha, who smiled over her shoulder at Sheila. She ran down the hall to keep up with her mother, the silver *payals* at her ankles tinkling with every step. Sheila sat down slowly at her desk. The girl's eagerness hurt her, the small musical sound pressed against her abdomen and gave her a feeling of discovering a new emptiness. She remembered—remembered driving in a bus with the other hostesses in the early morning, to the airport, the red lights far away in the cool blue dawn, a plane thundering overhead with its running lights twinkling, and the glad feeling that it was all an invitation, a promise. They used to sing together, sometimes, Hindi film songs, from Marine Drive to Bandra, and sometimes in Paris on the road to Orly, with the French drivers smiling at them.

Now Sheila waited, with her hand on the phone, collecting herself before the next call. There were a lot of calls to make. The takeover was not going as planned. The Boatwallas had conducted the sort of political maneuvering that had been expected, and that was easily countered—in fact it was welcome, because it revealed their connections and their understanding of their own predicament. It had become clear as the weeks passed that Boatwalla International was even more overextended than T.T. and she had thought. The interest on their debt alone was barely within the Boatwallas' means. But when it seemed that they must surrender or be reduced, there had come a sudden influx of cash. Like a transfusion, it had revitalized them, fleshed them out and made them capable of resistance: Freddie appeared on "Business Plus," pink and ruddy under the studio lights, and declared that it was all over, they were safe. Sheila knew they had borrowed money, lots of it at unheard-of rates of interest, but when she tried to find out who had lent it there was no answer. Her intelligence sources all over Bombay and beyond dried up like the city reservoirs in May, there was no information to be had. She and T.T. called in their favors and doled out some more, but still, nothing. If they could get a name, everything would be possible: politics could be made to interfere with the vital flow of money, fine legal quibbles could bring down the whole ponderous sickly-white elephant. Once in a similar situation they had even purchased outright and cleanly the entire lending corporation. But without a name, without that vital secret, they could do nothing, everything was meaningless.

So now she picked up the phone and looked at it, at the numbers on the keypad. There was a time when she had handled it like a fine instrument, her fingers used to fly over the keys without her looking, it had been her delight, her sitar and her stiletto. Now she just stared


ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF FINE INTERIOR DESIGN
JULY 1993 $5.00
CELEBRITY HOMES REVISITED
A Complimentary Copy and a Free Gift
Receive a risk-free, no obligation issue of Architectural Digest, plus your Free copy of Celebrity Homes Revisited.

The People You Know, the Homes You've Dreamed of Seeing!

OFFERED TO YOU NOW AT OVER 50% OFF THE COVER PRICE.

SEND FOR YOUR COMPLIMENTARY ISSUE

Send for a risk-free, no-obligation issue of Architectural Digest. Enjoy the one and only magazine that takes you inside the luxurious homes of the world's most fascinating people. See how a vision can be transformed into a magnificent reality. Send for your Complimentary Copy today.

PLUS YOUR FREE BONUS!

Tour the homes of the stars in Celebrity Homes Revisited, your Free Gift just for responding to this offer!

WITH NO OBLIGATION!

If you are not delighted with Architectural Digest, just write "cancel" on your bill and return it to us. You won't owe us anything, and you can keep the issue and your Free Gift.

Enter your introductory subscription for 11 additional issues (12 in all) for just $29.95 by mailing the accompanying card today. (If card is missing, please write to . . . Architectural Digest, P.O. Box 59061, Boulder, CO 80322-9061)

at it. I can't remember people's numbers anymore, she noted with a kind of dull surprise. The she opened her book and began dialling.

WHEN they drove out to the Vivekananda School Hall a month later, the problem was still with them. Boatwalla International stayed perversely healthy, like a patient sprung from the deathbed and made up with rouge. And for Sheila and T.T. the outcome was not quite a draw. In the eyes of the market, the stalemate was their defeat. It was not only for this that Bijlani was silent and distraught; his uneasiness was the trouble of a man whose life has lost its accustomed center. Sheila knew that her own doldrums becalmed him even more than her, but her best attempts at revitalization seemed false to her. She could feel the muscles of her mouth when she smiled. There seemed to be no way out, so she endured from day to day, and he with her. Now they sat, apart, in the back seat behind the driver, Gurinder Singh, who besides having been with them for a long time was also a friend of Ganga's.

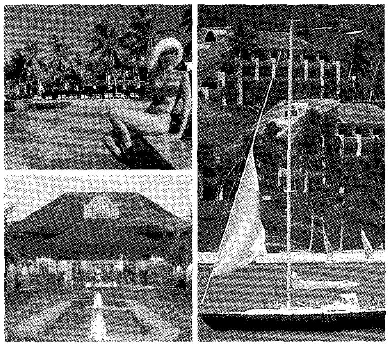
When the car drew up outside the Vivekananda School, Ganga was waiting outside for them. She welcomed them in the midst of a jostling crowd. As they walked in, a pack of children in their shiny best raced around them, staring unabashedly. The hall had been done up with ribbons, and there was a *mandap* at the middle, with chairs arranged in untidy rows around it. "Sanjeev was busy," Sheila was saying as they walked up to two ornate chairs, thrones of a sort, really, all gilt and huge armrests, that had been placed in front of the *mandap*. They sat down and Ganga took her place by her daughter, who was sitting cross-legged next to the man who was becoming her husband. The priests were chanting one by one and in chorus, and throwing handfuls of rice into the fire. Asha smiled up at them with her head down, looking somehow very pretty and plump and satisfied. Sheila nodded at her, thinking of Sanjeev. He was not at all busy, in fact he had been sitting on their roof with his feet up on a table, but he had said he was tired.

It was the first time that Sheila had ever seen Ganga sitting absolutely still. She seemed at rest, her knees drawn up and her hands held in front of her. The priests droned on. Meanwhile, nobody paid attention to the ceremony at all. Children ran about in all directions. Their parents sat in the chairs around the *mandap* and talked, nodding and laughing. Occasionally somebody would come and stand in front of the thrones and stare frankly at Sheila and T.T., whispering to friends. Sheila had her chin in one hand and she was lost in the fire and the chant. Then suddenly the ceremony was over and the couple were sitting on a dais at the end of the hall, on thrones of exactly the same magnificence as those provided for the Bijlanis. Sheila and T.T. were first to go through the reception line, and Sheila hugged Asha, and T.T. shook hands with her husband, whose name was Ramesh. Then Sheila and T.T. sat on their thrones, which had been moved to face the dais, and food was served. Everyone was eating around them. Sheila ate the *puri bhaji* and the *biryani* and the sticky *jalebis*, and watched as Ganga moved among her seated guests, serving them herself from trays carried by her relatives behind her. She gave Sheila and T.T. huge second helpings, and they ate it all.

After the food, Ganga gave gifts to the women at the wedding. She walked around again and gave saris to her nieces and aunts and other relatives. She came up to Sheila, who said without thinking, "Ganga, you don't have to give me anything."

Ganga looked at her, her face expressionless. "It is our custom," she said. Sheila blushed and reached up quickly and took the sari. She held it on her lap with both hands, her throat tight. She felt perilously close to tears. But there were two girls, sisters, seven and eight, leaning on her knees, looking up at her. She talked to them and it passed, and finally she was sitting on one side of the room, away from the lights, not on a throne but on a folding chair, tired and pleasantly sleepy. T.T. was on the other side of the room, talking about the stock-market scandals with a circle of men. Ganga's father sat beside him, quiet but listening intently. Sheila thought drowsily that T.T. looked animated for the first time in months.

Then Ganga walked up. She paused for a moment and then sat beside Sheila, on a brown chair. They looked at each other frankly. They had known each other for

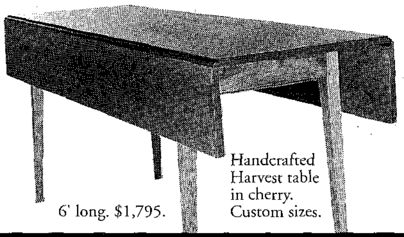


A Caribbean holiday that's unsurpassed.

This beautiful beachfront resort is tucked away in the lush tropical hillsides of St. Thomas. The resort features two oversized pool areas, a sandy white beach, complimentary watersports, casual and gourmet dining, tennis, beach parties and more.
Call your travel agent or 1-800-Hotels-1.

STOUFFER RENAISSANCE®
GRAND BEACH RESORT
ST. THOMAS, U.S.V.I.

Ask about our Renaissance Vacation Packages.



ADRIANCE
FURNITUREMAKERS
Elegant New England simplicity

Handcrafted Harvest table in cherry. Custom sizes.
6' long. $1,795.

288 Gulf Road, South Dartmouth, MA 02748
(508) 993-4800 Catalog $3

BEAUTIFUL COLORFUL SENSUAL WILD FUN
CUSTOM LINENS
Sheet sets, shams & duvet covers designed, dyed, handprinted & signed by artist Doug Lindsay
SLUMBER PARTY 904 Bloomfield St. Hoboken NJ 07030 (201) 659-0308
PERSONAL PASSIONATE FANTASTIC OUTRAGEOUS

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

a long time and they liked each other well enough, but between them there was no question of love or hate.

"How did you manage this, Ganga?"

"I sold my *kholi*."

"You sold it?"

"For thirty thousand rupees."

Sheila looked around the hall. A song was ringing out, and a group of children were dancing, holding their arms up like Amitabh Bachchan as "Muqaddar ka Sikandar."

"Thank you," Sheila said in English, gesturing awkwardly at the sari that she held in her lap.

For a moment there was no reaction, and then Ganga smiled with a flash of very white teeth. "We got them at wholesale," she said. "I know someone." She pointed with her chin at a man Sheila had noticed earlier bustling about, herding people from here to there. "Him."

"That's good," Sheila said.

"You speak English well," Ganga said.

"I learned it as a child."

Ganga settled herself in her chair with the motion of someone who is very tired. "I have heard that Boatwalla speak English."

"You work for her, too?"

"For longer than for you."

"I didn't know. I didn't ask."

"I didn't tell you. I wash dishes and clean the kitchen. Their other people don't do that. I never see her."

"I see."

"Except now and then, once or twice every year, when she comes into the kitchen for something."

"Yes."

"But she never sees me."

"You mean you're hiding?"

"No, I'm right there in front of her."

"Then what do you mean?"

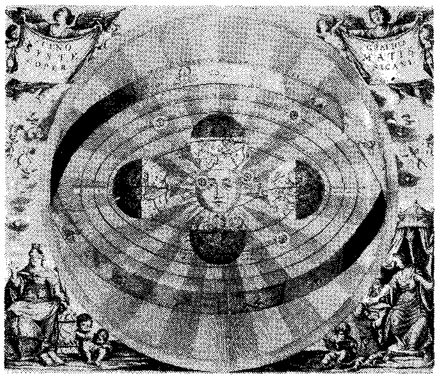
"I mean that she doesn't see me. If she's talking to someone she keeps on talking. To such high people the rest of the world is invisible. People like me she cannot see. It's not that she is being rude. It's just that she cannot see me. So she keeps on talking about things that she would never talk about in front of you or somebody else. Once she saw me, but it was because she wanted to get water from the fridge and I was mopping the floor and she had to step over my hand."

Ganga's voice was steady, even. Sheila

COME AND SEE DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON THE FAMOUS
Dutch Children's Theater
ALICE TULLY HALL, LINCOLN CENTER
FROM DEC 26 THROUGH DEC 31

Tiptop Tommy Care-a-lot

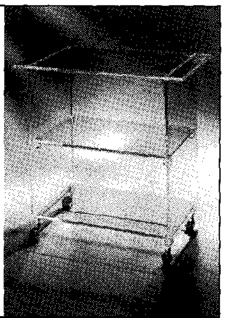
A MUSICAL
• LYRICS MANJA SIEBRECHT • MUSIC ERIK VAN DER WURFF
• SET and COSTUMES FRANK ROSEN
"The musical Tiptop Tommy Care-a-lot is fascinating theater for all ages." - GPD Press
Tickets $ 30. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center, 65th and Broadway, New York NY 10023.
Boxoffice: 212-875-5050. Centercharge 212-721-6500.
ABN·AMRO
The performances support a Unicef project for homeless children.



The Copernican System Illustrated
and other original 17th century
Celestial Charts

W. Graham Arader Gallery
29 East 72nd Street
Monday - Saturday
212-628-3668

Our Factory
To You
Plexiglas® and Lucite®
T.V. Stand
27" x 16" x 28"H
$240 (Includes Delivery)
Visa and Mastercard
Custom Orders Available
Catalog: $2.00

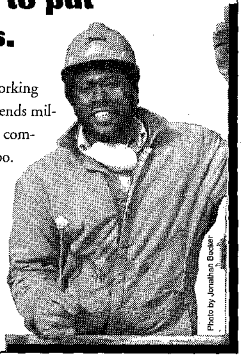


PLEXI-CRAFT
514 West 24th Street New York, NY 10011
212-924-3244, Outside NY, NJ, CT: 1-800-24-PLEXI
Showroom Hours: 9:30 – 5, M to F

It's more than a
place to put your money.
It's a place to put
your values.

With faith in good, hard-working people, South Shore Bank lends millions of dollars in inner city communities. You can invest, too. Just open a South Shore CD, money market, or checking account.

South Shore Bank
Chicago • Member FDIC
800-669-7725



Can you get on the information highway with a local bus?

Computers—they're everywhere! In the news, in the office, in the home, maybe on your desk. And the arcane terms never stop coming at you, whether you use a computer or not.

Now there is a book that clearly explains hundreds of the most frequently used terms and gives you practical tips about computers. It also includes a section on buying computers so you can actually understand what those computer ads mean. This empowering book is:

Waterfields Guide to Computer Terms

To get your copy, send $12.95 (U.S.) plus $4.00 S&H by check or money order to Waterfields Press, Mail Order Dept., P.O. Box 2377, Ellicott City, MD 21041-2377. Maryland residents, please add 5% sales tax. MC/VISA orders call 1-800-318-9229, or fax your order to 1-410-997-6811.
Money back if you are not satisfied.
(ISBN: 1-886271-00-3)

Waterfields™
WP Press

© 1994 Waterfields Press, Inc.

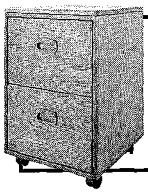
Just the information you need.™

WINTER GOLF GETAWAY.

\$454^{00} per couple
3 nights 4 days includes 2 greens fees, golf cart, caddy and amenities.

For reservations and information regarding Winter Getaway packages call 1-800-457-7676.

HOTEL Bel-Air
PUERTO VALLARTA



NEW. . . Fine oak letter and flat files. Buy *direct, handcrafted in the* U.S.A. Files of smooth contemporary style or time-honored tradional. –SAVE MONEY– All merchandise 100% satisfaction guaranteed. NOVA DESIGNS – Dept. NY, 16801 Hwy 88, Jackson, CA 95642. Ph. 209-223-2317.

HOME FROM HOME
Privately owned London Flats and Houses for Short Term Lets.
Centrally located. Competitive prices.
TEL: 1-800 748 9783
FAX: 011-44 71 823 8433

shifted the packet on her lap a little.

"Even then she kept on talking. Once, I heard her say bad things about her elder daughter, the London one."

"Ganga, do you . . ." Sheila stopped.

"Understand English? A little, I think. I've worked for you for twenty years, haven't I?"

"You have indeed."

"Last week, she came in to shout at the cook about the bowls he used for the sweet after lunch. Her husband lagging behind her. These people, she said. She sent the cook to get all the bowls in the house. She said something about meetings, and her husband wrote down something on a piece of paper. How she talks in English, chutter-chutter-chutter, like she's everybody's grandmother in the world, she asked something about the American business, then she said something about a Hong Kong bank, all the time going here and there in the kitchen."

"Bank?" said Sheila.

Ganga straightened up at the sound of Sheila's voice.

"Yes. Bank."

"In Hong Kong?" Ganga said nothing in the face of Sheila's sudden needle-sharp focus. "Ganga. Did she say the name of the bank?"

"Maybe."

"Do you remember it?"

"Is it important?"

"Yes. Very."

Ganga threw back her head and laughed, and two children running by stopped to gawk at her. "It was Fugai Bank. Foo Ga. Foo Quay."

IN the car, Sheila reached out and took T.T.'s hand. She said nothing and looked out of the window as they went down the length of the city. Gurinder was playing cassettes of old songs, he was humming along with the music, his mood lightened by the food and the amiable chaos of the wedding. Bombay's night hadn't yet quieted down, and everywhere there were people, and at some intersections the cars and scooters honked at each other madly. As the car came around a curve, Sheila saw a family sitting by the side of the road, father and mother and two children around a small fire. There was a pot on the fire, and the flames lit up their faces as they looked up at the car going by.

At home, Sheila walked ahead as T.T. gave Gurinder a couple of notes. She could hear their voices murmuring behind her, a cricket chirping and the rustle of the wind in leaves. She had said nothing to T.T., and the name of the bank balanced precariously in her stomach, not unpleasant but not quite welcome, there was something moving in her, something not fully born yet and still unknown. The anticipation kept her awake, and finally, much later, she left her bed and went up to the roof. Now everything was dark, it was a moonless night, and the scrape of her *chappals* against the cement was loud. She found a garden chair and sat in it, her hands held together in her lap. Sometimes a freshness billowed up against her face, barely a breeze but cool and moist. It came again, and she was remembering her father. She remembered him as a small, balding man with a potbelly, dressed always in *chappals* and black pants and a bush shirt in white or brown. He kept the shop open till late in the evening and opened it early, so that Sheila saw him usually at night, when he ate his dinner alone. When she was growing up she had always thought he was a simple man. But once a year he liked to take his family away from the city, to a resort or a hill station, for a week, two weeks. She remembered waking once while it was still dark. She was ten or eleven, they were in some place on the banks of a river, a small hotel, she couldn't remember the name of the river. But she remembered the cold lifting off the water when she went outside and saw her father sitting in the sand on the river edge below. In the dark, she could see the white of his *kurta* and his head shining above. She walked through a garden with flowers and down the steps that led to the river, and sat beside him, her leg resting on his knee. He smiled at her, then looked away, across the river where the water melted into mist. She shivered a little. There was white speckled into his stubble, which she knew he would shave later with a Parkinson razor. His name was Kishen Chand, and he was a small man. Later, after he was dead and she was older, she would remember his gaze over the water and think that nothing and nobody was simple. Later, she would remember the old story of schisms and horrors, how he had left half his family murdered in Lahore, two brothers, a sister, a father. They had a shop, which was burned. Partition threw him onto the streets of Bombay but he still spoke of his Lahore, his beautiful Lahore. It was something of a family joke. She huddled beside him as the river emerged from the gray light. She remembered her geography lesson and whispered to her father, Is this a sacred river? It must be, he said. It is, he said. What is that smell? she said. He said, Wood smoke. She asked, Smoke? He said, Fire. What fire? she said. He said, Cooking fires, hearth fires, hay fires. Funeral fires. Ceremonial fires. Even the firing of refuse, of things that are thrown away. Home fires and factory fires. It's starting to be day and there are fires everywhere. And she saw the white smoke drifting slowly across the surface of the water.

SHEILA heard a footstep and lifted a hand to her face. It was wet with tears. She wiped it with her sleeve and when she looked up she saw that the sea, far below, was gold. She stood up and felt the light hot on her face. Sanjeev came up beside her and subsided lankily into the chair. She smiled down at him. He had a book in his hand and looked very handsome in a kind of tragic way.

"You were out late last night," he said.

"Yes."

"You went on to one of your parties?" His mouth was pouty with disdain.

Sheila laughed. As she looked down she could see on his T-shirt a blond, scruffy-looking man and the single word "Nirvana." She said, "Sanju, you're my son, but it would take a lifetime, two lifetimes, to tell you all the things you don't know about the world." As she walked away, she ruffled his hair.

In her bedroom, she laughed to see the mountainous bulk of her husband under the bedclothes. She pulled at his toe. "Come on. We have work to do." He followed her down the stairs, rubbing his eyes, to the office. He sat in front of her as she leaned back in her chair and picked up the phone.

"What are we doing?" he said.

She put her feet in his lap. He rubbed them, smiling, because in her flowered nightgown and with her hair pulled back she looked like a child, and she looked at him sideways from lowered eyes, naughty and a little dangerous. Her fingers moved so quickly over the keys of the telephone that the beepings came out as a kind of music. She grinned. "Ah," she said. "I thought we might make a few calls to Hong Kong."

WHAT we remembered from the wedding was not the scale of it and not the celebration, not even how beautiful the couple was or the speculations about their honeymoon in France. It wasn't even the sight of Sheila and Dolly walking hand in hand into the reception. It wasn't the sight of Tiger Pataudi and a very boozy Freddie recreating their second innings so that T.T. and Mani Mennon could judge whether there had indeed been a flannelled Pataudi leg before the wicket. It wasn't at all the news that Ganga had bought a large shed in Dharavi, where she was going to put in a cloth-reclamation factory. After it was all over, what stayed in the mind was a strange moment, before the double ceremony (one for each religion), when the two families had moved into the center of the huge *shamiana*. On one side we could see Sheila's aunts, large women in pink and red saris with bands of diamonds around their wrists and necks, and, on the other, Dolly's relatives, in particular one frail, tall old lady in a white sari and a pair of pince-nez glasses, with pearls at her neck, and all these people looking at each other. Then all the talking died away, there was a curious moment of silence, it was absolute and total, even the birds stopped chirping in the trees. Then two of the children ran through the *shamiana*, it was Roxanne's second cousin who was chasing Sheila's niece, both squealing, and the moment was broken and everyone was talking. Yet there had been that strange silence, maybe it was just that nobody knew what to do with each other. But I think of that moment of silence whenever I realize how much changed because of that marriage. What I mean is the formation of the Bijlani-Boatwalla Bombay International Trading Group, then the Agarwal loan scandal, the successes of the B.B.B.I., the fall of the Yashwant Rao Ghatge government, and the meteoric rise of Gagganbhai Patel, and what happened after that we all know. But that's another story. Maybe I'll tell you about that another evening. ♦

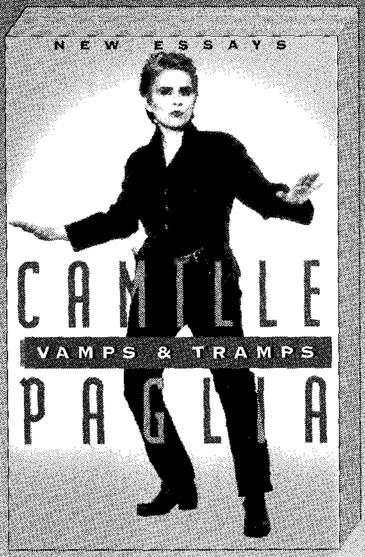
PARIS Pas Cher
starting at only $589*
Round trip air to Paris
PLUS 5 nights hotel
RIVIERA Pas Cher
starting at only $599*
Round trip air to Nice
PLUS 6 nights hotel
Packages include:
- Air France flights to Paris/Nice
- 5/6 nights in a centrally located hotel
- Continental breakfast daily
- Hotel tax and service charges.
Plus a multitude of custom designed options at down-to-earth prices.
See your Travel Specialist or call
1-800-JET-0999
*Per person, double occupancy from New York.
Air add-ons available from all Air France gateways.
Departure taxes/fees additional.
Valid November 1994-March 1995
USTOA $1 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION
Jet Vacations

Free Catalog
Teak and Mahogany
Outdoor Furniture
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled
All-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Benches, swings, market umbrellas, tables, chairs, lounges, and more. Available fully assembled, or as kits that are easy and fun to put together.
Wood Classics
Box 4Y52,Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-5599

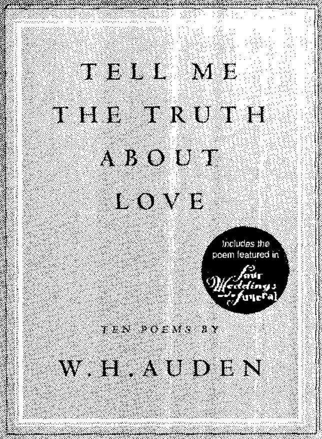
For girls & boys Ages 3-8
At the Airport!© Children's Video
For VISA/MC orders call Toll-free 1-800-CAP'N KIT or send check or money order for $14.95 per tape plus $2.95 shipping and handling (additional videos shipped to same address FREE!) (CA residents add sales tax) to: Papillon Productions, Dept. NY, P.O. Box 2665 Sausalito, CA 94965. 2-day delivery available. 30-day money-back guarantee! VHS, HiFi Stereo

WALK ENGLAND
Travel back in time on our luxury tours of the enchanted villages and spectacular mountains in Wordsworth's Lake District, plus The Roman Wall and Yorkshire Dales. World-class walking and literary/cultural/culinary fun. 12-person groups. Private suites in a Victorian mansion.
ENGLISH ADVENTURES (303) 797-2365
803 Front Range Road • Littleton, CO 80120

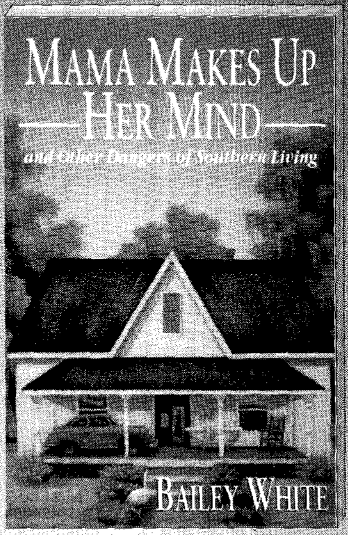
BESTSELLING GIFTS ARE WRAPPED IN *Vintage Paper*


NEW ESSAYS
CAMILLE
VAMPS & TRAMPS
PAGLIA

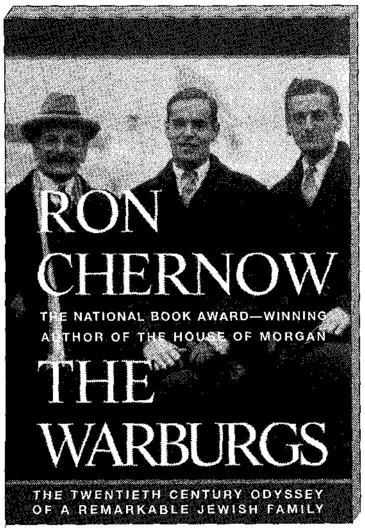
NATIONAL BESTSELLER
"Like riding with the top down, a hit of pure exhilaration. Camille Paglia is the funniest polemicist alive."—James Wolcott
A VINTAGE ORIGINAL


TELL ME
THE TRUTH
ABOUT
LOVE
Includes the poem featured in Four Weddings and a Funeral
TEN POEMS BY
W. H. AUDEN

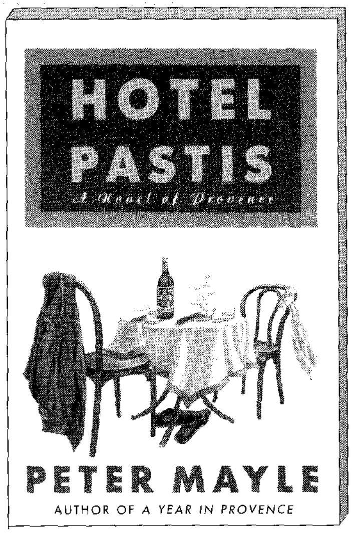
An elegant gift-sized edition of ten of W. H. Auden's poems about love, including "Funeral Blues," which was featured in the movie *Four Weddings and a Funeral.*
A VINTAGE ORIGINAL


MAMA MAKES UP
HER MIND
and Other Dangers of Southern Living
BAILEY WHITE

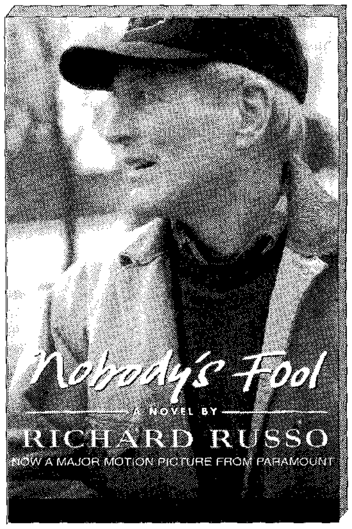
NATIONAL BESTSELLER
Southern "storytelling in the tradition of William Faulkner, Flannery O'Connor, and Fannie Flagg" (*Seattle Times-Post Intelligencer).*


RON
CHERNOW
THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD—WINNING AUTHOR OF THE HOUSE OF MORGAN
THE
WARBURGS
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ODYSSEY OF A REMARKABLE JEWISH FAMILY

From the National Book Award–winning author of *The House of Morgan*—"an enthralling story, told with a novelist's zest...Excellent."
—The New York Times Book Review


HOTEL
PASTIS
A Novel of Provence
PETER MAYLE
AUTHOR OF A YEAR IN PROVENCE

NATIONAL BESTSELLER
A "delightful, amusing and appealing novel ...A merry celebration of sensual pleasures" (*The New York Times Book Review*) set in the lush landscape of Provence.


Nobody's Fool
A NOVEL BY
RICHARD RUSSO
NOW A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM PARAMOUNT

Now a major motion picture from Paramount—"Remarkable...Like the best fiction, [*Nobody's Fool*] is a revelation of the human heart."
—Washington Post Book World

VINTAGE BOOKS

Also available as Random House AudioBooks: *Tell Me the Truth About Love, Hotel Pastis,* and *Nobody's Fool*

THE CRITICS

ON TELEVISION

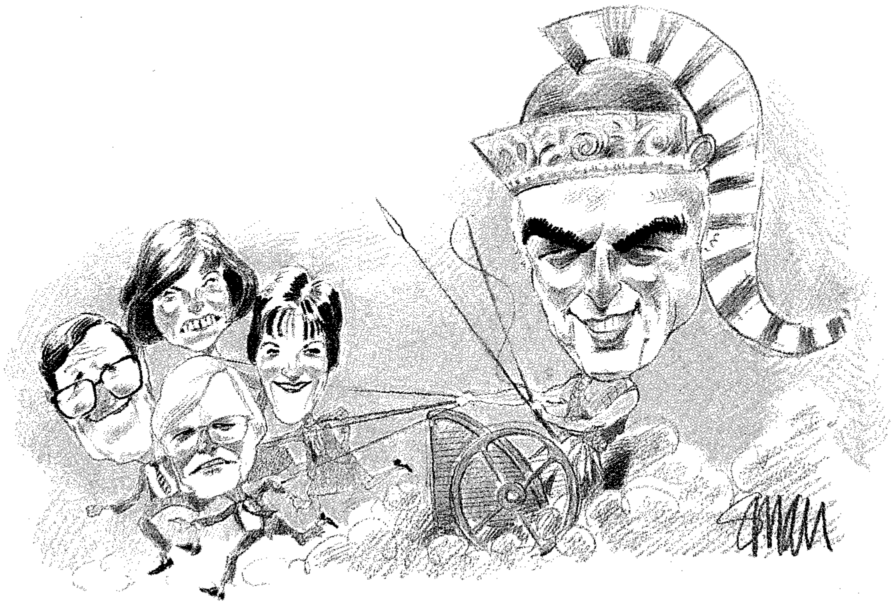
MIGHTY MOUTHS

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

Although I remember yawning and mumbling to myself at the time, I sometimes long for the days when Washington reporters covered the scene in Congress and the White House as if it were a costume drama for stuffed owls—the latest production of "Democracy in Action." It used to be that on Capitol Hill the present was so imbued with the past that unfolding events seemed like historical reënactments. The marble architecture of the capital enabled correspondents to cast events in a Roman light and seize upon their echoes and portents. A columnist like T.R.B., of *The New Republic*, posted weather reports that served as mood readings of the political climate ("Lovely spring is turning Washington yellow with forsythia, and the time has come at last to quit disparaging Lyndon Johnson because he isn't John F. Kennedy," one T.R.B. column began, in 1964), perfecting the art of punditry as the Elderly Gents' elegiac mode. (*Time's* Hugh Sidey may be its last practitioner.) Judicious and detached, these Elderly Gents were outside the action. They didn't position themselves as players.

In the past dozen years or so, the line between political operators and political reporters has blurred, as everyone fancies himself an inside rebounder. I turned on C-SPAN recently and there was Paul Gigot, a political columnist for the *Wall Street Journal* and a regular on "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour," addressing the Republican freshman-orientation session, sponsored by the right-wing Heritage Foundation. Standing at the lectern, Gigot looked as if he had assumed the position of leadership—as if he had been Newted. Normally, a journalist would be interviewing these newly elected officials; instead, they were interviewing him. He was giving them practical pointers!

No show has done a better job of lumping reporters and politicians together in one pea pod than "The Capital Gang" (Saturday evenings on CNN). The show, which has been broadcast since 1988, is a knockoff of "The McLaughlin Group," which was itself a barking response to the more collegial "Agronsky and Company." The Gang consists of the host, Mark Shields (New Deal liberal), a syndicated columnist who also appears on "MacNeil/Lehrer"; Margaret Carlson (stylish neo-liberal), a columnist at *Time;* Al Hunt (lukewarm moderate), a columnist and the executive Washington editor of the *Wall Street Journal;* Mona Charen (lemon-sucking conservative), a former Reagan official and a syndicated columnist; and Robert Novak (conservative nightmare), a syndicated columnist and co-host of his own CNN program. In the past, Sunday-morning forums like "Meet the Press" and "Face the Nation" placed politicians in front of a review board of journalists. On "The Capital Gang," the pol is part of the panel—a guest pundit. Where politicians used to be accorded the deference of their titles ("Senator Kennedy, would you concede that . . ."), they're on a first-name basis on "The Capital Gang" ("Vic, you've always been more interested in people than markets," Shields informs Congressman Vic Fazio). This buddy-buddy tone expresses a truth about Washington life. The political establishment and the opinion élite share the same stratosphere of money, status, and education. They send their kids to the same private schools, dine at the same restaurants, bathe in the same sunlamp glow of media attention. They're on easy terms with one another because they're all on the same side of the camera. People who appear regularly on TV



Go tell it on the Hill: "The Capital Gang" 's Mark Shields, Al Hunt, Margaret Carlson, Mona Charen, and Robert Novak.

really don't like wasting their time with the sort of people—the peasants—who stay home and watch.

The seasonal procession that the Elderly Gents elegized is too poky in this electronic age of the continual campaign. As a recent article in *The Atlantic* observed, the critical unit of measurement is now the week. "Who won the week?" John McLaughlin will often ask during the primary season. Had his show been around during the Second World War, his closing question would have been "Who had a better week, Hitler or Stalin? I ask you first, Walter (the Lip Man) Lippmann." These days, though, even a week is sometimes too long a yardstick: we'll hear that Clinton had a good Monday and Tuesday, only to hit a bump on Wednesday. This short-term focus (journalism's version of attention-deficit disorder) encourages the political culture to put a premium on Jiffy Pop responses. Although pundits deplore the way politicians "sound bite" every issue, the members of the Gang do likewise, coming onto the set with prepared quips and trading rapid-fire remarks like poker players slapping cards on the table. Mark Shields will often repeat a line he used on "MacNeil/Lehrer" the night before. And you haven't flinched until you've heard Mona Charen try to get off a joke.

"THE CAPITAL GANG" isn't all good-natured joshing and zippy analysis. It has a built-in abrasive in Robert Novak, who revels in the role of evil troll. A Red-baiter from way back, Novak was a regular on "The McLaughlin Group" until his ego and McLaughlin's couldn't fit into the same airplane hangar, much less the same studio. Novak is a master of the smear tactic, of impugning everyone else's motives. A schoolyard bully in a banker's vest, he poses as a populist ("Lemme see if I can bring in something about the real world and . . . not just inside-the-Beltway politics"), insults everyone else's expertise ("Can I correct Margaret, please? You gotta get these things right, Margaret"), and browbeats his opponents, punctuating his abusive comments with judo chops. He interrupts repeatedly, taking special relish in not being enough of a gentleman to let a woman finish a sentence. On a recent show, he refused to let Carlson speak her turn, ignoring Shields' request that he yield the floor, and talking over both of them. Of course, some of his outbursts are pure melodrama—his giddy little grin gives that away. His campaign for capital-gains cuts has become a running gag. But much of his behavior is genuinely ugly.

What's interesting about Novak is that the "Capital Gang" regulars express exasperation with him and yet let him dominate the debate. There have been rare explosions (such as the time Shields called Novak a liar on the air; Shields apologized three weeks later), but usually Novak is allowed to pivot in his chair like a turret gunner and blast away, and the cast conspires to depict him as a crusty character—a Dabney Coleman curmudgeon. During the Bush years, Al Hunt would express mock outrage that Novak was being treated as a social pariah by not being invited to official White House fêtes. Numerous references are made to Novak's sainted wife (she'd have to be) and his love of sports. It's the show's way of saying, "Don't be fooled by what you see; there's a big heart under all that bile." So what? Who cares? He isn't taking *us* out to dinner. It's pointless and lopsided, this humanizing effort on Novak's behalf, since Novak never compliments anyone on the panel; he couldn't care less about being a team player. Instead, he leans back and laps up the attention like a little lord.

WHAT "The Capital Gang" and the other Washington talk shows present is their regulars' own luxury-skybox view of American politics and society. (I would make one exception, though: Jack Germond, of "The McLaughlin Group," a Damon Runyon throwback who seems to mix with ordinary mortals.) Assurance fluffs up their every pronouncement, because they have permanent thrones. There are no term limits on pundits. The breezy disdain they display for Bill Clinton is akin to the condescension that country-club members have for the golf pro. Not having to answer to angry constituents, they make everything sound easy. They dispatch imaginary troops overseas as if snapping their fingers for a taxi. Welfare cuts? No problem.

EXPERIENCE
INDIA
With Britain's Oldest
Travel Company
By Appointment
Colonel Lord Ligonier
in 1758

Cox & Kings brings you 237 years of travel experience to the Indian subcontinent. Our 22-day Classical Journeys of India & Nepal take you to Delhi, the historic capital of India; Kathmandu, nestled in the mountain kingdom of Nepal; the holy city of Varanasi; the temples Khajuraho; the magnificent Taj Mahal; palaces of Rajasthan; and Bombay, the most cosmopolitan of Indian cities.

Enjoy the finest palace hotels, à la carte dining and a commitment to service that only Cox & Kings can offer. $4185 per person. Airfare additional.

Call: 1-800-999-1758

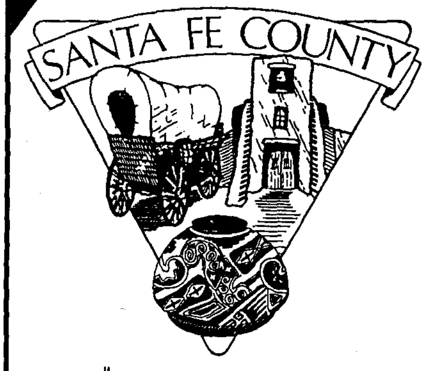
Cox&Kings
FOUNDED IN 1758
511 Lexington Avenue, Suite 388
New York, NY 10017

EXPERIENCE CALIFORNIA'S SMALLER WINERIES
CALL 24 HOURS 800/777-4443
Visa • MasterCard • American Express
Each month, two bottles of award-winning wine, PLUS an informative 8-page newsletter.
Only $30.00 each month (incl. shipping).
Gifts shipped in 24 hours.
Send as many months as you choose.
Cheers!
The California Wine Club

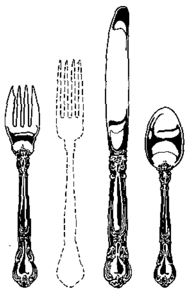
FULL FRONTAL PUG
BY MARY DE CAMP
A 1994 PAPERBACK CARTOON BOOK ABOUT PUGS
$8.00 p.p.
TO ORDER: ROBERT ANDERSON
15 SOUTH LOOMIS, NAPERVILLE, IL 60540
708-355-3566
FOOD IS NOT SOMETHING WE KID AROUND ABOUT.

The Buccaneer St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands
Golf, tennis, exquisite beaches and more... all on a tropical 340 acre estate. Experience the charm of the Caribbean the way it used to be at this historic property, operated by the same family since 1947.
See your Travel Professional or call 800-255-3881

Santa Fe County, New Mexico, USA invites you to embark, without delay or hinderance, on a spectacular journey in our magical land. Call 1-800-548-8272 for your PASSPORT.



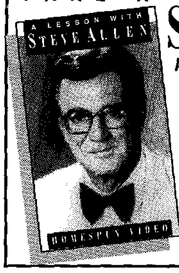
NEW MEXICO
AMERICA'S LAND OF ENCHANTMENT



MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd. Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.



TAKE A LESSON WITH
STEVE ALLEN
AN INTRODUCTION TO JAZZ PIANO
Play along as one of our most beloved entertainers teaches his "tricks of the trade," from blues to jazz standards.
80 Minute Video, $29.95+$4.50 p/h
Visa/MC/Discover FAX 914-246-5282
1-800-33-TAPES
HOMESPUN VIDEO
Box 325N Woodstock, NY 12498

FOR ANIMAL LOVERS ONLY

ELEPHANTS • DUCKS • HIPPOS • OWLS • HAWKS • MICE • LIONS • SEALS • DOGS • CATS • HORSES • OWLS • PENGUINS • FROGS • MICE • HAWKS • LIONS • DUCKS • HORSES • CATS • DOGS • SEALS • FROGS • RABBITS • HAWKS •
CLASS RING.
Graduate to this unique and stunning expression of your love for animals. Pick your favorite species/breed...Rings, Earrings, Broaches in Gold & Silver from $49.95
CALL FOR FREE CATALOG OR TO ORDER
SIGI DESIGN
1165A Castle Rd., NY, Sonoma, CA 95476
1-800-407-SIGI (7444) Visa-M/C-AMEX
(707) 939-0464 • Handcrafted in USA
FROG $289.95 14Kt, $59.95 SS

Slash government payrolls? Make it so. While they assail elected officials for pandering to special interests, their own speakers' fees are skyrocketing—and those who call their ethics into question are dismissed by Novak as "little weenies" who are "jealous." (The dying words of a hack: "I did it for the honorarium.")

But I must confess to a certain amount of bad faith. Although these shows annoy and frustrate me, I seldom miss them, from "The Capital Gang" to "The McLaughlin Group," from "Meet the Press" to "This Week (with David Brinkley)." Week nights, I even watch "Equal Time," where Mary Matalin verbally bops "info loopies" and her "serpent-head" husband as if she'd eaten a hash brownie for breakfast. All of which makes me either a political junkie or a glutton for punishment—probably both. As Woody Allen advised in a recent interview with Bob Costas, don't underestimate the power of distraction to keep our minds off the truth of our situation. But too much distraction can turn into cognitive dissonance, which is what I experience when I've watched these shows lately. In one Washington bull session after another we're told that the message of this year's election is that the voters are vengeful—a lynch mob without a rope. Yet the same pundits who declare that the voters are angry are themselves cheery and confident. Even the pillars of salt on PBS's "Washington Week in Review" increasingly enjoy a round of hearty chuckles. TV is often described as a window on the world, or a mirror of it. I've come more and more to believe that it's a big-screen billboard, a visual chunk of cyberspace, which bears less and less relation to anything real. ♦

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

[*From "Ann Landers" in the Elko (Nev.) Daily Free Press*]

DEAR ANN LANDERS: A reader asked why women's clothes fasten differently from men's. It's because in the Middle Ages when women were dressed by servants, their clothes were made for the servants' convenience. Men dressed themselves, so the buttons were on the opposite side. I am 15 years old and have been a daily reader for a long time.—Texas

DEAR TEXAS: It's refreshing to hear from a teen-ager who isn't pregnant these days. Thanks for writing.

ADIRONDACK ESCAPES

THE POINT
"#1 RESORT IN THE U.S."
"... formerly the lodge of the Rockefellers; according to charmed reviewers, 'there are not enough superlatives' to describe this 'fantastic hideaway' located on Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, a 'serene' wilderness lodge offering uncommon luxury; it's a 'very special, one-of-a-kind retreat' ..."
ZAGAT SURVEY
The Point - private, romantic and eminently civilized.
Member Relais & Chateaux.
$775 - $1025 per night, all inclusive.
800-255-3530, HCR 1, Box 65, Saranac Lake, NY 12983

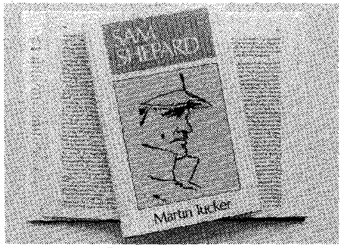
LAKE PLACID LODGE
"PERFECT PEACE"
"... 22 rooms with that distinct Adirondack spirit. Cedar twigwork by local craftsmen, Native American throw rugs, and carefully chosen paintings by regional artists create a surprising air of elegance."
TRAVEL & LEISURE
Lake Placid Lodge - sumptuously rustic and romantic, crackling fires and deep soaking tubs, exceptional French-American cuisine, sparkling vistas of snow-covered peaks - a fantastic winter retreat.
$150 - $400 per couple, European plan.
518-523-2700, P.O. Box 550, Lake Placid, NY 12946

SPECIAL OFFER FOR READERS OF THE NEW YORKER
DAVID WOJNAROWICZ
Untitled (Buffaloes), 1988
"[He was] one of the more brilliant figures to land on this cultural island."—Art in America
100 numbered platinum prints and 20 artist's proofs on this highly sought-after limited edition, made from the original negative by master printer Sal Lopes, are now available. The photograph (image 11" x 14 3/8") is printed on 16" x 20" rag paper. A text by David Wojnarowicz accompanies each print.
The last copy of the original edition, printed on gelatin-silver paper, sold for $4000. We are delighted to make this unique edition of platinum prints available at the special price of $690.
Call 1-212-598-4205
For a catalogue of limited editions, or to view this extraordinary print.
Or call 1-800-929-2323
APERTURE
BOOK CENTER AND GALLERY
20 E. 23rd St., New York, NY 10010

LUXURY WALKING TOURS IN ITALY & SWITZERLAND
Tre Laghi Travel
Swiss/Italian Walking Tour Specialists
Call Journeys! (800) 344-8890
1536 N.W. 23rd Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97210

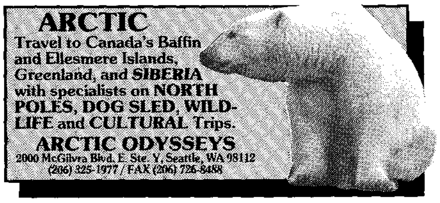
Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House
Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure: Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX Scotland. Tel: 44 63174 227. Fax: 44 63174 342.

—OUR FACULTY—
—REACH FAR—
—BEYOND THE—
—CLASSROOM—
"Sam Shepard"
Continuum Publishing Company



Professor Martin Tucker, Ph.D.
English Department
C.W. POST
LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY
Education That Works®

SANIBEL & CAPTIVA
ISLANDS
There's a pair of sundrenched shell-laden islands off the Gulf coast of Florida where you can explore miles of natural sugar-sand beaches & vacation in a fully equipped condominium or private home. Sound tantalizing?
800-237-6008
Island Accommodations
PMR Priscilla Murphy Realty, Inc.
P.O. BOX 5 • SANIBEL, FL 33957



ARCTIC
Travel to Canada's Baffin and Ellesmere Islands, Greenland, and SIBERIA with specialists on NORTH POLES, DOG SLED, WILDLIFE and CULTURAL Trips.
ARCTIC ODYSSEYS
2000 McGilvra Blvd. E. Ste. Y, Seattle, WA 98112
(206) 325-1977 / FAX (206) 726-8488

Walking in Italy
Beautiful Pathways, lovely hotels fabulous food and great vino! Join our small groups or book a private tour for your family and friends. Italian Connection, 10816-33 Avenue, Dept. NY, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6J 3C1. Telephone/Fax: 403-438-5712

BOOKS

STEVENSON REVEALED

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL

Robert Louis Stevenson was forty-four when he was felled by a cerebral hemorrhage and never regained consciousness. He died on December 3, 1894.

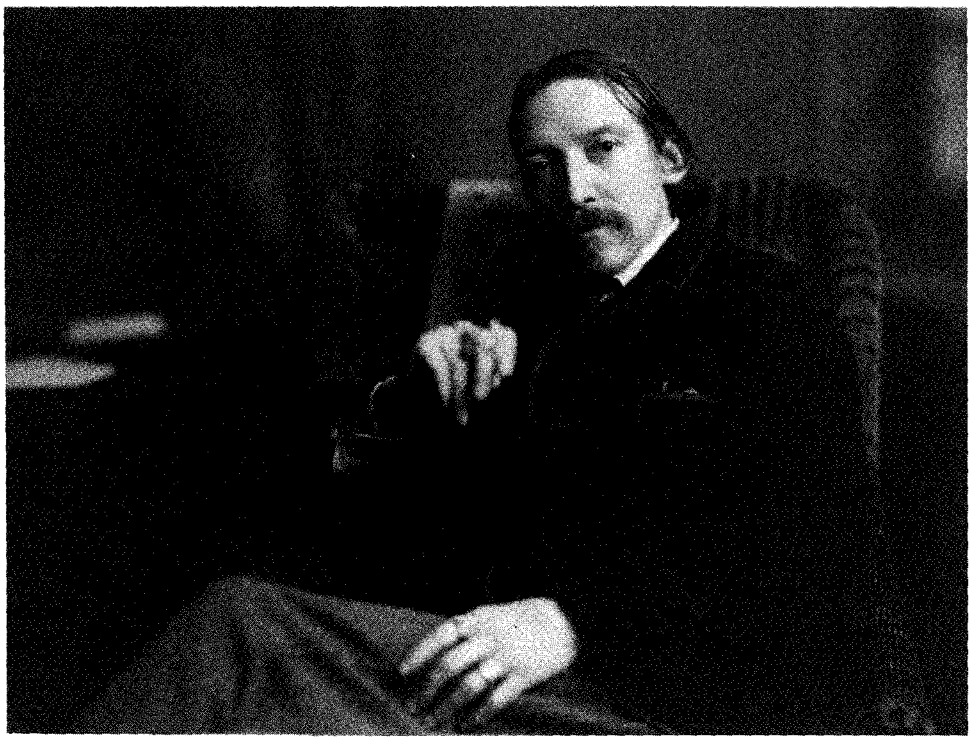
Centennials are irresistible. Stevenson's house in Samoa, which was severely damaged by hurricanes and restored from the foundations, has been opened to the public for the first time. The Drambuie Edinburgh Film Festival devoted a weekend to his influence on cinema. Original manuscripts, photographs, and first editions have been on display at the National Library of Scotland and the Beinecke Library at Yale, where there was also an international symposium. Groups of people are going to follow the route Stevenson took with his unobliging donkey in the mountains of the Cévennes, and others, in Edinburgh, have looked at slides showing the flight, in "Kidnapped," of Alan Breck and David Balfour through the Scottish Highlands. The Old Monterey Preservation Society offered a Silverado Tour, and twenty writers are convening at Fontainebleau—to do what, I don't know. Talk, probably.

At the time of Stevenson's death, there was no more widely read or admired man of letters in the Western world. A post-mortem decline in a writer's reputation is not unusual, and the question then is whether the decline is merely temporary. But in Stevenson's case what *was* unusual was the virulence of the attack on him, caused in part by the envy of less successful writers. Various aspects of Stevenson's complicated personality—the imaginative, delicate little boy of "A Child's Garden of Verses"; the gallant invalid holding the Grim Reaper at arm's length while he wrote one immortal work after another; the voyager in the South Seas—had acquired a place in the public imagination and had become so sentimentalized that they made him an easy target. Also, the profound change in manners and attitudes which took place when Victoria was no longer on the throne of England brought with it a change in literary conventions. The overpolished essays of "Virginibus Puerisque" disappeared into school textbooks; one movie version after another of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" turned it into a chestnut; and Stevenson has come to be thought of, by people who haven't bothered to read him, as a writer of adventure stories for boys. It seems quite possible that, given another five years—time to finish "Weir of Hermiston" and one or two other works that exist now only in brief fragments—Stevenson would have achieved the stature of, say, George Eliot (whom he in certain ways resembles), for he had come into his full powers of style and narrative vigor and his true subject matter, which lay, as it always does, close to home. A recent biographer, Ian Bell, a Scot, has summed up the situation nicely in the introduction to his "Dreams of Exile":

> The worship was as bizarre as the consequent neglect was unusual, and both were inspired by immense popularity. Significantly enough, the best of his peers have thought highly of Stevenson, finding qualities in the mechanisms of prose and the textures of his vision that lesser critics have missed. Others can decide if, to name three, Henry James, Jorge Luis Borges, and Graham Greene were right to put the highest value on his fiction: Stevenson's place is secure, although, as ever, there is no unanimity over what that place might be.

To my knowledge, no one has ever questioned that he belongs among the great letter writers.

The first two volumes of a new editing of Stevenson's correspondence were published this fall by Yale University Press, under the title "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson" ($45 each volume). There will be eight in all, and they will contain nearly twenty-eight hundred letters. Twenty-three hundred of these have been taken from the original letters, and the rest are from copies, or from a variety of printed sources, such as auction catalogues and biographies of people he wrote to. The task of collecting and photocopying the letters was begun by Bradford A. Booth, a professor of English at U.C.L.A., and after his death, in 1968, it was carried on by Ernest Mehew, a retired British civil servant, in his spare time, over twenty-five years. Mr. Mehew worked with Rupert Hart-Davis on the letters of Oscar Wilde, and should not be thought of as an amateur. His editing of the Stevenson letters is everything that could be desired. The footnotes do not overwhelm the text or, tediously, offer information that is common knowledge but, instead, provide the factual background the reader needs. And excerpts from letters written to Stevenson are given where it is important to have them. Until he reached Samoa, Stevenson rarely bothered to date his letters, but—by sifting through the newspapers of the time for events mentioned (the sailing dates of steamers and the concerts and plays Stevenson went to) and also through a great deal of other contemporary documentation, including letters to him, letters between his friends about him, his wife Fanny Stevenson's active correspondence, and his mother's pocket diaries, in which she habitually recorded his whereabouts at any given moment—Mr. Mehew has been able to date most of the letters precisely and place the rest in a reasonable context.



Robert Louis Stevenson's fiction goes in and out of fashion, but he is unquestionably one of the great letter writers. His correspondence is collected in a new series.

BEINECKE RARE BOOK AND MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY

One would not expect the handwriting of someone whose laughter easily slid into hysteria, and who, when he was moved, threw himself onto the floor and burst into tears, to be neat and well formed. Stevenson's "u"s could not easily be distinguished from his "n"s and "v"s. Nor did he ever become a confident speller. But all these difficulties have been surmounted, and his punctuation, which he cared about, has been respected.

In these first two volumes, which cover the period from March, 1854, to July, 1879, Stevenson's main correspondents are his mother and father; his cousin Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, very like him in some ways, who introduced him to the primrose path, whose conversation was like a display of fireworks, and who achieved distinction as an art critic; Charles Baxter, a lawyer and a friend from university days, who acted as his business agent; Frances Sitwell, a very beautiful and intelligent Anglo-Irish woman, whom he met on a visit to England and fell in love with; Sidney Colvin, a highly respected critic of both art and literature, whom Mrs. Sitwell arranged for Stevenson to meet, and who became his mentor; and the poet and editor William Ernest Henley, whom Stevenson befriended when Henley was being treated for tuberculosis of the bone in an Edinburgh hospital, wrote plays with, and helped financially, and whose spiteful, derisive attacks both on Stevenson's writing and on his character after his death nicely illustrate the old adage "No good deed goes unpunished."

THE whole world knows what Stevenson looked like. The velvet coat, the long straight hair, the stringy mustache, the engaging brown eyes that were, it appears, capable of great changes of expression and color. He was five feet ten inches tall and excessively thin. This, in Edmund Gosse's words, is what it was like to make his acquaintance when he was in his mid-twenties:

> I was presented to Stevenson, at the Old Savile Club, by Mr. Sidney Colvin, who thereupon left us to our devices. We went downstairs and lunched together, and then we adjourned to the smoking-room. As twilight came on I tore myself away, but Stevenson walked with me across Hyde Park, and nearly to my house. He had an engagement, and so had I, but I walked a mile or two back with him. The fountains of talk had been unsealed, and they drowned the conventions. I came home dazzled with my new friend.

Stevenson's earliest surviving letter was dictated to his mother when he was three years and four months old. It begins, "Dear Papa. Do come home to see me. My dear Papa will you bring a book to Mama too. I do want you to come home very soon *very*."

His parents doted on him. His father, Thomas Stevenson, was a big, solid, handsome man with a square head and broad shoulders. There was no one Stevenson loved more. When he was a child and was kept awake by night fears and fever, his father would sit at his bedside and for hours carry on a droll conversation with imaginary coachmen, innkeepers, and such, until the reassuring sound of his voice and the strangeness of what he was saying sent the little boy off to sleep.

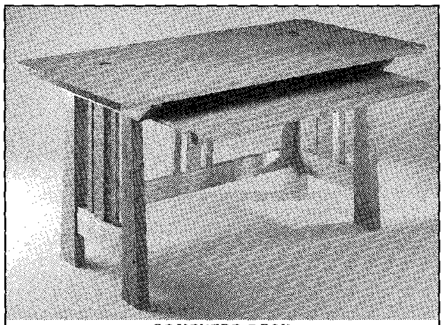
Stevenson's mother was the daughter of a country parson and was brought up in a village four miles from Edin-

Blenheim Ginger Ale

WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
SINCE 1903

NOW YOU CAN ORDER our famous Ginger Ale
prepaid anywhere in the U.S.
$24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
Specify #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT
or #9 DIET (or can mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES !

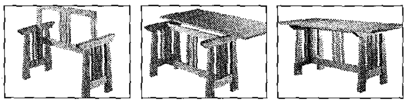
Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer SC 29547
or Call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC



COMPUTER DESK
with sliding keyboard tray and wire management. $2,140

GREEN DESIGN
FURNITURE Co

267 COMMERCIAL STREET
PORTLAND, MAINE 04101
(207)775-4234 FAX (207)773-3320



Call for a brochure or visit our showroom

Donate your body to science!

Join an Earthwatch expedition to preserve black rhinos in Zimbabwe, study dolphin communication in Hawaii, document the folklore of Old Russia . . . 150 renowned scientists need your help on two week field research expeditions around the world. Tax-deductible contributions support research and cover expenses.

EARTHWATCH
a nonprofit founded in 1972

(800)776-0188 • info@earthwatch.org

burgh. After Stevenson was born, she developed what was very possibly undiagnosed tuberculosis. In his early years, she rested in bed until noon, and she continued for most of her life to go to spas in England and abroad. But when she was sailing with him from island to island in the South Pacific on a ninety-five-foot schooner, she walked the deck in her starched ribbons and widow's weeds as calmly as if she were in her own parlor in Edinburgh. She outlived both her husband and her son, and when she was dying of pneumonia she thought she saw Stevenson at the foot of her bed, and exclaimed, "There is Louis! I must go."

Stevenson's health when he was a child was precarious, which meant that his schooling was often interrupted. Some winters he never went outdoors at all, and would have had a lonely childhood, except that he had fifty cousins, and those he was fondest of he met in summer at the house of his grandfather.

He didn't leave home for good until he was nearly twenty-nine, but he was always a wanderer. In his youth he explored the steep, narrow streets and dark alleys of the Old Town of Edinburgh, the harbor front, and the country roads leading away from the city until he had them by heart. When his schooling was behind him he began to go on walking trips, alone or with a friend. His cousin Bob led him to the Left Bank and to the artists' colonies in the Forest of Fontainebleau. He once amused himself by adding up the number of towns he had slept in: forty-six in England, fifty in Scotland, seventy-four in France, forty in the rest of Europe. He wrote to his mother frequently, to reassure her about his health, to keep her informed of his poste-restante address, and, if he could, to make her smile. This, from Menton:

> Do not attempt to understand the posts; it all depends on the degree of activity of the Postmaster for the moment; here, in the south, the idea of hurry about a letter is not much *répandue*. In Italy, they are still more languid. When the Postmaster feels in the humour, he sorts a few letters and gives them to the *facteur*, and this latter delivers as many as he feels up to, very much as you might pay visits of an afternoon. It is nice to think that there are people in the world to whom life is so little serious.

In a fragment of autobiography he wrote:

> I was always kept poor in my youth, to my great indignation at the time, but since then with my complete approval. Twelve pounds a year was my allowance up to twenty-three . . . and though I amplified it by a very consistent embezzlement from my mother, I never had enough to be lavish. . . . Hence my acquaintance was of what would be called a very low order; looking back upon it, I am surprised at the courage with which I first ventured alone into the societies in which I moved; I was the companion of seamen, chimney sweeps and thieves; my circle was being continually changed by the action of the police magistrate; I see now the little sanded kitchen, where . . . I . . . spent days together, generally in silence and making sonnets in a penny version book.

When he had money, he shared it with anybody who was in need of it, from close friends to street musicians and starving prostitutes. It was his habit to carry in his pockets two books, one to read and one to write in, and wherever he went he tried to find exact and appropriate words to describe what he saw. There are many passages in his early letters to his mother that look as if they had been lifted from these exercise books. In time, he learned how to capture atmosphere as well: "This morning at Swanston, the birds, poor creatures had the most troubled hour or two; evidently there was a hawk in the neighbourhood; not one sang; and the whole garden thrilled with little notes of warning and terror. I did not know before that the voice of birds could be so tragically expressive."

IN the late eighteenth century, Stevenson's great-grandfather designed a system of reflector oil lamps to replace the open coal fire in the lighthouse at Kinnairds Head, on the North Sea. There were few other lights that mariners could steer by on the whole treacherous coast of Scotland. In all, he built ten new lighthouses and organized a service for manning and supplying them. Stevenson's grandfather built nearly twenty more, one of them the first ever erected far from land, on a reef that was deeply submerged at every flood tide. He invented the intermittent and flashing lights. Three of his sons, one of whom was Thomas Stevenson, continued to ring the coast with lighthouses and breakwaters.

Thomas Stevenson was the first person to use louvre-boarded screens to protect meteorological instruments, and he brought the revolving holophotal light—

that is to say, the arrangement of reflectors and lenses by which light is directed without perceptible loss of illumination—to something like perfection. He refused to take out patents on any of his inventions. His papers and textbooks on waves and currents and on the improvement of rivers and harbors were read all over the world, and he was often called on to testify before parliamentary committees.

It was assumed—though no one consulted his inclinations or noticed sufficiently the books he was reading—that Stevenson would follow his father into the family business. The summer before his eighteenth birthday, Stevenson was placed in harbor works on the seacoast. In a letter to his mother from Anstruther, in July, he wrote, "I am utterly sick of this grey, grim, sea-beaten hole . . . anxious to get back among trees and flowers and something less meaningless than this bleak fertility." And from Wick, in September:

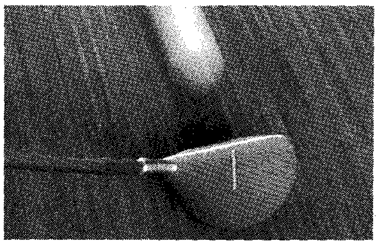
> The last two days have been dreadfully hard; and I was so tired in the evenings that I could not write. . . . My hours have been 10-2 and 3-7 out in the lighter or the small boat, in a long, heavy roll from the nor'-east. . . . My hands are all skinned, blistered, discoloured and engrained with tar, some of which latter has established itself under my nails in a position of such natural strength that it defies all my efforts to dislodge it. . . . The first day, I forgot to mention was like mid-winter for cold, and rained incessantly so hard that the livid white of our cold-pinched faces wore a sort of enflamed rash on the windward side.
>
> I am not a bit the worse of it, except fore-mentioned state of hands, a slight crick in my neck from the rain running down and general stiffness from pulling hauling and tugging for dear life.

There are other letters from this and the following summer, about an early form of smallpox inoculation; about a very picturesque cloud effect as the steamer was crossing the Pentland Firth; about a young man who was sentenced to forty-five days in prison for shooting ducks at Unst and hanged himself on the first day of his incarceration; about the long bleak inlet of the Fair Isle into which the flagship of the Armada was driven and how the islanders were unwilling to speak of it beyond the fact that when standing hand to hand the shipwrecked Spaniards (a great many of whom were murdered out of fear that having to feed them would result in famine) reached right across the island. They are entertaining and intelligent letters—remarkably so, considering that they were written by a boy of eighteen—but nowhere in them is there anything that would suggest an innate aptitude for engineering.

Stevenson was enrolled as an engineering student at Edinburgh University, where he made lasting friendships and practiced a kind of systematic truancy. On what he described as "a dreadful evening walk" with his father, under close questioning he broke down and confessed how little engineering he had learned and that the only thing he cared about was literature and that he wanted to be a writer. Thomas Stevenson stood up well under the blow, but to his mind writing could only be an avocation, and he proposed the study of law, for which, as it turned out, Stevenson had even less liking. This time, to satisfy his father, he stayed the course and squeaked through. He was admitted to the Scottish bar but never really practiced.

STEVENSON'S friendship with Charles Baxter was formed in tobacco shops, pubs, and low dives frequented by sailors. Baxter was stocky and outwardly phlegmatic and a master of foolery. In their letters to each other they from time to time abandoned their actual identities in favor of two imaginary, dissolute, disreputable church elders named Thomson and Johnstone, who write in broad Scots: "Dear Johnstone, I sent yon pickle siller you were speerin for yestreen. Ye're aye welcome's lang as I hae a bawbee in ma pooch. Ye ken it's no like the time we wes borrowin three penny bits o' ilk ither and no aye pying back." Underneath the nonsense, Baxter was a totally loyal, sympathetic, tactful friend—"the only person I ever knew who could *advise*," Stevenson said, "or to explain more perfectly my meaning, who could both make helpful suggestions, and at the same time hold his tongue when he had none to offer." It was to him that Stevenson turned first when he found himself in serious trouble at home:

> The thunderbolt has fallen with a vengeance now. You know the aspect of a house in which somebody is still waiting burial—the quiet step—the hushed voices and rare conversation—the religious literature that holds a temporary monopoly—the grim, wretched faces; all is here reproduced in this family circle in honour of my (what is it?) atheism or blasphemy. On Friday night after leaving you, in the course of conversation, my father put me one or two questions as to beliefs, which I candidly an-



THIS IS ALABAMA

For Your Free Golf & Travel Guides call:

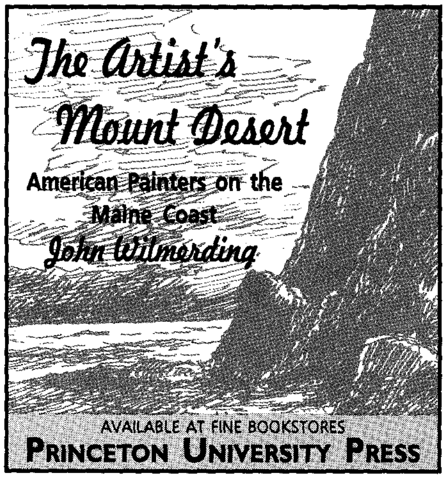
1-800-ALABAMA

A must for golfers. The Robert Trent Jones Golf Trail is 18 superb public courses...324 holes in all.

Picked by Frequent Flyer magazine as one of the Top 10 destinations in the world.

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA

Write to: Alabama Bureau of Tourism and Travel Dept. NY1294, 401 Adams Avenue, P.O. Box 4927, Montgomery, AL 36103-4927


The Artist's Mount Desert
American Painters on the Maine Coast
John Wilmerding
AVAILABLE AT FINE BOOKSTORES
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

Spring on Bequia

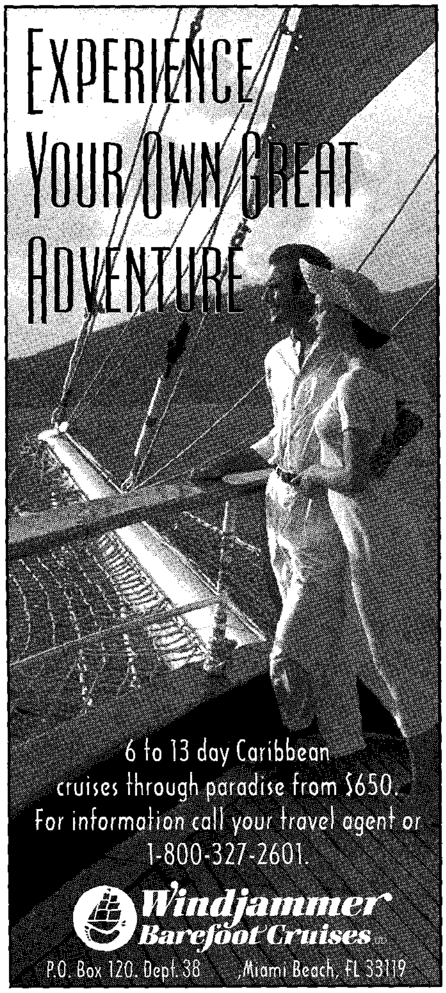
ESCAPE TO TRANQUILITY

Beautiful, small inn on a plantation on Caribbean island of Bequia, St. Vincent Grenadines. Pool, tennis, beach, delicious food. Call or write: SPRING ON BEQUIA, P.O. Box 19251, Minneapolis, MN 55419. (612) 823-1202.

French Holiday Rentals

Experience *la vraie France* in your own chateau, cottage or farmhouse. Weekly or monthly rentals. All regions.

Call (510) 559-8080 or write
2124 Kittredge St, Suite 200
Berkeley, CA 94704
VILLE ET VILLAGE


EXPERIENCE YOUR OWN GREAT ADVENTURE
6 to 13 day Caribbean cruises through paradise from $650.
For information call your travel agent or 1-800-327-2601.
Windjammer Barefoot Cruises
P.O. Box 120, Dept. 38 Miami Beach, FL 33119

The Original BucketBag

Best everyday bag for men and women on the go!

Sturdy canvas deep bucket interior, 16 exterior pockets. Unique side handle lightens load. Adjustable shoulder strap, zip top, brass key snap. *Black or Spruce* 17" x 11 1/2"

1-800-348-3884

$49.95

Includes S&H
MA residents add 5%
Howda Designz Inc.
P.O. Box 451, Newburyport, MA 01950

Rolls Royce Armoured Car

7 1/2" long • 2 1/2" wide • 3 1/2" high

Rivet detail, rotating turret with hatch, searchlight and machine gun, two spare tires.

Military Mites
Box 2324,
Rockville, MD
20847-2324

$195.00

WWI Handmade tinplate vehicles and Aircraft by HECO of England

Catalog-TNY: $4.00
Visa - Mastercard

For serious collectors

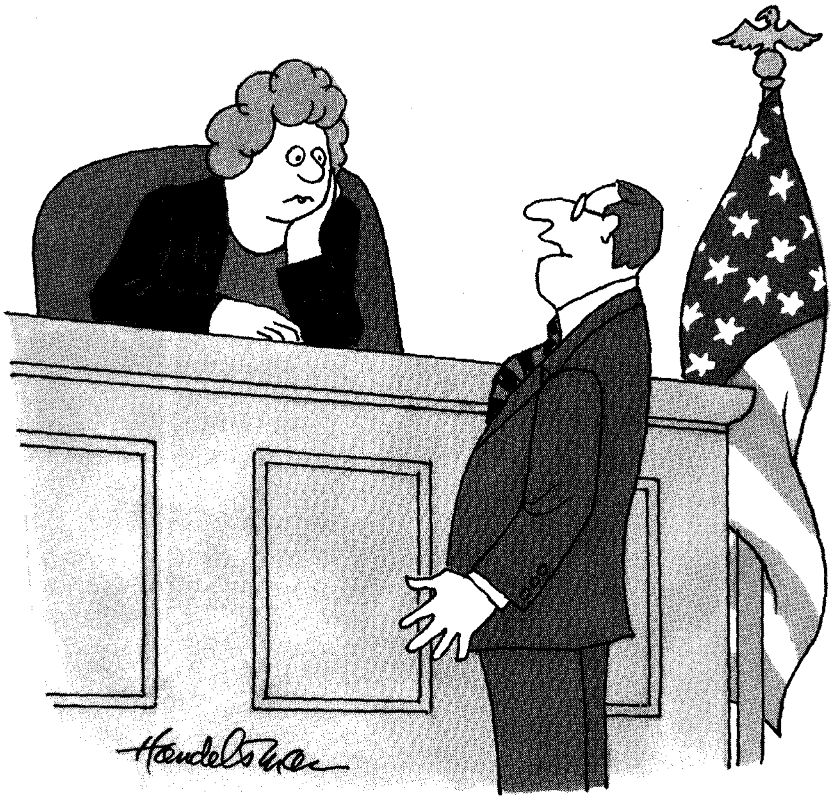
Toll Free: (800) 296-6483 • Fax: (301) 770-6254

We Desire to Purchase...

Book Collections, Fine Bindings, First or Significant Editions: all periods, subjects and languages.

American Historical Autographs and Documents, collections or single items, Colonial period to the present.

David L. O'Neal Antiquarian Booksellers Inc.
234 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116 • **617-266-5790**
Free appraisals cheerfully given.



"My clients object to the term 'hit men.' They like to think of themselves as a well-regulated militia."

• •

swered. I really hate all lying so much now . . . but if I had foreseen the real Hell of everything since, I think I should have lied as I have done so often before. . . . I do not think I am thus justly to be called a "horrible atheist"; and I confess I cannot exactly swallow my father's purpose of praying down continuous afflictions on my head.

Thomas Stevenson was full of good sense about most things, but his Scots Presbyterian theology was fanatical, and he saw the pit opening for anyone who disagreed with him. That it should be his son made him frantic and impossible to live with. If his love for his son hadn't been so strong, he would have followed what he perceived to be the dictates of his conscience and ordered him out of the house.

To get away from remarks like "You have rendered my whole life a failure" (his father) and "This is the heaviest affliction that has ever befallen me" (his mother), Stevenson went to visit his cousin Maud Babington, who was married to a clergyman in Suffolk. Frances Sitwell was staying in the house at the time. She had recently lost her older son, and she was estranged from her husband, also a clergyman, about whose character next to nothing is known beyond the fact that he was said to be "a man of unfortunate temperament and uncongenial habits."

Cockfield Rectory was a mainly eighteenth-century house hidden from the road by elm trees and looked out on a lawn and a moat. Stevenson went there expecting croquet parties, parsons' wives, and church services, and found instead a woman whose beauty at first made him shy and then wildly talkative. He was twenty-two and she was thirty-four. In what were for him days of exquisite happiness, they took turns reading Browning aloud together, or walked in the old kitchen garden, or wandered through the meadows. She was so taken with his radiant personality and enthralling conversation that she wrote to Colvin, who was also expected at the rectory, and told him not to delay his coming. (He, too, was in love with her, and had been for some years, and eventually, after her husband died and he no longer had to support his mother, they were married.) Colvin was equally taken with Stevenson, and he later saw promise in the writing that Stevenson showed him. Between them, he and Mrs. Sitwell made Stevenson feel that his ambition to be a writer was justified. About Colvin, Stevenson would write twenty years later, “If I am what I am and where I am, if I have done anything at all or done anything well, his is the credit.” Colvin wrote letters to publishers and editors, and was, as long as he lived, tireless in promoting Stevenson’s interests. He read and corrected Stevenson’s manuscripts—though possibly not always to their advantage, since he was something of a pedant. In any case, he stood Stevenson on his feet and got him going.

THE hundred and twenty-nine letters to Frances Sitwell are the heart of these first two volumes. They are long, long outpourings about everything but the delirium of being in love, which Stevenson was forbidden to mention, but which nevertheless he now and then does convey, indirectly:

> If I never saw you again, and lived all my days in Arabia, I should be reminded of you continually; you have gone all over the house of my mind and left everywhere sweet traces of your passage.

And:

> I have done no work today—it would not come; and I have been so sad, so sad and longed for a sight of you and the touch of your hand . . . more than I can say—more than I ever long for anything else. Did I tell you—yes I did, I remember—how I thought I saw you in the street? Do you know I wish so much to meet you by chance somewhere; I have never met you by chance; and I keep telling myself I shall see you at the next corner, and making long stories as a child does; only you never come.

In general, his letters to her are a journal of his moods, his fears, his unhappiness over the rift with his parents, and his thoughts about writing; a record of his health, his daily life, and his concern for her health and well-being; and descriptions, often brilliantly done, of the people he has met and the places he has found himself in.

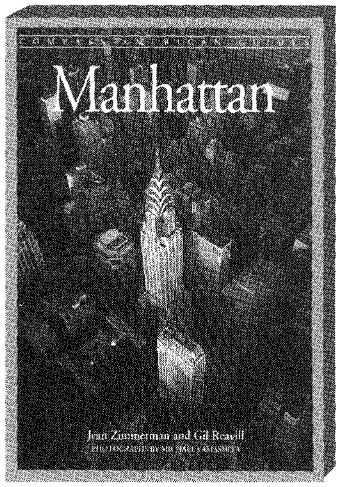
Young men were always falling in love with Frances Sitwell. Her beauty and charm lasted into old age. The novelist Hugh Walpole, who was nearly fifty years younger, wrote, “There was nothing that you could not tell to her. . . . She had to the last that certain stamp of a great character, an eager acceptance of the whole of life.” What she asked of Stevenson was that his feelings be those of a son rather than a lover, and you would have to be a Victorian not to find his attempts to do this cloying. At least once, the truth broke through: “I long to be with you most ardently, and I long to put my arms about your neck and kiss you, and then sit down with my head on your knees, and have a long talk, and feel you smoothing my hair: I long for all that, as one longs for—for nothing else that I can think of. And yet, that is all. It is not a bit like what I feel for my mother *here*. But I think it must be what one *ought* to feel for a mother.” And then, in a postscript: “That’s a lie; nobody loves a mere mother, so much as I love you, *madonna*. Before God.”

Her letters to him he destroyed, as she requested, but it seems unlikely that he would have been able to write so openly to her if her letters had not conveyed a genuine fondness. Nowhere in his correspondence is there any clue to why after a couple of years the letters become less fervent and, instead, convey a lasting trust and friendship.

IN the summer of 1876, in an artists’ colony at Grez, near the Forest of Fontainebleau, Stevenson met Fanny Osbourne, who was roughly the same age as Mrs. Sitwell and had come to France from California, with her children, in order to study painting. She, too, was living apart from her husband, an amiable, handsome, incurable philanderer. Though she had had a genteel upbringing in Indianapolis, a considerable experience of the raw life in Nevada mining camps had left its stamp on her speech and manner. She carried her own pistol. Stevenson’s description of her, written many years later in a letter to J. M. Barrie, is “Infinitely little . . . handsome waxen face like Napoleon’s, insane black eyes, boy’s hands, tiny bare feet, a cigarette.” While the painters went off to do the medieval bridge and the poplars, she and Stevenson sat talking hour after hour.

He went home to Edinburgh after a short while but came to see her in Paris several times during that winter. There are no letters to her while she remained in France or after she returned to California in August of the following year—only discreet references to her, in letters to one or two close friends, as “F.,” or with no identification at all. Writing to Colvin in March of 1879, Stevenson said, “It’s so long since I have written a letter that I scarce know how. For to

A hell of a guide
to a hell of a town

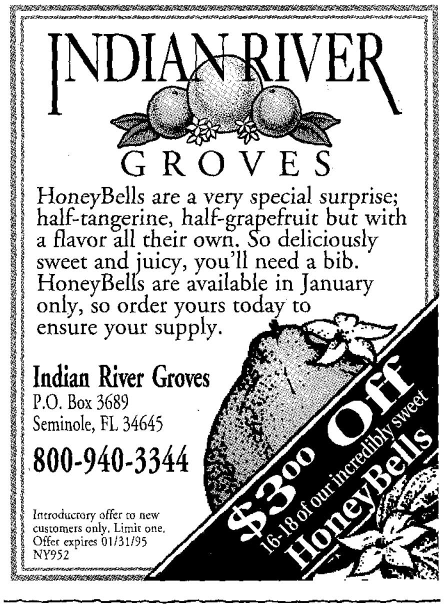


Compass Manhattan is
the talk of the town!
"This is the most literate and elegant
series of guides ever written about
North America."—Jan Morris
COMPASS AMERICAN GUIDES
Available all about town, in bookstores across
the nation, or call 1-800-533-6478
Fodor's

THE PHOTOGRAPH
AND THE
AMERICAN INDIAN
ALFRED L. BUSH
AND LEE CLARK MITCHELL
This beautifully-produced book
contains images of Native Americans
from the beginning of photography to the
present day. It is a fascinating chronicle.
AVAILABLE AT FINE BOOKSTORES
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

HIKE THE SWISS ALPS
- 1 and 2 Week Tours
- Inn-to-Inn Trekking
- Scottish Highlands Tours
RYDER-WALKER
ALPINE ADVENTURES
5 Lake Fork Junction
Box 947 Dept. Y
Telluride, CO 81435
303-728-6481

NAPLES, FLORIDA
The Gulf Coast Jewel
SALES - RENTALS
Mary Brett
NAPLES REALTY SERVICES
800-370-7082 FAX 813-262-7811

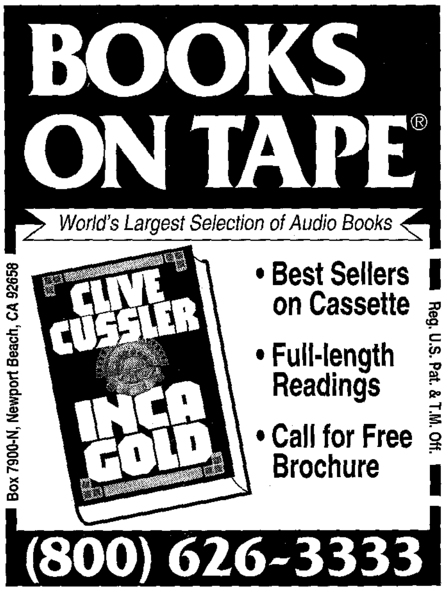

INDIAN RIVER GROVES

HoneyBells are a very special surprise; half-tangerine, half-grapefruit but with a flavor all their own. So deliciously sweet and juicy, you'll need a bib. HoneyBells are available in January only, so order yours today to ensure your supply.

Indian River Groves
P.O. Box 3689
Seminole, FL 34645
800-940-3344

Introductory offer to new customers only. Limit one. Offer expires 01/31/95
NY952

$3⁰⁰ Off 16-18 of our incredibly sweet HoneyBells


BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

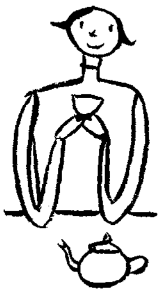
EASY TO GIVE, EASY TO READ.
LARGE PRINT EDITION
IN THE KITCHEN WITH ROSIE
Oprah's Favorite Recipes
Rosie Daley
Bestsellers in large print make perfect gifts for the holidays.

RANDOM HOUSE LARGE PRINT EDITIONS

BOOK Link
International Book Search Service for...
READERS • SCHOLARS • BUSINESS • ASSOCIATIONS
Call... 800-301-LINK (5465)

F. I never write letters. To begin with there's no good. All that people want by letters has been done between us. We are acquainted; why go on with more introductions; I cannot change so much, but she would still have the clue and recognise every thought." The last letter in Volume II is dated (by Colvin) "28 July 1879"—just before Stevenson set out for America to persuade her to divorce her husband and marry him. He had published a few stories, a number of essays, and two travel books, all of them well received. And two-thirds of his allotted days were spent.

STEVENSON left instructions that Colvin was to edit his correspondence for publication, along with a "sketch" of his life. It was not an ideal choice. Colvin was by nature somewhat dry and old-maidish. He was devoted to Stevenson's memory but had other irons in the fire. He was Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and there was the matter of his own literary career. Also, he was not in good health. Within the year, he published a volume of Stevenson's letters to him from Samoa, and in 1899 two more, of Stevenson's letters to his family and friends. He edited and saw through the press the twenty-eight volumes of the Edinburgh Edition. But the sketch had now become a life, and when Colvin didn't get on with it Fanny Stevenson and her son Lloyd Osbourne became so difficult to deal with that he relinquished the project to Stevenson's cousin Graham Balfour and confined his own efforts to collecting and editing the letters. By 1924, he had brought out the five volumes of correspondence that have been a part of all standard editions of Stevenson ever since.



There were, of course, many letters Colvin didn't have access to. And there was the further difficulty that most of their recipients and the persons mentioned in the letters were still living. And the question of what to do about letters containing some reference to the violent disputes over religion that had made the young Stevenson and his father and mother so unhappy. Lloyd Osbourne didn't want the events leading up to his mother's divorce to be made fully public, or the fact that she and Stevenson had been lovers before their marriage. And so on. In these matters Colvin was as courageous as circumstances permitted him to be. To Stevenson's mother he wrote, "I would not willingly hurt you for the world . . . but if I am to handle Louis's memory at all . . . I must indicate—I hope in due proportion and with the due tenderness—the things which I know to be vitally true as to certain difficult and troubled periods of his life." Time has, as usual, disposed of all these considerations. Colvin published about eight hundred letters. To this number, two hundred and twenty letters were added in a scholarly edition of Stevenson's letters to Baxter, edited by DeLancey Ferguson and Marshall Waingrow, in 1956—the only new collection of his letters until now.

Colvin's misreadings are sometimes ludicrously wide of the mark: "box" for "fox," "cottage" for "cabbage." Sometimes part of one letter is mistakenly joined to part of another. Not all the mutilations are accidental, however. Because Colvin believed (in spite of ample evidence to the contrary) that it was what Stevenson would have wanted, he softened the profanity: "bloody" becomes "beastly," and "bugger" becomes "beggar," making no sense—but never mind. In his introduction Colvin says, "I have used the editorial privilege of omission without scruple where I thought it desirable." It is not part of the editorial privilege to omit passages without any indication that something has been left out, which Colvin did continually. Or to paste strips of paper over words the editor believes no other eyes should see. The letters to Frances Sitwell are so censored that they seem to have been written to someone who was merely a friend. When the 1899 letters appeared, Henry James, who had corresponded regularly with Stevenson over the last ten years of his life, wrote in a letter to Colvin, "One has the vague sense of omissions and truncations—one *smells* the things unprinted."

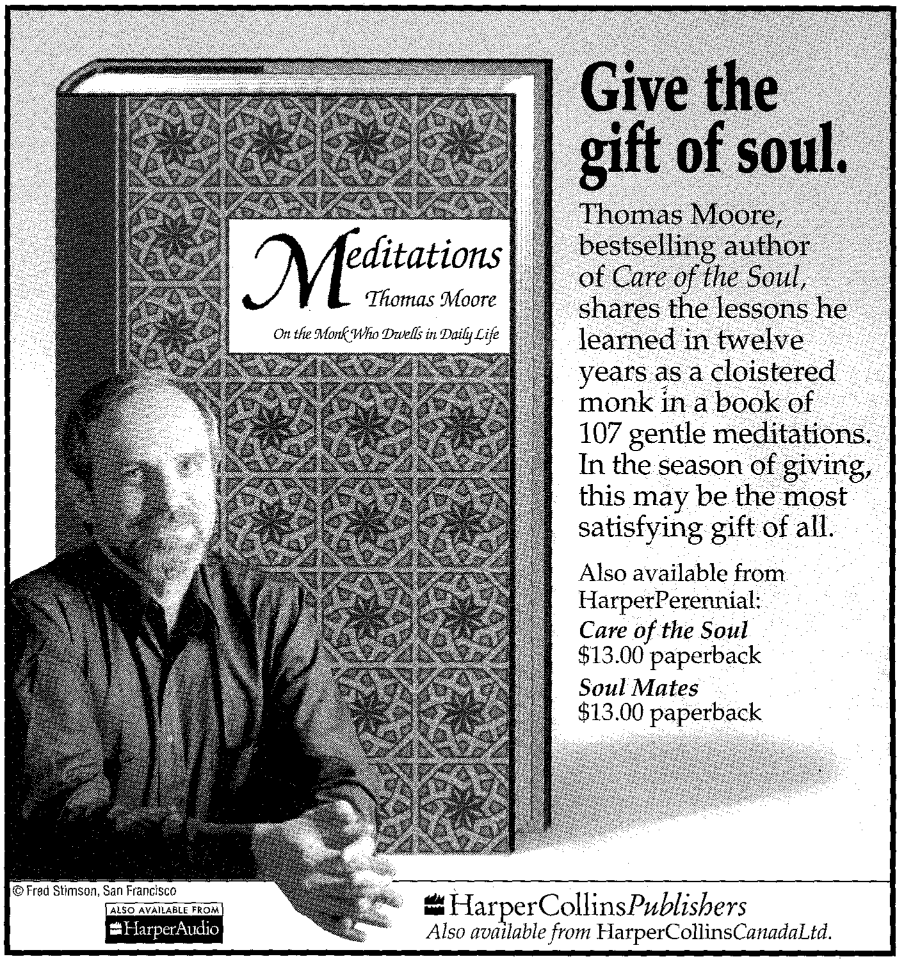
IT is known that in 1888, as Stevenson was about to leave Saranac, he sent off in three days more than seventy letters, of which fifteen survive. When a household is being broken up, a packet of old letters is easy to toss, unexamined, on the trash fire. People who are in the habit of corresponding regularly seldom agree to save each other's letters, and if they did artificiality would very likely set in. There are over a hundred letters from the Scottish essayist, translator, and folklorist Andrew Lang to Stevenson but only half a dozen from Stevenson to Lang. And what in far too many instances the Victorians disapproved of they felt fully justified in destroying. By the middle of this century, most of Stevenson's surviving correspondence had found its way from private hands into libraries and museums, and the often idiotic censorship imposed on the published versions was at last revealed. Letters are still surfacing, but not in any quantity. More could always turn up, but the present collection is probably all there is to hope for.

In libraries the reader will find an ocean of reminiscence about Stevenson and no satisfactory biography. Third-rate writers, following the debunking fashion of the nineteen-twenties, created out of whole cloth a love affair with an Edinburgh prostitute bought off by Thomas Stevenson, or pictured Stevenson as a man so dominated by his wife that he didn't write what he longed to. All this foolishness is disposed of in J. C. Furnas's "Voyage to Windward" (1951), but the book is marred by the author's intrusive personality and condescension toward his subject. In more recent biographies one finds little that is new. The biographer's judgment tends to be unilluminating; his speculations are unconvincing or amount to psychoanalyzing of the most pedestrian kind, and are never as intelligent as Stevenson's own account of his feelings and behavior. His candor is astonishing and consistent. He did not deceive himself about his own motives or, except in moments of brief anger, those of the people around him. It could well have been Mr. Mehew's intention, through his editing of the letters and the information he has surrounded them with, to make a formal biography unnecessary. ♦

CLEAR DAYS ON THE POLITICAL SCENE

[*From a letter from Bernadette Castro to the Times Magazine*]

And, yes, I favor the death penalty for murderers of children, law-enforcement officers and all members of our community.



Meditations
Thomas Moore
On the Monk Who Dwells in Daily Life
Give the gift of soul.

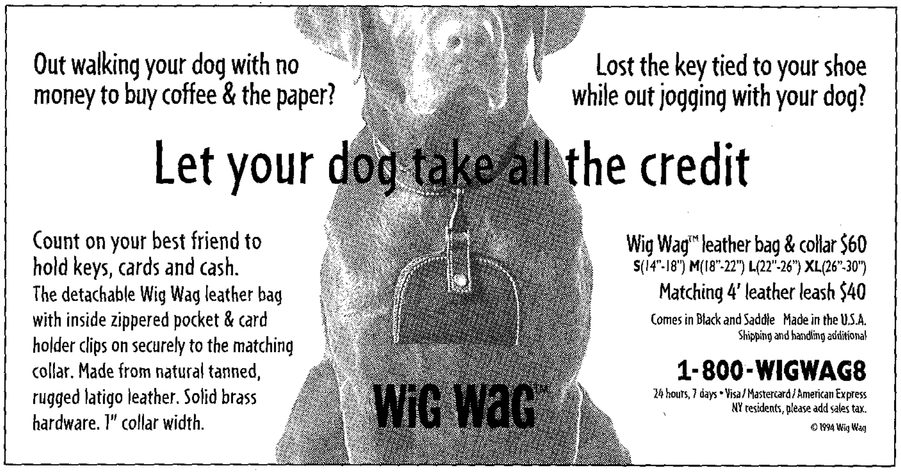
Thomas Moore, bestselling author of *Care of the Soul,* shares the lessons he learned in twelve years as a cloistered monk in a book of 107 gentle meditations. In the season of giving, this may be the most satisfying gift of all.

Also available from HarperPerennial:
Care of the Soul
$13.00 paperback
Soul Mates
$13.00 paperback

© Fred Stimson, San Francisco

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM HarperAudio

HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd.*



Out walking your dog with no money to buy coffee & the paper?

Lost the key tied to your shoe while out jogging with your dog?

Let your dog take all the credit

Count on your best friend to hold keys, cards and cash. The detachable Wig Wag leather bag with inside zippered pocket & card holder clips on securely to the matching collar. Made from natural tanned, rugged latigo leather. Solid brass hardware. 1" collar width.

Wig Wag™ leather bag & collar $60
S(14"-18") M(18"-22") L(22"-26") XL(26"-30")
Matching 4' leather leash $40
Comes in Black and Saddle Made in the U.S.A.
Shipping and handling additional

1-800-WIGWAG8
24 hours, 7 days • Visa / Mastercard / American Express
NY residents, please add sales tax.
© 1994 Wig Wag

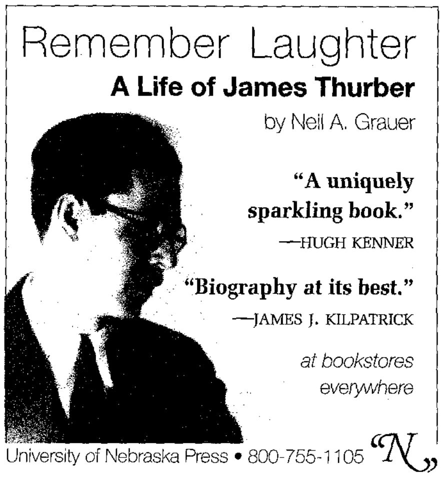
LONDON FLATS
English Charm with American Standards
Selective Locations & Prices
Weekly and Long Term Lets

FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 • 615-652-2048

TIBET & BHUTAN

Travel to mysterious Himalayan kingdoms. Visit Tibet's first monastery, Potala Palace in historic Lhasa; Tiger's Nest and primeval forest in exotic Bhutan.

TILLER INTERNATIONAL TOURS
209 Post Street, Suite 1015
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 397-1966 Fax (415) 397-1967



Remember Laughter
A Life of James Thurber
by Neil A. Grauer

"A uniquely sparkling book."
—HUGH KENNER

"Biography at its best."
—JAMES J. KILPATRICK

at bookstores everywhere

University of Nebraska Press • 800-755-1105

SCOTTISH CASHMERE CAPES
at Scottish Mill Prices in our New York Showroom
. . . or Shipped Free !!
$589.00
Same Full Size...
Same Finest Quality
as $1000.00 Capes
on Madison Ave !
Black, Charcoal, Natural
Red, Ruby, Navy, Plum
Hunter Green, Dark Brown
Other Colours Available
Ruffle or
Plain Edge
ALBERENE CASHMERES
435 Fifth Ave, 3rd Flr, New York, NY 10016
800-843-9078 • 689-0151 • MC, VISA, AX, DIS
— New York Showroom OPEN TO THE PUBLIC —
CARDIGANS • SCARVES • TURTLENECKS • GLOVES • CREWS • VEES
VESTS • TWIN SETS • STOLES • WATCH CAPS • JEWELNECKS • TUNICS
Lowest Prices Anywhere on the Finest Scottish Cashmeres
for Men & Women . . . call for Free Brochure !

RARE DALI PRINTS
If you own, or are considering purchase
of a Salvador Dali print…
Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a free copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." ($10 an issue)
1-(800) 275-DALI
9 AM to 5 PM Pacific Time seven days a week

ENDRAFT®
THE INDOOR
AIR CONDITIONER COVER
STOPS COLD DRAFTS!
• Decorates
• Machine Washable
• Saves Energy
Beige, Blue, Brown (S-M-L)
(Measure H&W before calling)
1-800-532-2462
MasterCard & Visa Accepted
$19.95 + $4.95 s/h

Summer '95
"the best, most worthwhile month of my life"
Our 18th year operating the finest in
enrichment travel for ages 15 - 19.
Blyth & Company Travel
1-800-387-1387

WROUGHT IRON HANGING BASKET
Hand-forged in Kentucky, this iron pot ring cradles your hanging plants. Includes light-weight liner. 21" diam. $40.00 + shipping.
THROUGH THE GARDEN GATE
LEXINGTON, KY (800) 566-5657

THE CURRENT CINEMA

TEXTBOOK CASE

BY ANTHONY LANE

THE new Fred Schepisi movie, "I.Q.," is set in nineteen-fifties Princeton, which appears to be Heaven on earth. Spiffy roadsters cruise its quiet streets, barely disturbing the chatter of well-funded thinkers on the sidewalk; the sky is preposterously blue; in the trees overhead, blossom does whatever blossom is supposed to do; and Meg Ryan is wearing white gloves. This last detail is more important than it sounds: Meg Ryan in fifties summer gear is almost as knee-weakening a spectacle as Grace Kelly in fifties summer gear, which is saying a lot. Clothes are a big part of the movie's armory, of Schepisi's eagerness to assail us with innocent pleasures until it's impossible to imagine pleasures of any other kind.

Meg Ryan in "I.Q.": Somewhere between Grace Kelly and Carole Lombard.

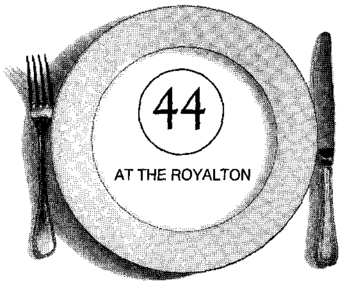
The mood is so upbeat that—for the first hour, at least—we're happy to accept the colorful nonsense that is run by us in the name of plot. Meg Ryan as a sparky young mathematician? Fine. Walter Matthau as her uncle, Albert Einstein? No problem. Love at first sight? Naturally: no other species of love can thrive in such a world. Catherine Boyd (Ryan) and her British fiancé, James Morland (Stephen Fry), take their sputtering scarlet MG into the local garage; out comes the lanky mechanic Ed Walters (Tim Robbins), on comes the Meg Ryan smile, and *boom.* Ed wanders back to his colleagues in a daze and provides a full report of the incident: "It was like death, but in a good way." The film is littered with such lines; in their stumbling sweetness, they form the lingua franca of an unending standoff between love and logic. Each of the characters has a distinct take on the conflict: James, a stuffy psychologist, believes that everything, including the motions of the human heart, travels along predictable paths; Catherine would like to think so, too, but keeps finding evidence to the contrary; and Ed just goes wherever fate takes him, preferably on his Harley-Davidson. There is no *reason* he and Catherine should meet, let alone fall for each other; and that is the best imaginable reason for them to do so. "So how did this happen?" he asks as they dance. "I don't know," she says. "It's not possible."

Observing all this from on high is Einstein himself, a superman gently plagued by doubt. How can you trust in the course of true love when time itself is going around the bend? "You're Albert Einstein!" says one of the mechanics when the great man visits the garage. "$E=mc^2$!" Einstein smiles, and says, "I hope so." He shares a house with three other European geniuses—a smaller version of the encyclopedic household led by Gary Cooper in Howard Hawks' "Ball of Fire." Both Hawks and Schepisi are content to parody the academic temperament, yet they also endow it with a mild awe, with reserves of tolerance and curiosity denied to the rest of the population. (That may not be true, but it's closer to anachronism than to parody, so it suits the movie fine.) The four professors have Einstein's car sliced open and turned into a convertible, complete with hot coil and stinger exhaust; if "I.Q." is a hymn to the fifties, these boys are up in the front pew. The funniest shot in the movie—my favorite shot, in fact, from any movie of 1994—is a closeup of Einstein's three friends walking along side by side, each with a scoop of ice cream. Schepisi uses a long lens, which stacks them together, so that all you get is a concentrated tableau of nodding old heads and intent lickings. It's a précis of happiness.

It's also a long way from the start of Schepisi's career. Back in 1978, nobody watching "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" could have guessed that the director would end up making a film whose most violent moment consists of two garage attendants jumping up and down to the sound of "Sh-Boom." When Jimmie Blacksmith's frustration finally spilled over, however, it spilled fast, and we couldn't keep up with it any more than his victims could; you needed only a brief sidestep of imagination to see how the fluency of those glancing blows could turn comic. It would be easy to argue that Schepisi has sold out, but "I.Q." suggests that he has in fact bought in, bringing with him a useful bag of tricks. The first half of the picture is a smart, civilizing demonstration of a simple art: how to swing in and out of a gag and leave us wanting more. When Ed is asked by Einstein to fetch a shuttlecock from a tree, he looks up and sees the branches hung with objects—racquets, typewriters, you name it—that have been flung there in order to bring other objects down; it has become an Absent-Minded Tree, the surreal, organic outgrowth of disorderly lives. But we only see it for a couple of seconds before Schepisi cuts away; likewise, when the professors dress Ed up as one of their number, a mere glimpse of his maddened hair and writhing bow tie shows you how well he fits the bill.

Most comedy directors in Hollywood have a duller sense of timing than the actors under their command; it takes a lot, for example, to rein in Meg Ryan, but somehow, in "Sleepless in Seattle," Nora Ephron managed it, leaving the poor woman tired and deflated. Schepisi knows better—he knows that Ryan is one of the most spirit-raising actresses since Carole Lombard, and needs room to function. In her wide-awake eyes and the high, curving tones of her voice (bitch-free Madonna, if such a thing is possible) you feel a surplus of surprise, not just at the world but at her own reactions to it. There's a tiny scene in "I.Q." when she phones for a cab and asks how long it will take to arrive. "*Two minutes!*" she cries, as if someone had just informed her of the imminent coming of the Messiah. If you can get that excited by the promise of a taxi, imagine what the prospect of eternal love will do to you. Stephen Fry plays beautifully off this, fully aware that his donnish, heart-of-tweed delivery makes James the perfect misfit for the talkative Catherine. "Babbling," he tells her, turning the word into a corrective, although if he loved her properly, as Ed does, he would mean it as a compliment, as a definition, almost—for a babble-free Meg Ryan is like a wheel-free car. She drives the movie onward, gaily personifying the basic comic quandary of What Happens Next.

What happens is that Ed has to be transformed into a fake genius, because, although Catherine wants him, she really needs a man with a brain as big as the Library of Congress. So, with Einstein's help, Ed presents a paper on cold fusion and interplanetary travel; whips through a bunch of intelligence tests set by the jealous James; meets up with Eisenhower (Keene Curtis, a good bony look-alike); and eventually gets the girl. So all's well that ends well, except that it isn't; somewhere, at an indefinable point in the film, the trail goes cold. As the lights went up at the end, I sat there and said to myself, "What happened?" "I.Q." had everything going for it: the cast was a peach, Schepisi was on form, so why did the movie crash? I'm afraid it's the old story: blame the writers. Andy Breckman and Michael Leeson started with a lovely setup, but they just didn't think it through; compare "I.Q." with "Ball of Fire" and you miss the pickiness, the sheer intellectual stamina, that allowed Hawks to see his screwball home. His writers, Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, pushed the clash of worldly and scholastic to its natural limit, whereas Breckman and Leeson open the movie too wide and let it wander; once you bring in the President as a character, you've changed the landscape for good. And by the time Walter Matthau, without warning, produces a radio



AMERICAN EXPRESS PRESENTS
A PERFECT SETTING FOR DINING OUT.

44 AT THE ROYALTON

For breakfast, lunch,
pre-theatre dinner, late
supper and Sunday
brunch, bring the
American Express® Card
to 44 at the Royalton,
44 West 44th Street,
New York, NY
(212) 944-8844.

Don't Leave Home Without It.®

© 1994 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

Completed Sail Models
Classic Yachts & Custom Models

Master Craftsmanship
Other Fine Nautical Works Available
SEACRAFT™
CLASSICS
7850 E. Evans Rd. Ste. 109, Scottsdale AZ 85260 • (602) 998-4988
For Our Catalog Call (800) 356-1987

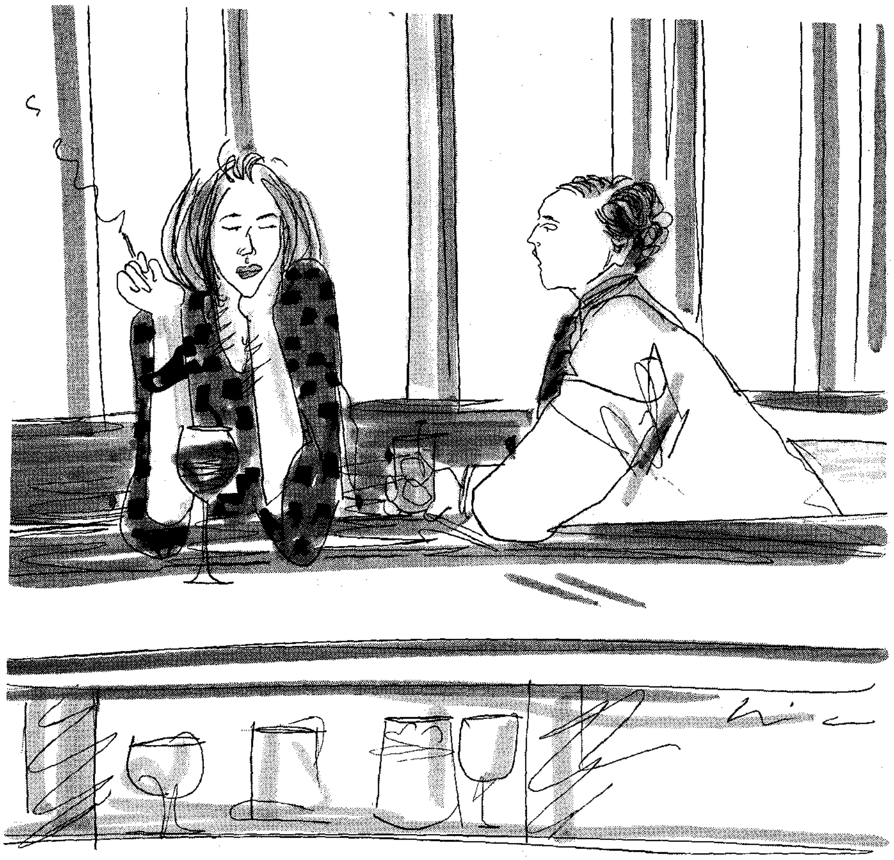
filmclips
Your guide to the best films on video
"A unique monthly newsletter for movie lovers." ... great gift idea!
call 1.800.395.9344 anytime

World's Greatest Vacation
Port Yacht Charters Discover the world of private luxury yachts with crew. Golf, tennis, diving, all water sports. Superb cuisine/world class chefs. Better than a cruise ship—priced the same. Caribbean/Worldwide. 1-800-213-0465

transmitter out of nowhere and uses it to blow the tires of a distant car, the picture ceases to obey the rules—slight and silly, but no less tight for that—which governed it in the first place. I keep seeing movies like this, and it makes me wonder what's going on at Hollywood pitches; maybe films are being sold on the strength of two-sentence hooks, with no attention paid to the problems of resolution until it's too late—all's well that starts well. Or maybe "I.Q." panned out as neatly as Congreve; maybe Breckman and Leeson got it right the first time, and then Paramount sent in the Rewrite Squad to wreck it. Whatever the case, it's a bitter blow, because the tempo of the first half is springy and trouble-free, as blissed-out as Albert Einstein riding on the back of a Harley. As Ed says to his beloved, "I never meant for this to get as crazy as it did." Not your fault, Ed.

"READY TO WEAR" is the new title of the new Robert Altman movie. The old title was "Prêt-à-Porter," but that was considered too abstruse, or too foreign, by the powers that be, and late in the day they made the change, politely ignoring the fact that the audience for this picture will most probably be composed of people who know very well what the French title means and wouldn't dream of using any other. The movie isn't snobbish, but it does feel narrow, and its multilingual babble is hardly the stuff of multiplexes. Nor is the plot, if you can call it a plot; what starts out as a murder mystery becomes a slow, anecdotal rotation, as Altman spit-roasts the vanity of Paris fashion week.

The cast includes, in descending order of plausibility: Lauren Bacall as a Diana Vreeland grande dame; Anouk Aimée as a cool design queen; Marcello Mastroianni as a furtive old tailor trying to track down Sophia Loren; Sophia Loren *still* wearing black stockings and garter belt for Mastroianni after all these years; Kim Basinger as a fashion reporter with a brain constructed from thistledown; Tim Robbins as a sports journalist way out of his depth; Julia Roberts as a dipso Houston *Chronicle* journalist way into Tim Robbins; Rupert Everett as Anouk Aimée's son; Danny Aiello as a cross-



"What do you say we go someplace where we can have sex?"

Back Relief and Relaxation

Treat your back to the world's most stress-free recliner...

Adjusts from vertical to horizontal in the doctor-recommended 90/90 position.

Elegant wood finishes, with leather, fabric or ***New UltraSuede.***

Free Catalog!

BackSaver Call 1-800-251-2225
or fax 24 hrs. 1-800-443-9609
53 Jeffrey Avenue, NY67, Holliston, MA 01746

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change. Personalized care from Duke physicians and health professionals.

Diet and Fitness Center

Duke University Medical Center
804 W. Trinity Avenue
Durham, NC 27701
800-362-8446

Earth's most comfortable shoe

The ultimate in casual footware for men and women. Send for the most complete line of Mephisto walking, hiking, golfing and casual footwear in the Northeast.

Catalog on request.
1-800-475-8040
Lace-Up
110 Orchard Street
NYC 10002

Gift Certificates Available

Open Sunday

MEPHISTO®

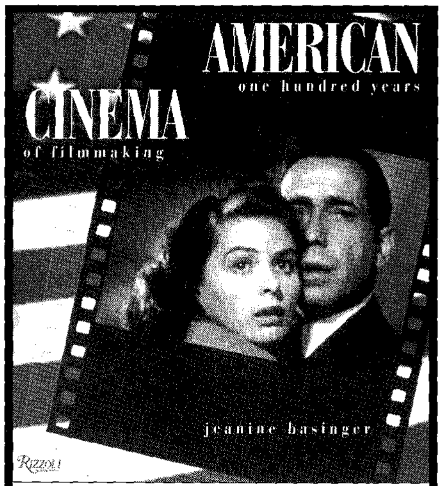
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.

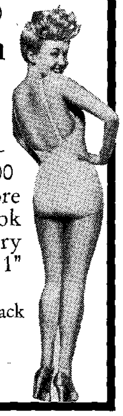
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 1 800-277-0130

dresser; Forest Whitaker and Richard E. Grant as designers with an unprofessional interest in each other's pants; and, at the bottom of the pile, Sally Kellerman, Linda Hunt, and Tracey Ullman as the editors of *Harper's Bazaar*, *Elle*, and British *Vogue*.

As that list makes clear, Altman is concerned less with fashion than with what the media make of fashion; his movie has no interest whatsoever in clothes, and I got a stronger dramatic kick from Meg Ryan's fitted blue suit and oystery sleeveless dress in "I.Q." than from the whole of "Ready to Wear." The problem with the film is that everything feels prejudged—the opposite of "Short Cuts," which was berated for its gloomy air but seemed to me to earn that gloom, to feel its way through a gallery of dark American lives and arrive at an abiding, subterranean sense that all was not well. "Ready to Wear" is a lighter number, of course, but in some way less entertaining; you keep hanging on for laughs that never quite materialize, because Altman has worked out the punch line of the entire movie before starting in on the jokes. He's decided that the fashion world is catty and superficial. (No, really, Bob? You're *kidding*.) From there the film sprints off into caricature and never looks back; it has a moral plan of action that is completely at odds with the celebrated Altman technique. The sight of this great, expansive ironist, the most inquisitive director in America, tying himself down to a one-track idea makes for a desperately disappointing show. And the sad thing is that "Ready to Wear" need not have turned out this way; what would have been truly shocking, and oddly honorable, would have been a growing suspicion on Altman's part that beneath the flimflam of fashion hype there was real art and hard work. Instead, he just explodes the myth of the catwalk, which wasn't much of a myth to begin with. You should see "Ready to Wear" for its flashes of fun, and for the delicious ease with which the old stagers—a gorgeous Anouk Aimée, Mastroianni a mournful shadow of his randy-spaniel self—outplay the younger stars. But it never catches fire, or goes anyplace; it lacks that essential je ne sais quoi, or, as we should now say, that essential I know not what. ♦



The "dazzling"* book that celebrates the first 100 years of American film



Published to coincide with the forthcoming 10-part PBS series on American cinema—and including more than 200 illustrations, many never-before published—here is *the* gift book this holiday season for every movie-lover on your list. 10"x11"
Available at fine bookstores

*Sydney Pollack

RIZZOLI
International Publications

'94 COMEDY CD

GREAT GIFT!
100% O.J.
"THE BEST NEWS SATIRE OF THE YEAR!"
You Laughed With Them on National Public Radio®

$15.95 Plus S&H - V/MC
Also Available on Cassette
A SOUNDBITES® PRODUCTION
1-800-662-8866

TRAVELLER'S BOOKSTORE
Your source for worldwide guidebooks, maps, travel literature & accessories.

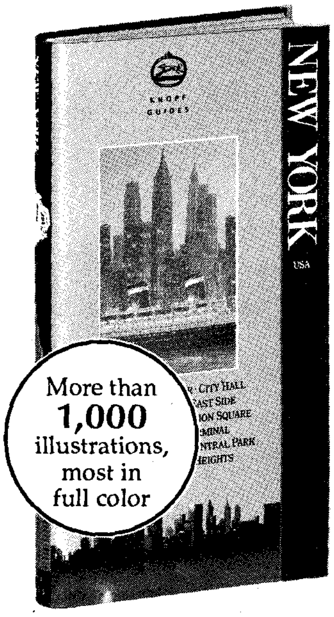
Free Color Catalog
1 • 800 • 755 • 8728
75 Rockefeller Plaza • NYC

Casual Footwear
Moccasins
Slippers

MINNETONKA MOCCASINS
FREE CATALOG
CALL 1-800-836-0616
Over 80 styles for the entire family
Naples Creek Leather • 188 S. Main St. • Naples, NY 14512

Introducing the beautiful, portable, indispensable

Knopf Guide to New York



More than 1,000 illustrations, most in full color

- Everything you want to know, past and present—from Battery Park to the Bronx Zoo
- Art, architecture, wonderful walks, surprising places, even flora and fauna
- The city as seen by great artists and writers
- Hotels, restaurants, galleries, shops, and more

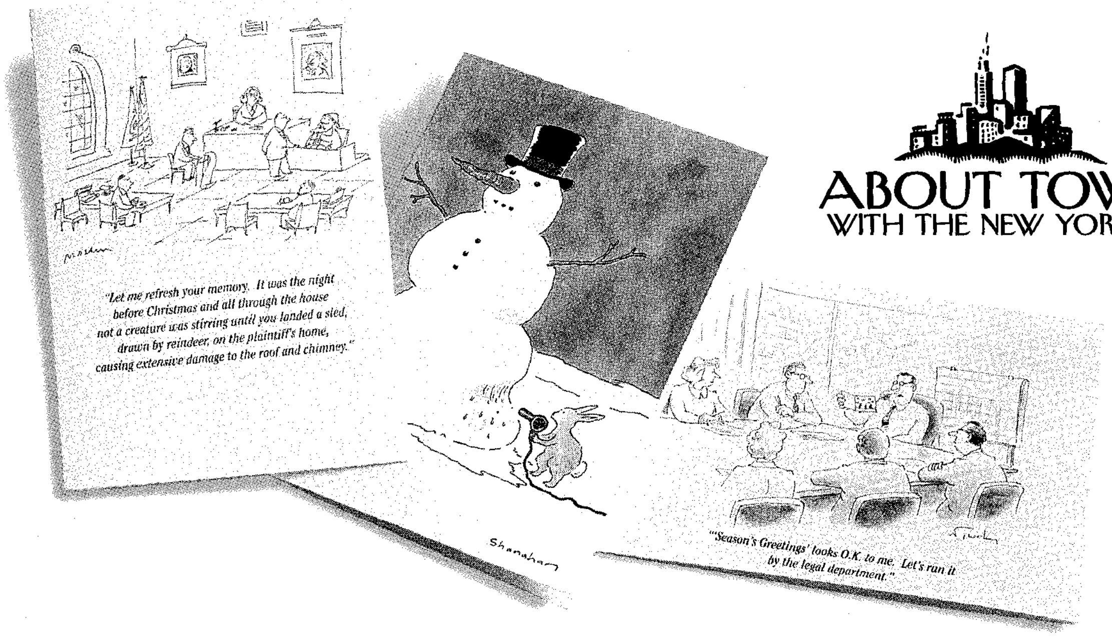
"Knopf Guides come close to doing the impossible — jamming the flavor and vitality of a great metropolis between small flexible covers." —TOWN & COUNTRY

"Practically the only thing they can't do is call you a cab." — ELLE

More Knopf Guides in the same stunning format
LONDON • AMSTERDAM
SAN FRANCISCO • VENICE
FLORENCE • ISTANBUL
VIENNA • PRAGUE • ROME
RESTAURANTS OF PARIS
MOROCCO • THAILAND

Published by Knopf

INTRODUCING AN ENTIRELY NEW LINE OF CARDS FROM HALLMARK


"Let me refresh your memory. It was the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring until you landed a sled, drawn by reindeer, on the plaintiff's home, causing extensive damage to the roof and chimney."
Shanahan
"'Season's Greetings' looks O.K. to me. Let's run it by the legal department."

ABOUT TOWN™
WITH THE NEW YORKER

ABOUT TOWN™ CHRISTMAS CARDS FEATURING ARTWORK FROM SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE NEW YORKER ARTISTS

Now, get these boxed *About Town* greeting cards for Christmas, exclusively at selected Hallmark stores. With six different cards to choose from, you'll find the perfect message for everyone on your list.

Hallmark

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Keeper of Sheep

by William Carpenter

(Milkweed; $21.95)

"We were the terrorist wing of the upper middle class," Penguin states, referring to her cadre of militant feminist roommates at Dartmouth. They have committed arson at a fraternity house where a gang rape took place but the culprits went free, "which meant that that young person had been raped for nothing." Exiled from school, Penguin retreats to her family's home on Cape Cod, where her virgin fierceness is worn to a more mature confusion through bouts with a new stepmother, a local drug-running Vietnam vet, well-meaning reactionary neighbors, and the devoted gay couple next door, collectively made vivid in prose that manages to be unobtrusive and gorgeous at the same time. Happily, Penguin, well into her trials, is still able to say, "I love the word *fascist* when it's used correctly."

GENERAL

D. H. Lawrence: The Story of a Marriage

by Brenda Maddox

(Simon & Schuster; $30)

In the manner of recent mainstream literary biography, this capacious work both inspires confidence with its exhaustive detail and entertains with its chatty, buoyant tone. But the method that served Maddox so well in her re-creation of Nora Joyce is less successful in the case of a subject as copiously documented as Lawrence. One of the best books on Lawrence—last year's "Lawrence and the Women," by Elaine Feinstein—was noted with great pleasure in these pages; and, in the light of Feinstein's sophisticated interpretations, Maddox's defense of her focus on the marriage—that we can see it "not as just another aspect of Lawrence but as the encompassing whole"—seems naïve. For those who cannot get enough of the novelist's company, Maddox certainly provides it, in sympathetic abundance. And her suggestion that we read famously misogynistic tales like "The Woman Who Rode Away" as portraits of Lawrence himself indicates both her bias and its often interesting results. Yet, while leading us determinedly onward through the mass of biographical material that keeps emerging, Maddox still somehow fails to lead us much further *in*.

Delirious New York

by Rem Koolhaas

(Monacelli Press; $35)

Back by popular demand, this book—part love poem, part psychological thriller, part polemical manifesto on Manhattan's history of excess (Koolhaas argues that there's a method to the madness)—is a new, slicker version of the original, which achieved cult status when it was first published, in 1978. The text still uses episodes like the grid system imposed in 1811, the development of Coney Island, and the skyscraper's new frontier to show how explosions in population and technology in Manhattan at the end of the nineteenth century produced a Culture of Congestion. But this time around Koolhaas has manipulated the images for a more serious impact; for example, the surrealistic sequence of two postcoital skyscrapers in bed has been reduced in size, while black-and-white photographs and maps have been emphasized. Oddly, the shifts in scale actually increase the potency of the smaller, more whimsical images: they now glimmer like inset jewels in their monochromatic context. "Delirious New York" 's republication coincides with this Dutch architect's show at the Museum of Modern Art. It's tempting to look for phantom tracings of New York in Koolhaas's models for his massive developments in Japan and along the T.G.V. in France, and it's tempting, also, to think of him as a Tocquevillean figure—a global visionary who, with the eagle eye of an outsider, has discovered bold new designs in this country for reanimating the Old World. ♦

Sensual Products

XANDRIA
COLLECTION

If you've been reluctant to purchase **sensual products** through the mail, we would like to offer you three things that might change your mind.

1. We guarantee your privacy.
Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we never sell, rent, or trade any customer's name.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction.
If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund.

3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure.
Should it malfunction, simply return it to us for a replacement.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of the finest and most effective sensual products from around the world. It is designed for the timid, the bold, or for anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasures.

The Xandria Gold Collection celebrates the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. Send for the Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue. Its price of $4.00 is applied, in full, to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose, and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. NY2612
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue**. Enclosed is my check or money order for $4.00 which will be applied towards my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

I am an adult over 21 years of age (*signature required*):

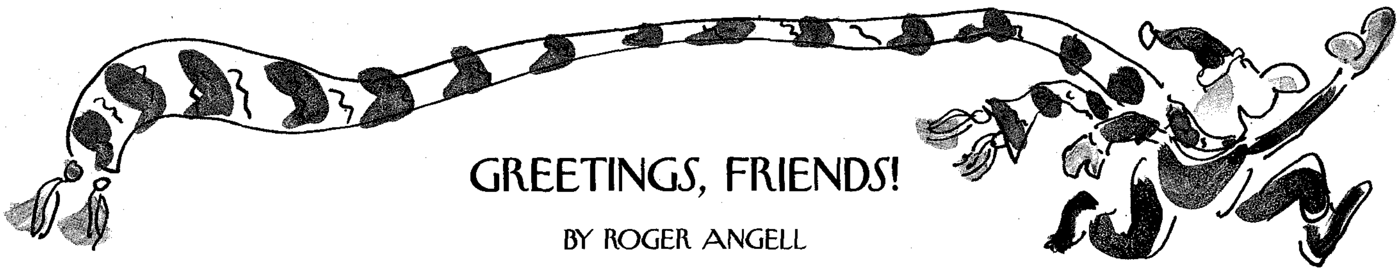
Name

Address

City

State/Zip

Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, California 94005-1340
Void where prohibited by law.

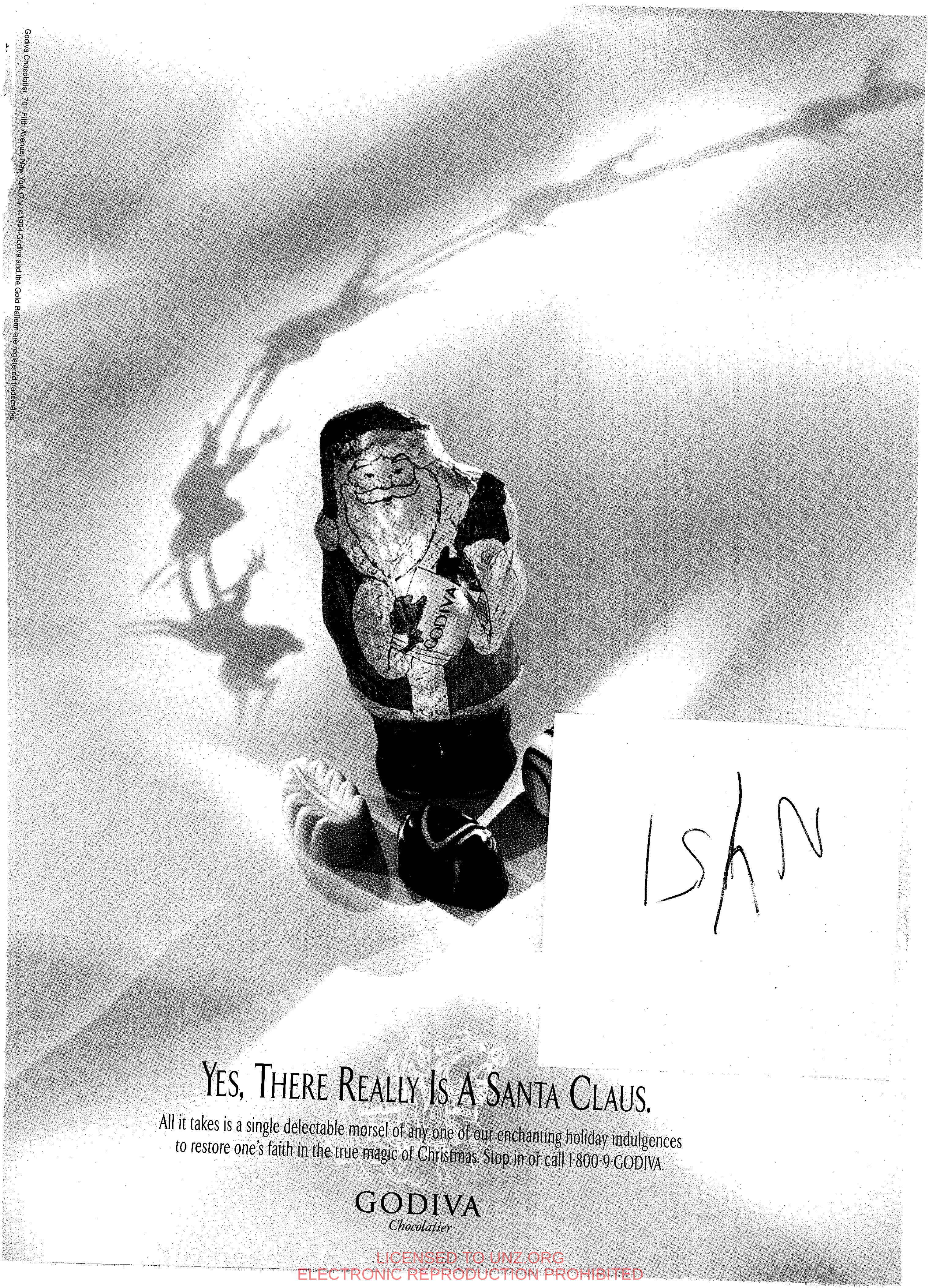


GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

BY ROGER ANGELL

Good friends, God bless! Allow your host
At this archaic Santa roast
To wish you each, in queasy rhyme,
His personal best at Christmastime.
Joy to the max, you splendid readers;
Pax to some of our newest leaders;
And may better days befall
Our downcast Prez and Pope John Paul.
Before we start, I wonder if
You've thought to give this page a sniff.
Rip through these lines with fingernail,
Then close your eyes and you'll inhale
A redolence of Christmas goose,
Plus hints of mince and Norway spruce,
With brandy flames and juniper
And candy canes—and thus infer
Tableaux of snowy bygone winters:
Happy Christmas from our printers!
So cheers, my dears, and here's to youlx
With love from us and Annie Proulx;
Gloriats for grand old Herblock
From Tiger Woods and Iris Murdoch;
Rosa Parks, greet Richard Serra,
Philippe Starck, and Yogi Berra!
It's hugging season, so let's begin
With Janet Maslin and Young Ok Shin:
Well hugged, my dears, now pass it on
To Ron Shelton, then Elton John,
With kisses aimed at Tabitha Soren,
Hallie Foote, and Benjamin Koren.
Mario Cuomo, of thee I sing,
And Maine's new governor, Angus King,
Picabo Street, Yoko Ono,
And freshman Rep. (yep) Sonny Bono.
Harold Bloom, fire off your canon
Not too far from Pat Buchanan.
Belt the chimes for ol' George Foreman,
Venus Williams, Ned O'Gorman,
Salt-n-Pepa, Patricia Arquette,
Charles Kuralt, and Dan Duquette.
Yo, Yanks and Bosox, vanished strangers,
Unmet Mets, and ghostly Rangers.
(No hurry, guys, we've marked the date
To catch some games in '98.)
Now, choristers, make tunes occur
For Clifford Grodd and Batya Gur,
Charles Grodin, Rebecca Chace,
Sir Frank Kermode, and Hapi Phace;
And yowl some vowels for Eion Hu,
Oksana Baiul, Robb Forman Dew,
With verses cast in triple bronze
To touch the heart of Dennis Franz.
It's Yule, you-all, so come on up
For carollings and claret cup:
Behold our tree, in lofty splendor
(Borne from corner ripoff vender),
And familiar angels standing by,
Like Maggie Smith and Ione Skye,
And, hey, the Boggses, Wade and Lindy,
Reinvited for our shindy,
With Bernadette Devlin, Olwyn Hughes,
And Huey Lewis & the News.
With Joel Grey and the Joel Whites,
We'll trim the tree and light the lights,
And celebrate in friendly caucus
With tall RuPaul and Senator Baucus—
While you and I, 'neath balsam limbs,
Sort through our gifts and synonyms,
And, on the instant, find which way
To best send cheer to Peter Gay;
Or sight a blazer by Armani
To light up Andrew Giuliani;
Or, midst our wrappings, happen on
A rhyme to fit "Olajuwon."
With k.d. lang and Tommy Moe
We'll hang around the mistletoe
To chat up further classy types,
Like Rem Koolhaas and Wesley Snipes,
As fresh friends cluster up the stair:
Karen Durbin with Steve McNair,
And—lo, below, from fetid taxi—
Bette Midler, Bettino Craxi,
The Capital Gang, Edith Oliver,
Chris Durang, Franny Taliaferro,
Kevin Sessums, Robert Pinsky,
And—yesss!—Ryszard Kapuściński!
It's Christmas, pals, all over town,
So pile right in and party down!
We'll quaff champagne till there isn't any
With Howell Raines and Misha Glenny,
Or else with horse and cabbie go
Around the Park with Fabio
(Hurrying home, with Christopher Ricks,
Too late, alas, to catch the Knicks);
Then, yawning, dance the night away
With Dawn Upshaw, Ormonde de Kay,
Johnny Depp, Naomi Campbell
(Two-step to the "Muskrat Ramble"),
Senator Ted, Prince Charles of Wales,
The Federal Board, and Nine Inch Nails

To reckon up these cheerful labors:
Blessings, near and far-out neighbor
On earth, cool, and lots less attitude—
Or so goes the olden platitude.
So, later, guys, and let's contrive
For a bit more peace in '95!



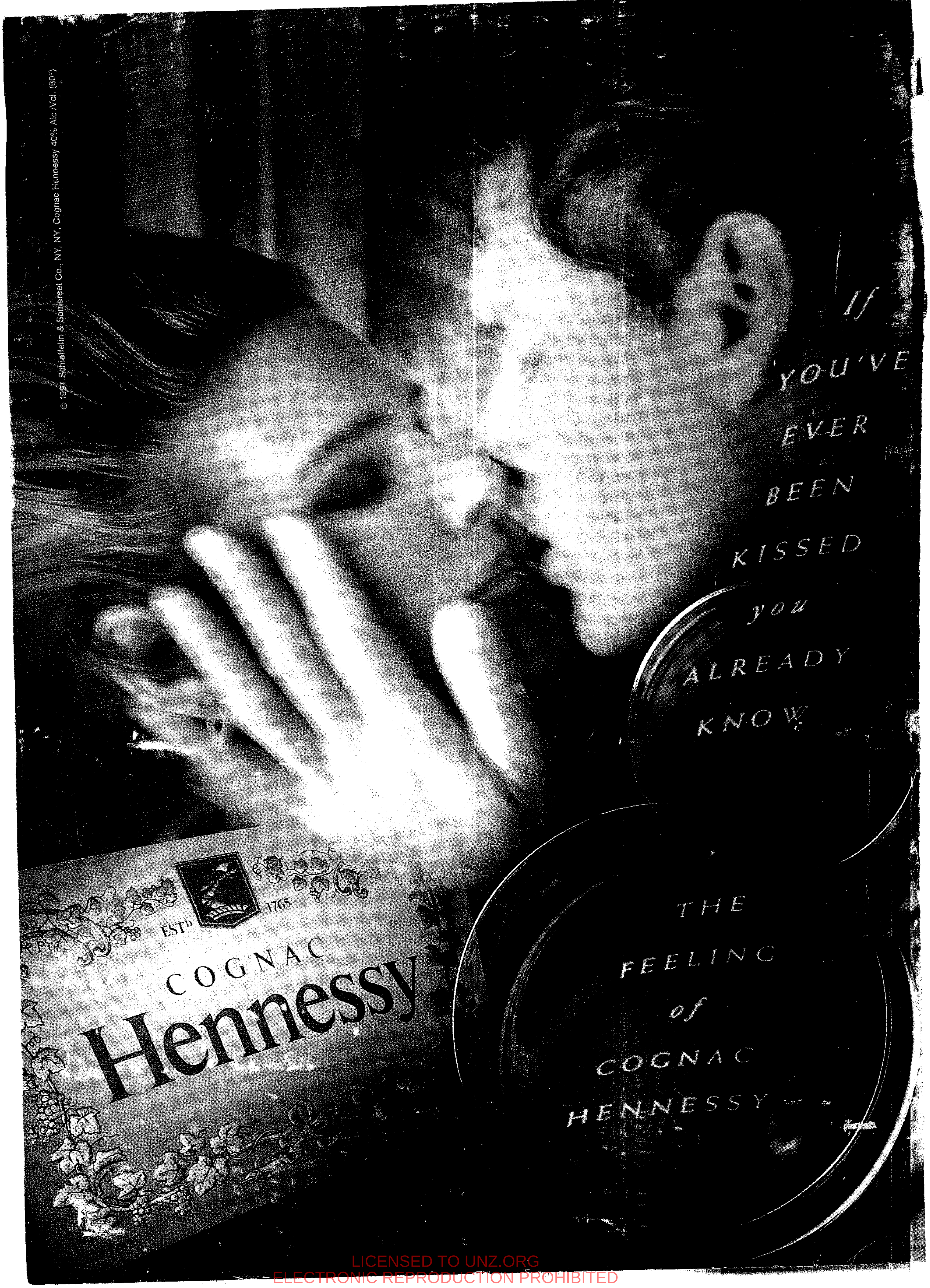
ISAN

YES, THERE REALLY IS A SANTA CLAUS.

All it takes is a single delectable morsel of any one of our enchanting holiday indulgences to restore one's faith in the true magic of Christmas. Stop in or call 1-800-9-GODIVA.

GODIVA
Chocolatier

Godiva Chocolatier, 701 Fifth Avenue, New York City ©1994 Godiva and the Gold Ballotin are registered trademarks.


If YOU'VE EVER BEEN KISSED you ALREADY KNOW.
THE FEELING of COGNAC HENNESSY.
ESTD 1765
COGNAC
Hennessy

© 1991 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY, Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)